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BLIND, BUT "Sees" LIFE'S BEAUTY

On Holiday Tour, Poetess Did Not Miss Nature's Wondrous Charm

In colorful, descriptive phrases, a blind woman in this article makes you SEE the places she has recently visited and enjoyed, although she could NOT see the entrancing beauties she mentions.

The writer is Miss Tilly Aston, the blind poetess, of Melbourne, who gives a personal account of her recent holiday trip to Cairns on a "sight-seeing" tour.

"Instead of awakening from a dream, I awoke to it—a dream of loveliness," writes this remarkable person, whose account is so vivid that, as one read it, it is hard to realise it was written by a person who has been blind for fifty years. An indication of her cheery life philosophy is hidden in the lines.

By TILLY ASTON

AFTER years of longing to be there, I found myself in the tropics.

How strangely the whole sense of life broke upon me when I reached Brisbane. There I was warmed in spirit by a cordial welcome from blind friends and the Esperanto Club, and was entertained by the Queensland Government.

A visit to the Forestry Department captured my admiration for the beautiful wood of our northern State.

They told me that there are 679 varieties known, and the many I handled, with their ivory-like polish, their pleasant odors, and their fanciful grainings, made me long for the means to build a dream house, all panelled in these lovely woods.

Now, it would be impossible for me to describe the increasing delight as I moved northward, for my impressions were vivid and multitudinous; so I must pick out some that are outstanding and invite the readers to enjoy them with me.

FROM the ship, where I was surrounded with merry voices and helpful hands, I embarked on the launch for Magnetic Island, near Townsville.

Instead of awakening from a dream I awoke to it—a dream of loveliness.

We landed at Arcadia, where mango trees, the shadiest imaginable, bade us sit and rest.

Not far away were coconut palms, now and then dropping a big nut, and making it unsafe to sit beneath them;

Blind Woman's Great Personality

BLIND for over fifty years, Miss Aston is one of the most remarkable women in Australia.

Her holiday trip last month was mentioned in The Australian Women's Weekly, but this is her own account of her sensations and experiences during the trip.

She founded Melbourne's free lending library for the blind, was awarded both the Jubilee and Coronation medals for her work for the blind, and has several volumes of verse to her credit.

but I liked the cheerful clapping of their great leaves, and the regularity of their ringed trunks.

The air was warm and soothing, just as I had thought it would be on a tropic isle.

We had a drive to a pineapple farm, where for the first time I handled that fruit and some other tropical plants.

When asked if I had seen rosellas, I said we kept them in cages in Melbourne! You see, my southern ignorance of such fruit led me into a mistake!

PERHAPS the sweetest experience on Magnetic Island was a walk along a shady path until we came to a superb garden of poinsettia, bougainvillea, croton and hibiscus.



"SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW", laughter, beauty, and song—this picture typifies the spirit of all the things Miss Aston, the blind poetess, describes in the article on this page—the beauties of Nature which she fully enjoys and appreciates although she cannot see them.

It was a blaze of color, as my companion told me, and I stood by the fence, my inward vision alight with the imagination of its beauty.

Then we strolled down to the beach, and sat on the sand, with sighing pines above us, and whispering wavelets at our feet.

We played with the little shells about, many of which made homes for hermit crabs—little sly rogues whose presence was not guessed until they tickled our fingers in their effort to carry off their borrowed houses.

That beach was the most peaceful place I have come upon for many days.

I might have lived and dreamed there forever; yet, no! I am not a lotus-eater, but an all too energetic individual for that.

But if I ever find a way I shall go back to Magnetic Island.

ONE of the most interesting excursions was a trip to Palm Island. It was something of an adventure to get there, as we must get from the ship into a launch, from the launch into row boats, and from the boats to the land by a narrow staging or plank.

But once there, I was absorbed in my first real contact with our aborigines.

You may know that this island is given over to a settlement for the naughty abo, but, of course, all there are not naughty.

As we came ashore the adult natives were performing a corroboree. The yells and gruntings and beating of weapons were terrific, while a man or woman sang the corroboree chant.

Speaking generally, these people have beautiful, soft voices, and I could not help wishing that some of our younger women would copy them.

The games in progress were a chase by a snake and a kangaroo hunt, and each time the snake came up with the man, or the kill of the kangaroo was enacted, a blood-curdling yell from the victim made us all laugh heartily.

Visited Abo. School

BUT from these little dramas I turned to the school.

How my women readers would have loved these dear black children!

They were shy and quiet, busy at the tasks that go on in other schools, from kindergarten to higher grades.

Big girls were making frocks for the little ones, and the hand sewing was fine and good. Basket-making of various kinds, in the native style, was going on, and fancy stitching such as cross-stitch and other simple exercises.

Then the master invited us to hear a concert from the children. Eight lusty boys with mouth organs accompanied the singing, and gave selec-

tions. I never heard a better boys' band!

I left Palm Island, glad that these little ones were protected and cared for.

"Saw Granadilla"

ON the way to Kuranda we stopped below the Stony Creek Falls, and above the Barron Falls. One was a tinkle of cool silveriness, while the rich monotone of the Barron, as it plunged down its eight hundred feet drop, was solemn and noble.

It seem to say, "God is Great! God is Great!" and I was sorry when the whistle blew for us to entrain.

Tiny Green Island, just a mile round, and encircled with coral reefs, was also a place of delight. I have read much of coral and other marine life, and in this little spot I found them all, and a host of things not previously known to me.

But I must leave lovely Cairns and its lovelier background of hill and plateau, and flit down to Mackay where I stopped to spend a week with friends. In this northern town my experiences were more personal.

I met the people—such kind, friendly people, who lavished hospitality upon me. At Mackay I got into the gardens, and examined the plants, growing strong and free, that must have shelter in a glasshouse in Melbourne.

There I saw the plump granadilla on its vine, and the monstrous delicia, with its queer perforated leaves.

I had my first close acquaintance with sugarcane, for I went into a field and heard its jolly old rustle in the wind, and was helped to a fresh stick to try my teeth in a juvenile chew.

And now, back home in Melbourne, with crowds of mental and spiritual impressions thronging about me, I scarcely realise what this trip up north has meant for me; but it has been a revelation of fountains of human kindness, and of the fact that no Australian need leave his own country in search of scenic beauty, of wonders of nature, or feats of engineering.

The road from Cairns to the plateau, zigzagging upwards with its more than six hundred bends, the railroad to Kuranda, with fifteen tunnels in eight miles, the volcanic lakes, the waterfalls, the splendid forests, each in turn keep the traveller enraptured either over the genius of man, or the marvels of the Creator.

The flowers, also, are gay and beautiful, but I missed the sweet perfumes I had hoped to find. However, as compensation the foliage was as bright as flowers in color, and quaint and lovely in form.

Truly, this journey has been a thrilling adventure, and to me a source of precious, lifelong memories.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Here For Conference

MANY famous people, including the three pictured in this column, will be in Australia next month to attend the New Education Fellowship Conference. Mr. A. Lismer, shown above, is Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy, Educational Supervisor of the Art Gallery, Toronto, and founder and director of the Children's Art Centre in that city.

He is a member of the "Group of Seven" Canadian painters, has lectured on art in France, England, U.S.A., Canada and South Africa.



From South Africa

ANOTHER visitor is Dr. E. G. Malherbe, Director of the National Bureau of Educational and Social Research in Pretoria, South Africa.

He has made a close study of educational problems of the "poor whites" of South Africa, and the natives. In addition to brilliant scholastic achievements, he holds a licence as a New York taxi-driver, obtained when supporting himself while studying at the University. Has been a sailor, worked on farms, and walked on foot through Europe.



Bringing Educational Films

MR. G. T. HANKIN, B.A., will bring with him records of school broadcasts made by the B.B.C., and educational films supplied by the British Film Institute.

Mr. Hankin, scholar and Pepsian Prizeman of Magdalene College, is a specialist in the teaching of history and civics and in the use of mechanical aids to education. He represented the Board of Education at a similar conference in South Africa in 1934.

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Romance and marriage.

Travel and adventure.

Accidents and disaster.

Success and fortune.

Eleven Recent Tragedies Follow Series of Amazing Dreams

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Dreams of eleven women in England, which correctly foretold the death of relatives, have caused a tremendous stir here in the whole subject of the origin of dreams and premonitions and their influence in our lives.

A special committee of noted British psychologists is investigating the recent cases, which followed each other so closely as to attract an unusual amount of public attention.

AMONG cases being considered by the experts are two that happened early this month.

Mrs. Hoare, wife of a Brixham fisherman, dreamed on July 2 that her husband met with an accident at sea.

His ship was reported missing on July 3, and his small boat was found drifting.

Mrs. Ethel Hoper, of Parkstone, dreamed a cricket ball killed her children.

A few days later a van killed two children while her husband was at a cricket match.

Doctor Elizabeth Severn, American psychotherapist practising in London, said in a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly that premonitory dreams are by no means rare, but only those spectacularly fulfilled gain publicity.

"Women's subconscious mind is more evident than men's," she said. "Because women emotionally are more subject to what is called 'intuition'."

"It is really a relationship between the interconscious and subconscious minds, or what is believed to be an extra sense."

"Psychic 'feeling' is the conscious operation of the subconscious."

"When trying to explain the foretelling of happenings through dreams,

it must be remembered, 'time is non-existent, mind is universal.' Thus a premonitory dream is merely picking up subconsciously an event not yet within the conscious experience."

Science of Dreams

"WHILE dreams are generally sceptically received, due to the fact that people incline to the 'told-you-so' attitude," she added, "psychologists believe their interpretation will soon become an exact science."

"I have recorded ten thousand of my own dreams, and thousands of other people's. Other investigators are doing similar research."

Sydney Case of Fatal Premonition

THE story of a Sydney woman's premonition of her death, which tragically came true, was told in the Coroner's Court last week.

Dr. Frederick Thomas, resident medical officer at Sydney Hospital, giving evidence at an inquiry into the death of a woman at the hospital, told the coroner that the patient, the night before her death, had had a premonition that she was going to die.

She had asked the nurse to "bring along her best pyjamas," and she seemed very nervous and upset.

Premonitions of this type, as well as dreams, are to be investigated by the English scientists and psychologists, following the eleven recent deaths as related on this page.

cern the normal life of the dreamer.

Stirring public happenings, with a great emotional appeal, will stimulate dreams associated with them.

In Australia, for example, at Melbourne Cup time, there is always a crop of dreams in which the winner is indicated. Sometimes they have proved correct, with profit to the dreamer.

Crimes also inspire dreams. In West Australia some years ago a dreamer enabled the police to find a drowned boy in a lake the dreamer had never seen.

Hosts of dreamers and seers always appear with clues where crimes are difficult to solve. Sometimes they are helpful, more often not.

A woman's dream once resulted in the recovery of stolen diamonds in a room in Sydney.

Spiritual Influence?

ANY subject that obsesses our minds is liable to occupy our dreams frequently.

Thus dreams of death or tragedy are often the outcome of worry over the illness or well-being of someone near and dear.

Dreams in which bereaved people meet and speak to those for whom they are sorrowing are frequent. They are generally attributed to the receptive mental condition established in the mind of the dreamer, although others argue that some strong spiritual or telepathic influence, as yet undi-

covered, governs these, and, in fact, all dreams.

At what hours dreams are experienced is a matter difficult to determine. Some observers claim that quite half occur before 4 a.m., while others state that the majority occur after 6.30 a.m., or, in effect, just before most people are about to awake.

Dreams may be pleasant or unpleasant, emotional or otherwise, personal or impersonal. Some people specialise in one type, some in another; others, again, go through the whole range.

The influence of dreams on the nerves and health is a matter that has provoked special study.

Removal of the cause of worrying dreams has often led a neurotic patient back to good health.

The state of the stomach, heart and other organs has long been recognised as an important cause of dreams.

Indigestion is a frequent cause of the oppressive and terrible dreams that we call nightmares.

Research has revealed two interesting facts concerning women and dreams. Women sleep more lightly and dream more than men, and women who dream sleep longer than those who do not.

Daily life supplies more material in the dreams of men, but nearly twice as many women as men remember their dreams clearly.

Why Do We Dream?

By Our Medical Correspondent

WHY do we dream? It is a question that has puzzled all races, civilised and uncivilised, ancient and modern.

Dreams of good fortune, adventure, romance, dramatic or tragic incidents, summarise the chief fields explored by the mind when people sleep.

People of all ages seem subject to dreams.

Noted investigators maintain that dreaming has been observed in child-

ren at the age of four months. Children of two and three years of age often wake in terror because of bad dreams.

In normal individuals above the age of six the tendency to dream is not so strong as earlier in life. Atmospheric influences seem to be important elements in causing them. Memory of them is weak, they are emotionally poor, and deal with long-past scenes.

There seems little doubt that the nature of dreams can be influenced by outside events that affect or con-

JUST ONE RECIPE May Earn You Share OF £500

Most welcome news for housewives last week was the announcement of The Australian Women's Weekly £500 Recipe Competition.

It has set going the most spectacular search for good recipes ever conducted by any newspaper.

THE galaxy of prizes, ranging from £100 to £1 for a recipe, brings a bright, profitable aspect to the routine of the kitchen.

Just as a good recipe will tempt the palate of any connoisseur of food, so will these rich prizes tempt and delight the heart of the army of housewives who prepare Australia's meals.

Where is my favorite cake recipe? What about that economical dinner menu I've saved? And that splendid sweets dish? And that recipe for jam that mother gave me?

These are the questions stirring most homes just now, and the reason is that any one of the recipes may

be worth £50 if submitted in the competition.

Actually, for the best cake recipe a prize of £100 is offered.

If the recipe is original, practical and economical it has a better chance of winning a prize.

Over 200 Prizes

OVER 200 prizes are waiting to be won. Everyone is eligible to enter, providing they are regular readers of The Australian Women's Weekly and are not professional cooks and caterers.

The competition is designed to appeal to the home cook and the lover of home cookery.



ONE RECIPE may win a cheque for £100 or £50.

Clearly write down all the ingredients in your recipe, add your name and address, attach one of the coupons from page 46 to each entry and post it to "£500 Recipe Competition," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Readers may submit as many entries as they wish, but each must be accompanied by the entry coupons stipulated for the section concerned.

Full details, conditions and entry coupons appear on page 46. There is no entrance fee, but readers should carefully study the conditions to avoid errors that may disqualify their entries.

Would You Marry a Half-Caste?

Health and Physical Culture



Look for this cover. This is the magazine that is worth pounds to you. Fully illustrated and crammed with invaluable articles, priceless medical information, the latest "Clubfoot" serial, etc., etc.

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"Health and Physical Culture"

1/- Fully Illustrated. On Sale To-day, Everywhere — 1/-

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HIGH blood pressure tops the list of killer diseases! Read what a specialist says of it, and let him help you to regain good health. An article of vital importance to thousands.

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOS! GRAPHIC ARTICLES! THRILLING SERIALS! PRICELESS INFORMATION!

For You in the July "HEALTH & PHYSICAL CULTURE."

107 Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIAN half-castes are multiplying at an alarming rate. You face the dangers of a grave racial problem unless something is done to arrest the scandalous procreation of black women. Now it is suggested that we marry off half-castes to whites! Would you welcome a half-caste marriage in your family? You must read this exposure of our grave danger threatening our sons and daughters!

DRUG TO FORCE CONFESSIONS!

THE diabolical possibilities of a new drug which forces the most intimate revelations by the helpless victim is explained by a world-famous specialist. There is evidence to suggest that this drug is already being employed by certain European political fanatics in destroying their enemies. Don't miss this amazing story.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND DIABETES

A DESCRIPTION by a Medical Specialist of a disease that weakens, breeds havoc, a timely warning which may save you much suffering. Here is advice that would cost you guineas elsewhere.

ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT FOR THE JULY

"Health and Physical Culture"

1/- Fully Illustrated. On Sale To-day, Everywhere — 1/-

How to treat Acid Indigestion

THIS dangerous universal complaint is fully described by a leading dietitian. Here is the natural way to rid yourself of a complaint that may, if neglected, lead to serious and dangerous complications. Get your copy now!

If Your Newsagent Has Sold Out, SEND THIS COUPON NOW!

1/- enclosed 1/- in stamps for a copy of July "H. & P.C."

NAME ADDRESS THE MANAGER, "H. & P.C." 107 Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.

QUEEN to REVIVE Victorian FASHIONS

King Shows Family Portraits in Palace to Famous London Designer

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Beam Wireless.

A great revival of Victorian fashions and a great stimulus to English fashion designers is predicted here.

The Queen feels that Victorian evening styles of tight bodices, falling off the shoulders, with lace fichus, high waists and full skirts, are best suited to her type, and is considering the adoption of such a mode.

THE King, a few days ago, Norman Hartnell, round the personally showed the portraits of the Victorians in famous London designer, Buckingham Palace, with a

view to his designing a modern adaptation of these fashions.

Mr. Hartnell does not know yet whether the fashion will be definitely adopted by Her Majesty, but it is believed that she wishes to lead the trend towards a revival of Victorian elaborateness. Mr. Hartnell predicts that we will all be wearing the full, puffed sleeves, the flounces, and the silken striped materials beloved of our great-grandmothers.

Great significance attaches to the Queen's choice of a London creator to design these fashions. Hitherto as all the world knows, Paris has been the centre of all important launchings of new fashions.

**RENE
Draws
New-Old
Styles...
See
Page 11.**



MR. NORMAN HARTNELL, the noted English creator of fashions.

This move of Her Majesty will profoundly affect the fashion situation. It may even result in sending the balance of power in the fashion world from Paris to London.

BODILY Rejuvenation

For Weak, Tired, Pain-Racked Men and Women

Famous Remedy of London Doctor means New Vital Life, Strength, Power — END of Autoxima; Colitis; Kidney-Bladder Ills; Skin Disorders; Nervy, Dizzy Spells, Headaches; Colds; Backaches; Leg Pains; Rheumatism; Swellings; Rings under Eyes; Nausea; Shortness of Breath; Palpitation; Loss of Vitality.

AUTOXIMA MEANS POISONED BODIES; Bladder Weakness Kills Vitality; Kidney Germs Cripple. Most people have weak irrigatory and eliminatory mechanisms. Strangely very few recognise kidney ill at the outset. Yet, if poison, acids, germs and pain-causing, crippling joint and muscle crystals are not removed, trouble, slight at first, advances rapidly, dangerously. Many ailments appear; often stubborn ones, such as asthma, gout and severe inflammation of the skin. **YOUTH ENDS PREMATURELY.**

"ARMCHAIR DAYS" START: NEGLECT MEANS FINAL BREAKDOWN!

Kidneys are vital, like the heart. If the heart weakens, you are forced to take notice. But the kidneys, open to neglect, bring penalties as dire as any known. Most haggard, unhappy, stay-at-home, ill, lethargic people; sufferers from Back, Loin, Joint and Muscular Pains or Stiffness; from neck, hand, foot, shoulder and groin pains, from disturbed nights, from excessive or painful urination, stone, gravel or other deposits, have **KIDNEY-ACID TROUBLE.** Harrison's Pills, originated by Dr. Wm. Harrison, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of London, by strengthening the kidneys, toning up the bladder, freeing the system from deadly germs, poisons and uric acid, end a host of ills.

KILL HIDDEN POISON SOURCES

Rejuvenate Kidneys and Bladder This Better Way! See Sparkling Health and Youth Return! **HARRISON'S PILLS** swiftly aid all the vital bodily processes. Through the Kidneys and Bladder the entire body is renewed by this remedy, which promptly revitalises the Blood, Nerves and Muscles. Within a few hours the mind freshens, the step quickens, despondent lack of clear-cut decision departs. Quickly, sagging sinews and weary muscles regather their **FORCE.** Urine clears, piles ease, headaches are no more. Head up, shoulders back, a new being replaces the old. Entirely safe and beneficial — **(NO NARCOTICS OR DOPE)**; amazingly prompt and effective. Thousands of one-time sufferers have expressed their gratitude.

A USER WRITES:

"Harrison's Pills astonished me. I have tried many remedies for my dizziness, back pains and muscular weakness but I have never before known such quick and grateful relief. They soothe all the pain away and leave you entirely rejuvenated. Since taking them I have felt years younger."



Restore
Vital Organs
to full VIGOR

No More Sickness

Youth Prolonged

While thousands are haggard and "worn" years before their time, others find that

"LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

The difference is due to the fact that Autoxima, Clogged Colon, Kidney Breakdown, Acidity and Bladder Weakness, menacing all, are uncontrolled in many cases. These often mystifying disorders take a heavy toll in mental and physical suffering. "Me with Kidney and Bladder Trouble!" exclaims the nervy, sick, worn, pain-racked victim. "No, I just need a holiday," and returns more faded than before. A **REMEDY** is wanted—it is now available.

Better in a few hours!

Results Are Surprising

Stubborn ailments clear up. Pains and Swellings go. Eyes clear, and eyesight itself often becomes better. Constipation ends; skin freshest; irritation stops — even the scalp, hair and nails improve — sure signs of better health. Blood pressure at night, those too-frequent day calls, the general physical ineptness, these all depart. You feel better, sleep better, look better, and wake in the mornings completely **REFRESHED.**

Guarantee

IMMEDIATE RESULTS OR NO COST!

The Harrison formula acts not only upon the kidneys in the most effective way known, but also restores the entire system. Good for young, middle-aged and old. Try them, and if not completely satisfied, return the empty bottle to **AMALGAMATED LABORATORIES, Sydney**, and your money will be refunded. Remember: Harrison's Pills are guaranteed to succeed even where other treatments fail. If they restore you, the cost is small—if they fail, they're free!

HARRISON'S PILLS
— 2/-, 3/- AND 5/- AT ALL CHEMISTS —

What They Wore in Victoria's Day

Victorian fashions and their adaptation to the frocking needs of the modern woman are discussed in the article below by Miss Thelma Thomas, the brilliant young Australian fashion designer.

Miss Thomas designed the fashions for the pageant in Adelaide's recent Centenary, and also for the Melbourne Centenary. She has been selected to design the fashions which will be used in the pageant for Sydney's 150th Anniversary Celebrations, to be held next year.

By THELMA THOMAS

THE Early Victorian fashion period was an age of softly billowing skirts, composed of two or three flounces, tight little bodices very often pointed in front, with their off-the-shoulder neckline, and short, puffed sleeves for evening.

Gradually, however, more and more flounces were added to the skirt, while they, in turn, were heavily decorated, so that stiff petticoats were needed to keep these be-frilled skirts out.

As the skirts became increasingly heavy both in texture and with the number of flounces, so the petticoats became similarly numerous.

The off-the-shoulder line, with surrounding frill or Bertha collar for evening, is already apparent in some of the newer evening frocks. What can be more complimentary to a beautifully-modelled throat and shoulders than this style?

But a word of warning to those young girls to whom dieting has brought an excessive slenderness—this style is not for you!

Extravagant Fabrics

THE mid-Victorian era brings us to the days of the crinoline, a circular steel frame invented to carry the weight of the petticoats and heavily-decorated skirts.

Nevertheless, there is a distinct charm of the fantastic in the voluminous, many-flounced, much-beffrilled creations with their demure little bodices, cut closely to the base of the neck, and long-fitted sleeves.

The chief feature of these years, apart from the crinoline, was the flounce. It is curious to note the significance of it along with the frill. Then frills were employed to give a feeling of solidity and balance to the immense circular hoops and the disposing of them satisfactorily meant considerable thought, whilst nowadays, a frill or flare is added in order to impart an air of lightness and frivolity.

These skirts were anything up to ten yards around and were composed of ten, fifteen and even twenty-five flounces.

The deep, wide, open necks, framed by "Berthas," were composed also of these ruchings, laces, ribbons and flowers, and were universally worn for the evening.

It was the day of extravagant dress fabrics, and manufacturers outdid themselves to produce novelties in transparent, diaphanous open-work fabrics to satisfy the desire for a "floating cloud" effect.

Lavish use was made of artificial flowers—a fashion we follow to-day. The mid-Victorian eye-veil has returned to fashion, and the chignon net is also staging a come-back. So, too, are flyaway "follow-me-lad" hat ribbons!

Skirts hung simply straight down for a little while after the crinoline was abandoned. Then a tunic was adopted which was gathered up in pannier fashion around the hips and puffed out.

This puff soon assumed large proportions behind, which was gathered and draped in a wealth of elaborate styles. Then an ingenious modiste invented "the dress-improver" or bustle to keep this puff in place.

The late nineteenth century featured two totally opposed styles—the bustle, worn with a tight pointed bodice and very often a long train from the under-skirt, and the tight walking skirt, sometimes so tight as to hamper the wearer's walk.

Charming, Delightful

DURING these years colored petticoats and stockings came into favor, and the high-heeled buttoned boots which are being reproduced to-day—and even brought into the full evening dress by Schiaparelli.

Adaptations from this period can be very charming and delightful, as modern designs with the back fullness and flares can prove. Also where the make-believe bustles are created by bows and frills.

The new short box coat is derived from this period, as is likewise the high-dressing of the hair with the curled fringes.

Changing fashions are fascinating, different styles appeal to different temperaments. Looking back over the years, one can easily understand Her Majesty choosing the early or mid-Victorian style.

THE RESCUE

Complete
Short Story

By Elinor Mordaunt

A romantic story of love and adventure in a glamorous eastern setting...



MARIAN POWELL prided herself—and a fierce pride was her chief characteristic—on two things: her coolness and her ability to take care of herself. She also had a sneaking fancy, a queer conceit, that she was able to make herself practically invisible by what she called her "protective coloring."

"There is a great deal to be said in favor of being an old woman"—thirty-three—"responsible to no one for one's actions"—she was a widow—and perfectly plain."

This was what she said, adding that she could go anywhere, among people of any sort of nationality, and pass unnoticed.

And it was a fact that wearing a double felt hat, such as English women affect in the tropics, with a neutral-colored, native-silk dress, she was easily merged into any sort of crowd.

She was the only Englishwoman on the steamer from Saigon.

Reaching Djibouti rather before noon, the Health and Customs officials boarded the ship, spent some time in the saloon over their duties, and emerging—picking their teeth—examined the French passengers' eyes, and supplied them with little pink tickets allowing them to go ashore, which they did, in the blazing heat of the day. The women wore coquettish little hats, tight, high-heeled shoes and tight, silk dresses; the men, white suits and immense solar topees; the innumerable children were, as usual, whining and perfectly unmanageable.

With a sigh of intense relief, Marian Powell retired to her cabin and lay down, conscious of the first pleasant silence she had known for some weeks.

SHE was a cool and seasoned traveller, a little superior, and she knew what to do. They would not be sailing until after midnight.

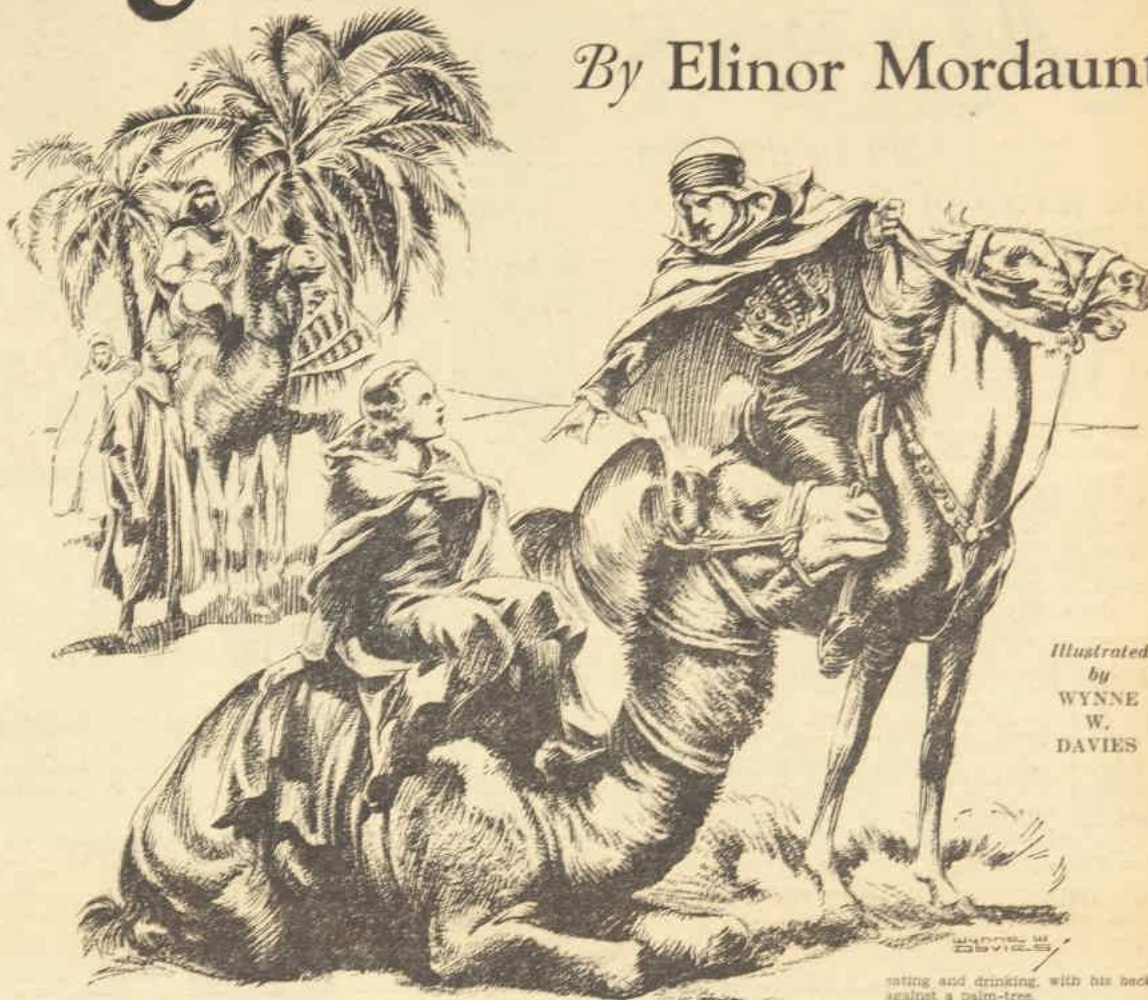
By dinner-time, at six-thirty, all the French passengers were back, tired out and very cross. It was then that Marian finished her dinner and went ashore. No one saw her go, for the maître d'équipage and fourth officer in charge of the gangway were standing with their backs to her, arguing, and she hailed her own native boat.

She had not cared to wait for her after-dinner coffee on board ship. All the same, she did not care to go without it, and, climbing the steep, gravelly slope, disregarding the French hotel to her left, she made her way to the native quarters, turned into a large, open-sided Arab café at the first corner she came to.

The place, dimly lighted by hanging-lamps, with dark, murky shadows and occasional beams of amber light, was crowded with men sitting on cushions or on the bare, earthen floor. There were men of every gradation of color and race; hideous, grinning blacks from Timbuctoo, bearded Arabs in voluminous, cream-colored, woollen draperies, who took no more notice of her than if she had been invisible, and Somalis, undeniably staring, with immense heads of hair, wearing nothing apart from a loin-cloth.

Glancing round, however, there was one man leaning against a post who might have been an Arab, but with lighter eyes, a squarer jaw than is generally seen, whose glance met hers, mocking and amused. In a moment Marian Powell's spirit stiffened. Here was the sort of man she just could not do with, unweaving, almost undressing her.

"A renegade of some sort," she



Illustrated
by
WYNNE
W.
DAVIES

thought scornfully, and, turning away her head with her chin in the air, she passed on through a wide arch, picked her way, perfectly unembarrassed, among the group of men, into the kitchen beyond the café.

Marian asked for a cup of coffee, and stood there eating and drinking, amused and perfectly at ease. When some of the rougher sort came in from the café and crowded round her, she told them in French to be off.

"I'm not French, I'm English," she told them, and when they retreated she was pleased. She was proud of being an Englishwoman. "One can always go where one likes, do what one likes, if only one keeps a stiff upper lip," she thought.

Passing out of the café, a small boy who had followed her, smiling contemptuously at the defeat of his fellows, offered to show her the way to "The Street of the Dancing Women." She signed her assent.

By now the night was complete, with its large, perfectly clear moon,

"Cover your face," said the man, "if you want to save your life."

They went into a small house with a single room, lighted by a hanging-lamp, and Marian was helped up on to a high bunk, very clean, with mattress and pillows covered with printed cotton stuff. This left the room clear, and the women went into a corner, dropped off their saris, and discarded their bodices, and began to dance in a semi-circle, the old woman, last, mocking and imitating.

Marian turned on her side, propped on one elbow, and watched them. She had travelled much and had seen many strange sights. But here was one of the strangest.

Round and round and round they went, bending from the waist to the side, and then backwards and forwards so that they almost touched the ground. They were all like an animated string of beaded beads with the old woman as the queen bead.

Sheik in the Desert

its green-blue sky and velvet black shadows.

In the Street of the Dancing Women there was the thin sound of stringed instruments, the insistent throb of a single drum. The women were beautifully graceful and lithe, with shining, copper skins, their hair dressed in innumerable minute plaits, the partings showing a clear pattern over their small heads. They wore tightly-drawn saris reaching to their feet and short, light muslin bodices. They crowded round Marian, and, under the instruction of her small guide, she picked four, adding for the fun of the thing, a fat, elderly woman with a grotesquely laughing face.

The worst of it was the heat, the smell of musk and paraffin. A queer, trance-like feeling that nothing was real came over Marian.

She shifted the arm supporting her head so that she might lean over the edge of the bunk, clap her hands to the dancing women, and tell them to stop dancing, and so break the monotony that was making her giddy.

In place of raising herself, however, she sank lower and still lower until her head dropped on the pillows, which had a queer scent like cloves.

It seemed to Marian Powell that she was back on the steamer, which was pitching more sharply than

usual. For the first time in her life she felt horribly seasick, as though her inside was turning over and over.

The ship stopped, and, after all, it was not a ship at all but a camel.

Someone jerked her upright, as though she had been a bundle of merchandise, undid the cords that cut into her, and loosened her heavy draperies.

A man on a horse came up to her. He raised himself in his stirrups, and, at a word, a boy brought a half-gourd of water. The man held it to her lips, and, after she had drunk, he splashed it over her face and laughed.

"Make my camel kneel down," she commanded, believing that if only she could get her feet on firm ground again she would be mistress of the situation.

But the man only laughed.

"There's time enough for that when we get a little farther; cover your face if you want to save your life," he commanded, and cantered on ahead, while the men with the camels at either side of her jerked her into a cross-legged position and thrust her feet into slipper-like stirrups.

Someone gave her a beat a blow on the rump, and it lurched forward, started off again on its sickening gallop.

Somewhere about midday the cavalcade stopped at a small oasis.

Getting off her camel, staggering round and round in circles as though she were drunk, uncertain of her feet, horribly stiff and giddy with the heat, Marian sat down until she was more sure of herself. She drank some strong black coffee, ate the camel's milk cheese offered to her, and then—more sure of herself—got up and confronted her captor, who was sitting placidly on the ground,

sitting and drinking, with his back against a palm-tree.

"Look here," she began, her small face flushed with the heat—with anger—her eyes brilliant. "This may be some sort of joke, but it's finished. I've had enough. Now take me back."

"I THINK not."

The stranger glanced at her coolly. "You will only make yourself ill if you get excited here in the heat of the day."

With a furious gesture—most angry with herself for being so angry—Marian moved away and sat down under a palm. Whatever happened she would not sleep, she would keep her eyes open. It was certain that she would be missed from the steamer and a search-party sent out.

For all her determination she felt as though her body was crumbling away with her; her spine gave out, she sank to the ground and dropped into a deep sleep.

When she awoke she found that the shade of the palm had shifted and that someone had put up a shelter of triple grass matting above her head. The men were reloading the camels; some of them were filling skins at the well, the drops of water gleaming like diamonds in the low light of the late afternoon.

Away in the distance, across a stretch of sand which was already golden, rode a solitary horseman; a man, who had ridden on, leaving her—Marian Powell—like a bale of unconsidered merchandise to be hoisted on to her camel by his servants.

"Oh, well, he'll pay for it in the end!" she thought.

Somewhere about eight o'clock, she calculated, they stopped again, and Marian got off her camel to stretch her legs. She drank a little water and ate a few figs. But this time the halt was for less than a quarter of an hour, for, a troop of horsemen arriving with spare horses, burdens were transferred, and once more they pressed on in the darkness.

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The FOUR MARYS

Continuing our fine serial of the conflict of youth and age.

THE STORY SO FAR:

MEG SWIFT, successful journalist, ex-wife of VIVIAN SWIFT, also a writer, has been holidaying in England. While there she receives a proposal from BROOK AVERY, but refuses him because of a cable telling her that her beautiful young daughter, MIMI, is involved in scandal, by her association with a married man, ALAN WYTHE, married to ELIZABETH DENT, school friend of Mimi. Mimi goes to Elizabeth and asks her to release Alan, but she refuses. Meanwhile RAYMOND DAVIS, who has been staying with Meg, has an accident and his mother is sent for. NOW READ ON.



The interminable war between Mimi and Judy, instead of lessening, grew more bitter every day.

Raymond, not without satisfaction, had told Judy all about Mimi's errand night in town. "Next day about lunch time she sails in pert as you please. But I never did hear where she'd been. She and grandma went upstairs in grandma's room and talked with the door shut."

"H'm-m!" said Judy.

"Mimi's a slick one," said Raymond.

"No slicker than other people," said his mother significantly. "She don't put anything over on me."

To do her justice, Mimi was not at that time attempting to put anything over on anybody. She was too wretchedly unhappy, lost in the fear of what Alan's silence might mean. She could not rest till she had heard from his own lips whether or not Elizabeth had told him what they had said to each other, and what, if anything, he was going to do about it. When she felt she had come once more to the end of her endurance she wrote him a letter, addressed it to the Dent office and mailed it in the village.

Alan had not time to answer the letter when, on Sunday afternoon, Kilmartin came out from New York. To see, as he explained solemnly, if Meg would like to go on relief or if she were still working. He had, it seemed, telephoned Meg twice in the last few days without being able to reach her.

Meg said, "Jimmy, you're such a liar. I've had my nose to my desk for weeks."

"Ah!" said Kilmartin. "Then it must have been one of my other cases."

He might have been a fresh wind blowing through the house. Under his appreciative eye Judy preened and prinked, Meg stopped looking far off and tired and even Molly laughed a time or two. Raymond, from upstairs, howled down to know what all the fun was about.

"Good heavens!" Kilmartin shouted back. "You still here? I thought you'd be on your way to Lake Placid by this time. I hear you're a wonder on the ice."

Mimi came down when Kilmartin had been there almost half an hour and spoke to him coolly. Even so, she couldn't help being glad to see him. He had been brutal to her,

but with a brutality she understood and could match.

"Hi, Mimi!" he said to her now, grinned at her pleasantly and went on talking to Meg.

Mimi was not alone with him till a good bit later, when Judy went upstairs to wait on Raymond, and Molly and Meg went into the kitchen to get supper ready. Then he came and stood with his back to the fire looking down at Mimi, who sat in a corner of the couch, playing with an old ivory paper-knife.

"How's tricks?" he asked in a lowered voice.

"Rotten," said Mimi.

"I thought so. Any backfire from your little game the other day?"

"Not a thing. All quiet on the—"

Western Front she was going to say, but her voice failed her on the last three flippant syllables.

Kilmartin sat down on the couch beside her. "Then leave it at that. And be glad you got off so easy. She's keeping her mouth shut—now you keep yours."

"I haven't," said Mimi. "I wrote to him day before yesterday." She went on before he could speak. "I had to, Jimmy."

"Pool! Is too simple a word for you," said Kilmartin grimly.

"I wrote him," said Mimi, oddly immobile, "that I had to see him—that now I was ready to do whatever he said."

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

"And what did he say?"

"I'll get an answer to-morrow morning."

"Think so, do you?"

Mimi said: "I'm sure of it. We've been in love a long time. Before he ever saw Elizabeth." Kilmartin had never heard her speak so simply. She was not looking at him at all.

showed naked twig and branch, and in the middle of the snow-covered lawn the oak under which Elizabeth and Alan had been married retained its aged dignity inviolate. Hard to believe that in only a few months more there would be once again purple petunias and honeysuckle and roses.

Mimi thought, "Things don't really change. Not at the root." She was telling herself, as she had told Kilmartin the night before, that love didn't change. She and Alan had had it. They would have it always.

"Morning," she said to the postman when he stopped at the gate and touched his cap to her. He handed her a sheaf of letters. "Looks like an awful lot of bills," said Mimi gaily. She had seen Alan's somewhat rakish script on the second envelope she shuffled. Her heart was beating hard.

"Gettin' on to the first of the month," said the postman, wagging a commiserative head.

Mimi read Alan's letter standing in the thin, sharp sunshine with her bright head bare. "Just got your note," it said without preface of any sort. "Meet me at Tommy Gaunt's Tuesday at five. Tell the doorman you are expected and come right on up." It was signed with a single initial: A.

She read it and thrust it into one of the two pockets on the front of the skirt of her brown woollen frock. She buttoned the flap of the pocket

gone into town. Mimi gave Molly half a dozen bills. "Love and kisses, granny."

"And what are you so pleased about?" asked Molly shrewdly.

Mimi took Judy's letters upstairs. Raymond was slouching in Meg's chaise longue near the window. His disordered breakfast tray stood on the bed.

"Out early to-day, aren't you?" said Judy to Mimi with a critical smile.

"Swell day," said Mimi briefly. She was not going to let Judy spoil it for her.

She went back into her own room and began going through the clothes in her closet. Her leopardskin coat was too conspicuous; the brown beaver would be better for going into Tommy's place next day. She had a beige crepe dress she hadn't worn in some time. Alan had once said he liked it. She hadn't worn it much because there was something wrong about the neckline. She decided abruptly, and with a pleasurable feeling of having found something with which to occupy her restless fingers, to alter it now. Stripping off the brown woollen dress she was wearing, she flung it on her as yet unmade bed. She put on the beige crepe and stood looking at herself in the mirror. In a sweet if uncertain mutter she began to sing: "I've never seen a jag-u-ar, nor yet an arm-a-dillo. . . ." Vivian Swift had sung it to her when she was little.

While, arm upraised, she was snip-

ping delicately at a difficult seam with the points of a pair of small, sharp scissors, Molly called from downstairs, "Mimi, will you come here? I want to ask you about one of these bills."

"Oh, well!" murmured Mimi. She ran down to her grandmother, still singing.

As she went, Judy came to the door of Meg's room and looked out. She watched the beige crepe disappear into the lower hall. Mimi had succeeded in partially ripping one shoulder seam. The collar hung loose. Quite obvious that she was doing a bit of repair work.

"Look here, li'l' mamma," said Raymond querulously from his place near the window, "can't you go into the village this morning and get me some movie magazines or something? I haven't got a darned thing to read."

"Soon as I can get dressed, lamb," said Judy soothingly. "I'm going to get me a bath right now." The bathroom was just beyond Mimi's room. Judy went softly down the hall. Mimi's door was open. The brown woollen dress lay in full view on the bed.

As she lay in a tubful of hot, soapy water a little later, Judy's lips moved busily. She was saying over and over to herself words she had read: "Just got your note. Meet me at Tommy Gaunt's Tuesday at five. Tell the doorman you are expected and come right on up. A." No question who "A" was.

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Alan kissed her then—but his eyes were not as warm as his lips.

By
Fanny Heaslip Lea

She was looking into the fire, at Alan and herself being in love, at Elizabeth knowing it, yet coming between them. "You can't break up love so easily," said Mimi.

Kilmartin muttered, "Oh, no?" He had more to say, but was suddenly aware of Judy in the room. He thought: "That woman walks very soft for her poundage."

Next morning when the postman came by, Mimi managed to be in the garden. She wore an old tweed coat swinging open. Winter was beginning subtly to relax its grip. The sky was icy-blue, snow still lay smoothly frozen along garden walks and flower beds, but the lilac hedge

over the envelope. As she did so, from the window of Meg's room overlooking the lawn a voice called down to her plaintively: "Mimi—anything for me?"

It was Judy, her hair still in curlers which she nightly wore, a pink crocheted bed jacket hugged about her shoulders.

Mimi ran through the letters. "One for you, one for Raymond."

"Well, do bring 'em in," buzzed Judy. She slammed down the window and disappeared.

Mimi went on into the house. Molly was just coming out of the kitchen, having finished her morning conference with Susy. Meg had already

HELL CAT of the BOCA

Two men and one girl
was never a safe party at the
Cafe Peru...

Complete
Short
Story

Illustrated
by
FISCHER



By
ARTHUR
MILLS

THE Cafe Peru in Buenos Aires stands at the corner of the Pedro de Mendoza—garbage—littered thoroughfare leading from Barracas past Darsena Sud and skirting a district known the world over as the Boca, compared to which, as all sailors know, the worst street in Lime-houses is a flower-scented meadow lane.

The proprietor of the Cafe Peru stood behind his bar, leaning his elbows on the beer-splashed zinc surface. His eyes roamed watchfully over his clients. At the first sign of an angry glance he was ready to leap over the counter, touch the offender on the shoulder, and tell him to be off. Fighting was bad for business, meaning the sudden emptying of his bar and the possible inconvenience next morning of disposing of a corpse.

At the moment two men and a girl at a table in the corner particularly engaged the proprietor's attention. One of the men was a Correntino, slim, wiry, and dark-skinned; the other, a cattle man.

Now, if there was one type of customer more than another the proprietor of the Peru was reluctant to receive, it was a cattle man from the "camp." These "camp" men came into town with their wallets stuffed with money and were looked upon as Heaven-sent prey by the thieving, murdering, rascals who formed the normal clientele of the Peru. They were such devils for fighting, too, these "camp" fellows; if only they would allow themselves to be robbed and killed decently and quietly it would not have mattered so much.

Two men and one girl is never a very safe kind of party in a cafe in Buenos Aires, especially when the men are strangers to one another. The storm the proprietor feared inevitably began to brew. He saw in the first place that the girl preferred the cowboy to the Correntino; she had obviously a begun for the fellow, as the French say. He was a handsome enough chap of the name of Volstock, a Russian, the proprietor understood. He had come to the cafe once or twice before, but never previously sat at Juanita's table.

AS for Juanita, she was an habituée of the place. For some time the proprietor had been meaning to tell her to take herself elsewhere. Even in the Boca she had a bad reputation. In a district where nicknames for local characters were freely bestowed, she was known as the Hell-Cat.

The proprietor of the Peru watched his three clients anxiously. Once he nearly leaped over the bar when he saw the Russian's hand go to his hip pocket. But Volstock only took out a heavy gold cigarette case, opened it, and passed it round. The proprietor breathed a sigh of relief. True, it was not very wise to flash a gold cigarette case in the Boca. Nor did cowboys carry cigarette cases as a rule; but so long as the Russian did not lose his case inside the cafe it was no concern of the proprietor's. The three appeared to be friendly enough now; maybe they would behave themselves. They might have done had not the hand—three grimy fellows in shirt sleeves—struck up a tango. The Correntino and the Russian jumped to their feet, each asking the girl to dance. She chose the Russian.

They danced that tango with the peculiar abandon to which the dance lends itself. The Correntino watched glowering. When Volstock and the girl came back to the table the row started. The clientele of the Peru were with the Correntino

to a man. Cowboys are not popular in such places.

Volstock stood faced by a dozen cut-throats; he could read in their eyes that they meant to kill him. Standing there he seemed to be wondering why they did not start; what instinct made each hang back waiting for the other to get his teeth in first?

"—!" said Volstock calmly, looking at the crowd and using a word so insulting that even in Spanish it is unfit to print.

That did it. The passionate blood of a Porteno flamed instantly, and hand clenched on gleaming steel he darted forward. Volstock watched him, judged his distance to a nicety, and with a deft kick knocked the knife from his hand. Silently, without so much as the faintest snarl of anger passing his lips, the Correntino drew his knife. Others, all holding knives, closed in. Volstock stood there, debonair, but helpless; the end had come.

Suddenly a figure flashed in front of him.

Juanita had put herself between him and the crowd. In her right hand she held poised a green bottle. He heard a torrent of Spanish words. He saw the proprietor duck down beneath his counter, the crowd hesitate, shrink backward, and melt away.

Juanita now ranged beside him. Her eyes were aflame with rage, her knuckles white where they gripped the green bottle. She looked more she-devil than woman. Not a single man at any table moved.

So, backing shoulder to shoulder, they reached the door. Outside, in the cool air, with the Southern Cross shining down on all varied shipping in the Boca, they paused. Gently Volstock took the green bottle from the girl's hand, shook it, and found it full. He drew the stopper. Then he, too, started back, and looked with amazement at her white face.

"Vitriol!" he exclaimed.

"Si," she nodded. "In the Boca a woman must have some weapon of defence."

She spoke in as matter-of-fact a manner as if she had been talking of the weather. Volstock looked at her curiously. She had grown calm again. In the lamplight her face, lifted to his, seemed almost tender. And yet, a few moments ago, she had been ready to perform an act as terrible as any human being could conceive. That she would have thrown the deadly fluid in those men's faces and laughed as she saw them clap their hands to their blinded eyes, Volstock fully believed.

"Well, you have saved my life," he said, fumbling at his belt and taking out a roll of notes. He held out the money to her.

She pushed the notes away.

"Please!" He pressed them in her hand.

She flung the notes in the roadway and stamped them in the mud.

Now her mouth was straight again, thin-lipped as it had been when she faced the ruffians in the bar. Her eyes, fixed on his, blazed furiously.

"I don't want money."

A twinkle lit Volstock's blue eyes. He liked a bit of temper whether in a woman or a horse.

"Very well then," He turned and linked his arm in hers.

The following night Juanita sat at her usual table in the Cafe Peru. The proprietor had re-admitted her partly because he was afraid of what she would do if he refused and partly because, when all was said and done, she was magnificent advertisement. This evening he leaned across the bar watching the clientele with a benignant air; he saw the Correntino in a corner, but

Juanita was alone; evidently that quarrelsome cowboy had left the town. The proprietor noticed a certain gentleness in Juanita's expression, which caused some inward amusement to stir in his cynical and sordid soul.

THE proprietor's tranquillity was short-lived. At a little after nine he looked up and saw Volstock standing in the door. The Russian should not come in to his place. The proprietor started to come round his bar.

Volstock stood in the doorway, his hat pulled over his forehead, his light blue eyes scanning the room. This evening, the proprietor noticed, he had a revolver swinging

Volstock stood there, debonair but helpless.

from his belt, a thing absolutely prohibited in Buenos Aires, though what a man carries in his hip pocket is his own affair.

"You must leave my restaurant at once, señor," the proprietor said to Volstock.

Volstock did not move; his eyes continued their search. Suddenly he saw Juanita. She was watching him, excited, eager. Like the proprietor, she believed he had gone back to the camp. Volstock beckoned. Juanita jumped to her feet.

"A word with the lady, señor, before I go," Volstock said.

"You may talk outside," the proprietor answered.

He did not at all like the look in the Russian's eyes; it was evident he had not come back to kiss the girl.

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Illustrated by CARL SHREVE

HEARTLINE

She thought she had done with love, but the palmist was right. It was only a lesson on the heartline . . .

IT was twelve forty-five. The two women and the girl, who were to meet for lunch at the Locust Restaurant at one o'clock, were at telephones. Each of them called a man, and only Mona Palen, who was divorced, emerged from the phone booth serenely. She was not in love with Isabelle Norton's husband; she enjoyed his company, but he left her undisturbed. No man had ever disturbed her except Howard Palen, who had been her husband.

Mona did her telephoning from the restaurant. She had arrived early, but the lounge was already filled and the restaurant itself was filling rapidly. Women came here to see the fashion show and to have their palms read by a modish-looking woman known as Rita. Isabelle Norton had heard about Rita and had been excited by an idea. "Would you have your palm read, Mona?" she had asked.

"Why not?" Mona had answered lightly.

"Of course, I don't really believe in it," Isabelle had said, "but they

say Rita tells people just when they are going to be married, and I think it would be awfully nice for Barbara to go along. I'd love to know about Barbara and Jim."

Barbara was Isabelle's younger and motherless sister. "Is she going to marry Jim?" Mona had asked quietly.

"I'm sure they have some kind of an understanding," Isabelle had said earnestly. "He was down at the shore with us every week-end this last summer, you know."

Mona knew. She, too, had spent several week-ends with the Paul Nortons, and towards the end of the summer she had several talks about Jim with Barbara. The girl was so obviously in love, and Jim Chisholm wasn't. Mona knew that, but apparently it had escaped Isabelle.

She took a quick look around the lounge for Isabelle and Barbara, hoping the girl would be there alone. She had not seen Barbara for several weeks, but she had had the girl on her mind. Neither Isabelle nor Barbara was in sight, however, so Mona made her way to the phone booth. People looked at her: she was definitely an exciting woman, slender, golden, smooth in her grey wool coat trimmed with bands of flat grey fur. The grey turban made it a costume,

a lovely outfit for an autumn day. Other women knew that it had cost money.

"Any calls for me, Alice?" she inquired, when her maid answered from her apartment.

"Yes, Mrs. Palen. Mr. Norton called. Says will you call him at his office, please."

After a moment Mona found another nickel in her purse. She knew Paul Norton's office number without looking it up.

PAUL'S wife, Isabelle, tried to get him a moment later. She called from a booth in a drugstore near the hospital where Paul, junior, had had his tonsils removed the afternoon before.

"He's on another wire, Mrs. Norton. May I call you back?"

"I'll wait," she said.

She knew that she might be a little

Mona had several talks about Jim with Barbara.

prise. Maybe the woman would be able to tell whether Barbara would have a spring wedding. That would be nice. Easter lilies and a trip to Bermuda. Of course, she and Paul would give the wedding reception in their apartment, which was roomy and much more suitable than the smaller one Barbara and her father had now. She would like to talk over things like this with Barbara, but she didn't see the girl alone very much these days. She realised suddenly that Barbara was changed, she was no longer the happily impulsive child of last summer. Her husband's voice cut short her thoughts.

"Oh, Paul, I called to tell you that Boots is so much better this noon. I knew you would want to know."

"That's good."

"Yes, he even ate a little cereal and he said the cutest thing to the nurse."

Paul listened to her with patience, man's usual attitude towards a woman on the telephone. Nothing that she said would be the least bit picturesque or exciting. It was strange, he reflected, how few women could be exciting as abstract voices. Mona Palen was one of them. It wasn't what she said, either. It

"Better not wait for me. I'll be tied up, I'm afraid."

"IF you could get there before six you could watch Boots eat his supper." Her voice was sweet but it irked him. He wished she wouldn't follow him up on these small things.

"I doubt if I can make it," he said, still outwardly patient.

"Aren't you going to see him tonight at all?"

"I'll go over there after dinner," he promised.

"But if you can come before dinner, you will, dear, won't you?"

"Don't look for me," he told her a little wearily.

"I'm meeting Mona and Barbara for lunch."

"All right," he said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she echoed doubtfully.

She had wanted to talk to him longer, long enough to be satisfied about some formless worry that had persisted in her mind for days. She put the receiver in place on its hook and came out of the telephone booth, her blue eyes puzzled, hurt. She did not understand what was happening to her marriage, but she knew that something was wrong. Surely Paul loved her. He was not unkind. He was not unfaithful. The last was unthinkable.

"What is wrong?" she thought helplessly, as she walked along the street. It was a fine, crisp October day, lovely for walking, but there wasn't time to walk. Barbara didn't want to be late for the art class. She hailed a taxi. Its mirror reflected a smallish, pretty woman in an expensive black coat trimmed with silver fox. Her hat was new and costly, but somehow not quite right. She wished that she knew about hats as Mona and Barbara did.

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By
CLARA WALLACE OVERTON

late for lunch, but it seemed important to speak to Paul now. He did not like to have her call the office on trivial matters, but surely he would be glad to have news of Boots. She looked at her wrist-watch as she waited; Barbara would be impatient if she were very late. Isabelle hadn't told Barbara about the palmist; she wanted that to be a sur-

prise. Maybe the things she left out that kept him interested. She was neither coy nor newsworthy over the phone, but to-day she had said the one thing that he wanted to hear. She would meet him for tea at five-thirty.

"Will you stop at the hospital for me about five-thirty?" Isabelle was asking.

The Fashion Parade by Petrov

Frocks in the Maypole Manner

• LELONG'S vivid taffeta gown, shown below, although an extreme example, is indicative of the tendency to combine many colors. Two sketches are actually necessary to show all the shades employed. Essentially a dancing frock, it is developed in taffeta and has a twisted black velvet belt.



• AT THE TOP of the page is sketched a felt crowned turban swathed with chiffon. Next an evening gown of classical line in jersey, a silver cord wandering through eyelets at the waistline. Triple revers in satin distinguish a velvet jacket to accompany a gown in the lightest of the three shades. Finally, gloves develop this color idea in suede, with each finger different.

FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

WINTER COATS



• ABOVE: Ross model coat in brown rough tweed with self material scarf. It is worn with a beige woollen frock belted in brown suede



• ABOVE: This is a Schiaparelli fur coat in baby seal which, though it looks like bearskin, is much softer, lighter and warmer than the skins used for busbys. With the coat is worn one of the new circular felt hats, trimmed with gold ribbon threaded through slots in the crown.

• TOP RIGHT: Revillon model in grey lamb. The wide shoulders, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, slim waist, and flared skirt give it an attractive feminine note.

• LEFT: Costume of brown-green knotted boucle. Belt with interesting fur trimming. Green jersey blouse with breast pocket.



• LEFT: Brown pony skin is Revillon's choice for a severely plain autumn fur coat. It is relieved by a soft brown seal collar.



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MARCH OF THE MODE by RENE

Victorian Styles for Moderns

See Story On Page 4



• THE SKETCHES above depict (at left) a mid-Victorian crinoline dress and a modernised version of the same style, and (at right) a late-Victorian bustle dress and a modern dress in the same manner.

• THE SMALLER SKETCH shows an early-Victorian hoop frock and the larger, its modern sister.

All the sketches on this page are by our fashion artist, Rene, from designs created by Miss Thomas Thomas.

**Stops your
'SKIN
Ageing'**

**Famous
FACE
POWDER**
offers
**Amazing
NEW Features**



The combined effects of climate and diet bring a sudden change in the tone and texture of the skin. Many face powders give a distinct "coat" to the skin, producing a dull, flat, aged effect. Kathleen Court's 'Velvet Skin' Face Powder gives to the no-longer-very-girlish skin a marvelous living radiance — a transparently-smooth freshness that has no hint of artificiality. 'Velvet Skin' is VITALLY DIFFERENT in the results it gives to the skin of women in the twenties, thirties and forties. It positively ensures the velvet skin of Y O U T H ! 'Velvet Skin' Powder effectively protects the skin against the harsh effect

of country sun and wind—and city dust and grime. Compare this powder with the old-fashioned chalky productions. See how perfectly 'Velvet Skin' Powder spreads—old-time powders will not "cover" half as far — or as evenly! Compare 'Velvet Skin' Powder for its shades and perfume, too. On all points this is a thrilling creation but, for its age-subtracting results it is amazing! 'Velvet Skin' is subtly, gloriously attuned to Youth's own complexion-tones, and it emphatically overcomes the effect of mature dullness imparted by face powders made in the orthodox old ways. Keep young and Beautiful, use



Elizabeth Allen, who appears as "Nadia," in the R.E.O. Radio Picture, "Michael Strogoff."

kathleen court's
'VELVET SKIN'
FACE POWDER — Everywhere 1/- and 2/3.

An Editorial

JULY 17, 1937.

SECRET OF HAPPY MARRIAGES



physician.

"Those marriages which are successful to-day," he declared, "reach a higher level of happiness than at any previous period of our history."

The art of marriage does not consist in two persons succeeding in living together for a lifetime without being driven to divorce or homicide.

The true marriage is not a passive acceptance, but an active and eager experience of the most complete consummation that is given to human beings in this world.

For the man, marriage often meant the possession of a human chattel to ensure him heirs, while to a woman it meant little better than slavery.

In our time, as in other enlightened periods throughout history, the woman's status in marriage is equal to the man's.

Motherhood is no longer a slave's burden, but a joyous experience, as it should be, made more so by consideration, understanding, and the aid of science.

And another point is that the modern woman does not "present her husband with a child"; the child belongs equally to both parents, and both share in the care, responsibility, and deep satisfaction of its upbringing.

Lord Dawson's speech, in which he insisted on woman's right to a natural sex-life in marriage, instead of a repressed submission, was regarded as the frankest address ever given in the House of Lords.

Well, it will do the House of Lords good—and the Lords of the House, too. For it is surely time that in public as well as private life we abandoned prudish secrecy about such vital topics.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

The Colored Citizen

FULL-BLOODED aborigines have formed a Progress Association to advocate the abolition of the Aborigines Boards, and the granting of political rights to black Australians.

The full-bloods must be treated as an isolated class (which does not mean a despised class) because to treat them as ordinary citizens with rights of inter-marriage would be against the White Australia policy.

To prevent the ingress of colored races from without, and yet inter-marry with our own colored people, would be politically dangerous as well as cutting across our social tenets.

Whether some measure of self-government, rather than parliamentary representation, can be given them, is another matter. There seems no reason why they should not be encouraged to seek progress rather than decay.

Half-Caste Problem

QUITE different is the problem of the half-caste. We are rather naturally, but callously, inclined to think of the half-caste as a half-black person. It is important that sometimes we should think of him—or her—as a half-white person.

Through no fault of their own, these unfortunates, who are frequently of high intelligence and completely "white" in their outlook and mentality, are condemned to an existence in a sort of half-world—and a world set about with barriers of ignorant contempt.

Professor Elkin, the noted anthropologist, urges that the half-castes should be given greater opportunities for culture, and the chance of an occupation.

Two half-castes at Darwin are fully qualified schoolteachers and others have shown ability in other directions.

But who will give a half-caste a job? It is a problem that must be faced; these citizens have a right to a proper life, and we have a duty to see that they get it.

The Church and Liquor

THE Rev. G. Stuart Watts, editor of the "Church Standard," advocates a change of policy by the Church towards the liquor trade. He says the Church should fight for a high standard of public houses, well conducted and selling only good liquor.

While Mr. Watts' view may shock many who hold that alcohol is essentially and entirely of the Devil, even they must concede him one point.

Prohibition, whether it be desirable or not, is unquestionably unattainable in the world to-day.

On the other hand, Mr. Watts' ideal of decent places where decent liquor is sold in a respectable manner is definitely an aim, and, if not perfect, would be a great improvement.

LYRIC OF LIFE

REUNION

After the long and barren years
That lie like separate years between us
We meet again.
Hand clasped in cold, unfriendly hand
And eyes still curious perhaps,
But that have looked too long on
Things that never touched.
How glad I am to be no longer hurt
By disillusionment.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

No Alimony, Thanks

MARY McCORMIC, the American opera star, is seeking a divorce from her husband, Homer V. Johansen, a lawyer.

Though she blames Johansen for spoiling their marriage, and charges him with cruelty, Miss McCormic does not want any alimony.

All she wants is the right to use her own name and go ahead with her career.

It is rather refreshing to find a woman with this independent outlook. While alimony is a necessary provision for the support of a woman who has no other means and no chance of supporting herself, it is too often used as an easy method of "gold-dig-



TWO FAMILIES which have warred politically for many years were united by Romance last week when Miss Ethel Du Pont, daughter of a noted American industrial magnate, was married to Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, jun., son of the President of the United States. Many members of the Du Pont family did not attend the wedding, and while Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Eugene Du Pont (father of the bride, who is pictured above) and Mr. Roosevelt, sen., shook hands, Mrs. Roosevelt said she did not know whether to be happy or sad.

—Air Mail photo.

ging," and makes young, healthy women into parasites on men they no longer love.

Miss McCormic wants to cast off her meal-ticket as well as her married name.

Are We Really Having Fun?

MRS. CATHERINE BRADY, who is just 100 years old, says that joking is not what it used to be.

Modern jokes are in bad taste, and often even vulgar and immoral, she says, but despite all the lengths they go to, they are not so funny as the jokes of her youth, just as no springs are ever as lovely, no roast chicken ever as tender.

But, for all that, there may well be something in what Mrs. Brady says. While sharp, metallic wit is at a high level nowadays, it is mostly very shallow stuff.

And if a spice of naughtiness has to be added to so many of our jokes before they amuse us, doesn't that mean either that the jokes are not up to standard... or that our sense of humor is a wee bit jaded?

Growing Younger At Fifty

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

It was men who decided, ages ago, that women's lives were over at forty.

Women lose their charm for strange men somewhere around that age, and for that reason whatever authorities there were in some more primitive era decided once and for all that women's lives ended when their power for random sex appeal was over.

THE words "strange men" and "random" are used designedly there; women don't lose their charm or their appeal for the men who know them and love them at any age.

But in youth any man is apt to notice any woman who is young and pretty, and this sort of thing does end somewhere around forty.

Many quite good and contented and happily married women bitterly regret it, and deny the fact as long as they can.

Men who ogle and make sotto-voce speeches to women in streets and omnibuses, are an annoyance, and a disgrace to civilisation, and are usually well snubbed or coldly ignored.

But, still, there lurks in the annoyed woman's heart a little thrill of satisfaction—she is still desired, she is still attractive to men!

Best Years Ahead

WHEN this ends; when she is unmistakably middle-aged, and turning a little grey, she takes it for granted that the best of her life is over—because men have told her so, even as they told her mother so, and her grandmother.

All down the line men have been pitying women who have left the young years behind them, and lost their bloom, even while they themselves have been enjoying new privileges and new pleasures with middle-age, and have felt themselves in the very prime of life at fifty.

Obedient womanhood has accepted her sentence. If men feel that she is of no more use or charm, so be it.

She has sunk into invalidism, nerves, she has faded into bonnets and shawls, she has mourned her lost youth with tears and despondency and blues and melancholia.

One hundred—even fifty—years ago most middle-aged women lived the lives of sad, superfluous parasites.

With physical culture—we used to hear a great deal of physical culture in the twenties—and with better health and more sensible clothing, with business and political awakenings for women everywhere, this state of affairs began to change.

Women began to discover—that is sensible women began to discover to their surprise—that life does not end at forty, or even fifty.

On the contrary, they discovered that an extremely delightful, perhaps the most delightful, time of all begins right there. With health, freedom, wisdom, the best years of all are still ahead.

The Real Discovery

ONE reason why we all magnify and glorify the charms of youth is because by no power or magic yet discovered may we return to it.

If we could—if we had to go back from fifty to eighteen now and then—we would have much less to say of its advantages.

It takes a clever woman to discover the charm of the autumn of life, the reality—indeed, the thrill and glow—of its friendships, the luxury of its freedom, the new joy of its understanding.

Books mean more to age than ever they did to youth, friends mean more, Nature means infinitely more.

It is not until she is far past youth that a woman discovers, if she is ever going to discover it at all, that the only true Kingdom of Heaven is within.

Once she finds that out time disappears, and there is no such thing as age.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



WHY AMELIA EARHART Chose Career of PERIL

Her Book Answers Critics Who Condemn Her Risky Flights

Why did Amelia Earhart choose a career in which death always flew at her elbow? Was it for excitement, adventure, glorification, or some deeper motive?

Her book "20 Hours, 40 Minutes," written after her first transatlantic flight, shows that she was an idealist who lived and flew for one great purpose—to show that aviation could make for world peace and better understanding.

It reveals her as an ambitious flying angel of peace, determined, single-handed if necessary, to remake humanity.

Her resolve goes back to the tragic years of war, when a girl of 16, on the threshold of life, saw the world as she knew it tumbling to ruin.

Out of that grew her resolve to fly. The motive is her answer to and defence against critics who now condemn her flights as needless risking of life.

In her book she shows that the world and its affairs were responsible for the Amelia Earhart that the world knew. She was a product of the war years, passing through them at the most impressionable age of youth—the years from 16 to 20.

"The war was the greatest shock that some lives have had to survive," she wrote. "It so completely changed the direction of my own footsteps that the details of those days remain indelible in my memory. 'I hope what we did (as nurses)

was helpful. Somebody had to do it. There is so much that must be done in a civilised barbarism like war."

At times Amelia Earhart has been accused of being cold, aloof, impersonal. Perhaps the reason is in those tragic, impressionable war years.

In aviation she saw a hope for peace for the world. Pursuing the career she herself found a peace in the clouds in satisfying contrast to the turmoil of the war years.

Amelia's Philosophy—in Her Verse

*Courage is the price that Life exacts for granting peace.
The soul that knows it not knows no release
From little things:
Knows not the vivid loneliness of fear,
Nor mountain heights where bitter joy can hear
The sound of wings.*

*How can life grant us boon of living, compensate
For dull grey ugliness and pregnant hate
Unless we dare
The soul's dominion? Each time we make a choice we pay
With courage to behold resistless day,
And count it fair.*



AMELIA EARHART, who sought peace in the clouds.

Old, and for a time was out of touch with both—just as on this occasion she has again been out of touch, so long that the world's hope faded.

The pages of her book are the index to her character—poise, charm, imagination, quiet sense of humor, flair for efficient organisation, frank, direct, penetrating way of assessing values, whether human or machine, practical outlook, with keen appreciation of the artistic.

Ten years as lived by Amelia Earhart would satisfy most women for a whole lifetime.

In ten years she was nurse, social worker, teacher, flier, author, lecturer, wife, stepmother, and national heroine. Not all this is told in "20 Hours 40 Minutes," but the foundations of her life are written there.

Reading it, the world can fully understand, admire, and applaud what she set out to do in the cause of humanity.

Hell Cat of the Boca

Continued from Page 7

JUANITA was approaching Volstock now. To reach him she had to pass the table where the Correntino sat. The Correntino laid a hand on her arm. She whipped round on him as a rattlesnake turns when it strikes, and he quickly withdrew his hand. It is always unwise to try to keep a woman from her man, the Correntino thought.

Then, like the proprietor, the Correntino noticed the expression on Volstock's face; he also heard

the first words the Russian spoke to Juanita.

Carabai at the Correntino thought; he got up and followed the pair; the occasion might provide an opportunity to get his own back.

Outside, Volstock was standing beneath a lamp, his back against the post. Juanita faced him. Volstock was saying: "Yes, you!" He spoke in a controlled, bitter voice.

"I have not got your gold cigarette case," Juanita's voice was as bitter as his own.

"I valued it; it belonged to my father—a present from the Czar; I carried it always here." Volstock put his hand to his hip pocket.

"Last night I refused your money; to-day you come back and say I am a thief!" Juanita's hand went to her bag.

"Keep your hand out of that bag, I'll have no vitriol thrown at me," Volstock's fingers closed on the butt of his gun.

At that instant a shadow came between them, so quickly it seemed to Volstock as if a giant bat skimmed past. At the same moment a knife flashed and Volstock, catching the gleam of it and seeing the aim, knew in a split second that it was meant for him.

In any land a knife blow in the heart means death. As the knife struck, Volstock fired. The Correntino fell between himself and Juanita. Volstock heard the clatter of a knife on stone; his hand went to his breast; the knife had not pierced his flesh, but his clothes were torn. He looked down at the ground and saw the knife. Perplexed, he put his hand into his breast pocket.

What had turned the knife? He felt something flat and hard in his pocket. He pulled the object out and saw he held the gold cigarette case in his hand. That was not the place he kept it. He must have put it there the night before, after offering them cigarettes.

Juanita saw the case and the expression on his face, and laughed shrilly. Then turned on her heel and ran.

TWO

wiry, white-helmeted Argentine policemen came hurrying up. They saw the body of the Correntino, they saw the knife, and they saw the smoking gun in Volstock's hand. "Comisario!" they said, ranging on either side of him and putting their hands upon his arms.

Volstock looked wry as he stood between the two police. He knew well enough what would happen. Only the week before the Prefect of Police had given out that he was tired of cowboys coming into Buenos Aires and shooting up the town. The next one that pulled a gun without provocation should be hanged, the Chief of Police had said.

Volstock knew that he was for it. Juanita was the only witness he could call for his defence. She was not likely to be much help after the way he had insulted her.

But he was wrong. Juanita was speaking quickly to the police. What madness was it she was saying? A novelist, looking for copy—local color for her book. She had the permission of the police to be there. A famous name she gave them. The police listened to her respectfully, made a few notes and went away. Juanita smiled at him. He didn't smile back: "A masquerade, eh? So there is no Juanita, Hellcat of the Boca." "No!" she replied. "No! Only La Paloma—little dove." She smiled and slipped her hand confidently in his. (Copyright.)

Lost To the World

THERE is Amelia's reason for every ambitious flight she planned: "To destroy isolation and bring the world and its peoples closer together."

Her book is the story of a woman's triumph that makes vivid, poignant reading in the light of events that led to the disastrous ending of her round-the-world flight.

Its title covers that passage of time, when, on her first Atlantic flight, she flew out of the New World into the

How does she keep so Slim & Youthful

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age. For thanks to Bile Beans her figure is still attractively slim—her complexion flawless—and she's as active and happy now as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger and enjoy perfect health by taking Bile Beans nightly at bedtime. Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily eliminate fat-forming residue.

So start to-night with Bile Beans if you want to keep youthful, healthy and slim.



"There's a wonderful improvement since I began to take Bile Beans. I feel years younger and more energetic and my family say they have never seen me looking so well. I also find Bile Beans are gradually reducing my weight."—Mrs. B. Blake.

Bile Beans have made me look and feel years younger. I now sleep well, my spirits are improved and I get up in a morning looking forward to my day's work. Bile Beans also keep my figure youthful and attractive."—Mrs. E. King.

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It works on hair of any texture. On any wave, natural or permanent. And takes but four minutes! Without even disarranging your coiffure, "damp-setting" will revive your wave, and give your hair dazzling new lustre you never thought possible!

America, from New York to Los Angeles, is wildly enthusiastic over "damp-setting"—the amazing treatment of a famous chemist and hair specialist. You will be, too. For it saves hours spent in beauty parlors. Keeps the wave, and keeps the hair fashionably fresh. And is so easy! So quick! All you need for "damp-setting" is brush and comb and an ounce of Velmol. If you have no Velmol in the house, a bottle costs you only 2/- at any chemist shop. Then just brush the Velmol through your hair and simply press the waves into place. What a glorious change this four-minute treatment makes! Instantly it revives the original ripple of your wave. And never any grease—for delightful, crystal-clear Velmol would must not be confused with heavy, messy, "brilliantine." Take four minutes a week.

to "damp-set" your hair this way. Then even a light finger-wave will last over an hour. You'll not need a "permanent" hair so often. And your hair will always have that fresh, lustrous appearance. (If you usually set your waves or curls with "booby" pins or clips overnight—brush Velmol through hair first, and you'll be quite amazed at the results.)

Just Three steps in "damp-setting."—(1)—Comb hair with comb dampened in water until all your hair is damp (never wet). (2)—Pour a little Velmol into palm of hand, run hairbrush over liquid until bristles are evenly covered and brush it right through hair. (3) Now press in the waves in—just where you want them—using fingers and comb. Press backward where the waves go back; forward where they swirl in toward cheeks and forehead. In four minutes your wave is revived—set; your hair has a glorious new sheen you never believed possible.



CUT OUT THESE DIRECTIONS SO YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

HEARTLINE

Continued from Page 8

BARBARA had just been released from the hair dryer; the barber untied the net, gathered a handful of pins, and ran his comb through the soft, bright hair. "Very nice," he murmured. "Please hurry," said the girl nervously.

She might reach Jim before he left the office for lunch, if she called soon. She had known all the time the barber was doing her hair that she had to call him to-day. She couldn't bear the suspense of not hearing his voice for one more sleepless night. It was a week since he had called her.

She slipped into the bright coral tweed coat, adjusted its small matching felt sports hat quickly, and flew towards the phone booth. With a gay finger-tip she dialled her number, the same number that Mona and Isabelle had called before her. Jim Chisholm was the youngest member of the Norton firm.

"Hello, Jim." She tried to make her voice sound gay and confident. "Oh, hello." His tone was flat, non-committal, as if they were almost strangers. It was dreadful to go on, but she had to do it. "Busy?" she asked with less assurance.

"Yes, a little." He gave her nothing to go on.

"Then I won't keep you long. I just wondered how you were." She couldn't let it end like this, she had to find out something.

"Fine," he told her evenly.

"Jim, are you busy to-night?"

"Afraid I am," he said in the same tone.

There was a short, thick silence while something unbelievable became a reality for her. He didn't want to see her. She fell through swift pain into panic.

"Jim, please, when shall I see you? What is wrong? I've got to know."

"I'll call you soon."

"Isabelle wants me to go to Hot Springs with her and Boots as soon as he is through with the after-treatment of the tonsil operation. That might be Monday or Tuesday. I must see you before I go."

"I'll call you to-morrow or Saturday." His voice was smooth, final.

"Good-bye."

For a second she was limp with confirmed fear. He didn't even want to see her. Then she pulled her slender shoulders up sharply, brought out a compact, made her lips the color of her hat and coat. Her world was in ruins and she had to go to lunch.

"To the Locust," she told the taxi driver.

The fashion show went on to con-

tinuous music. Watching that and ordering lunch, they failed at connected conversation.

"That knitted blue dress is sweet," said Isabelle. "What are you having, Mona?"

Between clothes and food, life seemed much more normal than it had a half hour ago.

Mona ordered in her unhurried way. "Clam juice, lamb chop—"

The rest of it was lost in the music and confusion around them.

Isabelle was trying to get the attention of the head waiter.

"May we have the palmist?" she asked him sweetly.

"There are quite a few tables ahead of you, madam. Five, I think."

GIRLIGAGS



"IF YOU want to be sure of a long hard drive every time you hit off, name each golf ball after one of your husband's relatives."

He looked at a card in his hand. "Yes, five. Would you like to have her after that?"

She was satisfied as he added the number of his table to his list. "Now, Babs dear, turn your head so I can see your hair. He set it beautifully to-day, didn't he, Mona?"

Mona smiled at the girl. A short friendly smile. "You have beautiful hair, Barbara. It's like satin." She let her attention go back to the fashions but her thoughts did not. Barbara's tight control did not escape her and the depth of unhappiness in her eyes was something Mona understood. It was Jim, of course. Mona had been afraid for the girl last summer; she had broached the subject to Paul Norton once.

"Do you like Jim?" she had asked.

"Trust him?"

"He's a good fellow. Smart in business, too."

"And smart with women?"

"Oh, he's all right."

"He sees such a lot of Barbara," Mona had suggested. "He's quite a bit older, isn't he? He is certainly years beyond her in sophistication."

"Well, that's all to the good, I think. Some of these young lads haven't much sense."

Probably Paul couldn't have done anything about it anyway.

"Just one more table and then Rita will be here," said Isabelle over coffee.

"I'm afraid I can't wait," Barbara told her.

"But you must wait, darling," Isabelle insisted. "Rita can take you first. See, here she comes now."

"Which one of you ladies first?" asked Rita. She looked a little tired.

"My sister," indicated Isabelle. She was eager now and animated by pleasant suspense.

The woman drew a chair towards the girl and sat down. "Let me see both your hands first, young lady." She looked keenly into the girl's face and smiled disarmingly. "Now let's see." She touched Barbara's finger-tips, turned her hands over. "Now just the right hand, please."

She bent over it. "You are very generous, young lady, but you care deeply for but few people. For those you will give anything you have. That is dangerous, sometimes."

You must learn to say no. Am I right?" She raised her sharp eyes quickly and dropped them again.

"You are very artistic. You could model, perhaps, or write; you should try to develop yourself around some artistic expression."

Please turn to Page 16

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So soft and fine, it spreads invisible on your skin—yet flatters it into enchanting beauty. Pond's Powder is carefully blended to give your skin a soft, lovely look in the brightest light. It never shows up harsh and "powdery".

A special ingredient makes it cling smooth, fresh looking for hours.

A shade to flatter every type of skin. See which is yours!

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IF YOUR BREATH
HAS A SMELL YOU
CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your 38 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 3/4. Dissent a substitute.

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...and lasts a long time

This handy, white cake of Bon Ami cleans and polishes at the same time. It doesn't scratch, and it lasts and lasts! Fast-working and economical, it saves you time, work and money. Buy a cake of Bon Ami—see for yourself what a fine cleanser it is.

Bon Ami
is pure, white and
odourless



"hasn't scratched yet!"

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"That's enough, Mr. Jones. I'm quite warm now, thank you."



"Oh! You'll bring me back all right, won't you?"
"Yes Ma'am, I've never left anybody up there yet!"



"Have you tried climbing roses?"
"No, and I haven't tried climbing geraniums, either."



POLICE INSPECTOR (to candidate for force): If you were chasing a desperate gunman in a motor car and his car was doing 40 miles an hour, what would you do?
CANDIDATE: Thirty miles an hour.

"JOAN IS SO CONSTIPATED AND NOTHING I HAVE TRIED SEEMS TO SUIT HER. NURSE, WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?"



"I know, Mrs. Wills. Every mother has the same trouble with children sooner or later."

"I've had a lot of experience and my advice is—give 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calfig'. There's nothing like it for keeping the stomach and bowels in good order. It's so natural yet so sure. It acts on the bowels like fruit and does not create a habit."

"So many Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children that I am sure it's the best, and you need to be

sure when it is a question of the children's medicine Mrs. Wills.

I do know mothers who experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. They don't realise that they're courting danger.

Send for a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist now and give Joan a dose at bedtime. She'll be as bright as a lark in the morning. Give it to her regularly once a week and she'll have no more trouble with constipation."

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/3 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calfig' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

HE toyed with some loose pebbles, tossing them one by one into the sea.

"I'm just a pebble in your life," he sighed.

"Then," she said, "why not become a little boulder?"

TEACHER: Now, children, can any of you tell me if there is any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms?

Scholar: Yes, sir. Irish stew.

HE: I have a grave confession to make to you—I am already married!

She: How you startled me! I thought you were going to say that car wasn't yours.

FRIEND: You have been married only a month, and here I find you in tears!

Young Wife: Yes, but George has been trying to get elected on the City Council, and I have been reading in the papers what an unmitigated scoundrel he is.

CASHIER: I must have a holiday. I am not looking well.

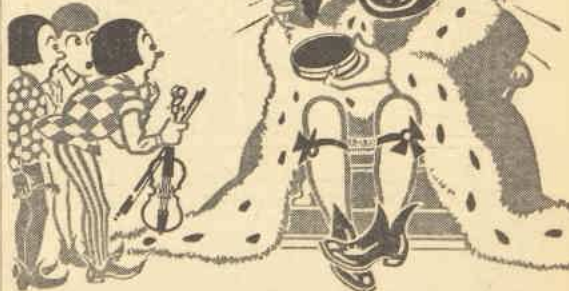
Employer: Nonsense.
Cashier: I know I am not looking my best—men are beginning to count the change I give them.

LEADING MAN (peeping through wings before the show): Poor house to-night.

Manager (returning from box-office): Poorhouse to-morrow, you mean.

Polished Rhymes by "NUGGET"

OLD KING COLE
WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL,
AND A MERRY OLD SOUL WAS HE,
HE GOT HIS GRIN
FROM A NUGGET TIN
AND FRIGHTENED HIS
FIDDLERS THREE!



NUGGET
Shoe Polish



You can almost see your face in your shoes if you "Nugget" them every day. "Nugget" comes in ALL the colours. There's Black—and all the Browns—and Dark Tan Stain. And White too. "Nugget" your shoes every day and see the difference!



TO-DAY'S STOCKINGS must HAVE CHARM

Yesterday, virtually hidden beneath a lowered hem-line. To-day, well in fashion's scheme of things. Yesterday, a pair of stockings. To-day an important dress adjunct demanding an allure and a charm of their own. Yesterday they may have been anything. To-day — they must be Lustre — positively Lustre.

IVORY LINE 6/11 SERVICE

Lustre HOSIERY • LINGERIE Hosiery Prices — from 7/11 to 4/11

"ISN'T that wonderful?" Isabelle whispered to Mona. "You are very sensitive, young lady. Sensitive to color, to beauty, to emotion," Rita was saying. "Now for your heart line, young lady. That's the most important, isn't it, at your age? Maybe at any age." She flashed the older woman a smile and dropped her eyes again. "When you were about twenty, young lady, you fell in love for the first time. You came near to an elopement, I think. Am I right?"

"No," said the girl in a low tone. Mona pitied her. She had been all taut constraint during Rita's analysis. "Elopement!" exclaimed Isabelle. "Is she going to elope? When?" Rita smiled. "Not soon, anyway. You are about twenty-one, young lady. I should say you would marry between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-six. You will meet someone soon who will fall in love with you, and he will be your husband."

"Not until twenty-six," repeated Isabelle, frankly disappointed. "I might be a year off," said Rita graciously, "but it is not immediate, anyway. There will be difficulties to overcome on your heart line, young lady, but keep your courage and all should come out well." She looked up at the girl with a strange earnestness. "Don't ever think that one bad experience is the end of life. It isn't. You can overcome it, go on, live happily. You will have a long life, by the way. Useful. That's about all, I think, for now."

"Thank you," said Barbara quietly. She managed a faint smile for Isabelle. "I really must go or I shall be late for art class. I'm going to see Boots afterwards."

"He'll love that, dear, but I do wish you had eaten more lunch. You don't look quite well to-day, Barbara. Are you all right?"

HEARTLINE

Continued from Page 14

"Quite," said the girl quickly. "Good-bye, Mona."

Isabelle watched her disappear beyond the velvet curtains. It seemed that Barbara had escaped her, too.

Rita's manner was more thoughtful with Mona; she spoke in a slower, reflective tone. Isabelle leaned forward again with interest, putting aside her small worry about Barbara in her eagerness to hear what Rita said to Mona. Isabelle had never fully understood the golden-haired girl with whom she had roomed one year at school; nor did she understand Mona now beneath their surface companionship. Mona never talked about her marriage and her divorce; Isabelle had no way of knowing which had made her unhappier, as she had never seen Mona during her marriage. The Palens had lived in a southern city, but Mona never talked about their life there and her manner revealed little of what she was thinking. She seemed to make her leisure charming; her time was quite taken up with clothes, books, the theatre, places to lunch and old glass, which she studied and collected. After a separation of several years Isabelle found her friendly but at the same time uncommunicative.

"Don't you think she is beautiful?" Isabelle had asked Paul. Mona was new to him and he hadn't expected anything special when he heard that an old school friend of his wife's was coming for dinner.

"Darn good-looking woman," he had admitted promptly. "Wonder how Palen failed to make good with her?"

"Mona never talks about it, but I heard—" Isabelle had paused, then finished with distaste — "other women. It's hard to understand, isn't it?"

"He must be hard to suit," Paul had said amiably. Isabelle was glad that Paul had liked Mona.

Rita was studying Mona's lovely fingers.

"You often give the appearance of indolence, but you are wide awake mentally. You are capable of deep feeling, but you show little of it: you keep yourself remote."

Cold. Howard had told her that many times.

"You have had many men in love with you, but you have been indifferent to most of that. When you were about twenty-three, you married: you expected much of that marriage, but there is a break here. It did not last. You are about thirty-one. Between the ages of thirty-three and thirty-four you will marry again. Your husband will have some physical handicap, but that will not prevent the marriage; you will be deeply in love with him. Before you die you will touch every port in the world."

"How marvellous," said Mona, as if she were lightly amused. "Shall I live long?" she inquired smilingly.

"Quite long," said Rita.

Her face was poker-like as she moved towards Isabelle. She had said all that she was going to say to Mona. That was evident. Mona made one of her rarely perturbed gestures. She touched her lips with a small lace-edged handkerchief. She had always felt that she would die in middle-age. Now she was sure. But she shook off the thought like a detaining finger. It was ridiculous, of course. This whole business was nonsense. The woman was clever, a good reader of character. She could imagine Howard's derisive laughter over this.

"YOU believe in the craniest things, Mona."

He had laughed at most of the things in which she had believed. Not fondly and indulgently, but with mockery; and his behaviour had been another kind of mockery, charming and cruel. But she would have stayed with him if he had given her one dream in place of those he destroyed. A dream to follow. No man had ever given her that much.

"What you need is to be loved." In the end they all said that. Paul Norton was saying it, but she had given him no answer to that. Now in the almost deserted dining-room she made her own dream again. The dream of being needed in all the ways she had of giving. She knew herself: she could have gone on, hungry, cold, weary, unbecomingly for someone who needed her that much. Her slim white hands closed over

her soft grey gloves as she followed that other self, shabby and alert, through some desperate struggle to satisfy a dream. In a world that had given her a wealth of material things, she sought vainly for a dream. She had never spoken of it to anyone.

"It's been so interesting," Isabelle was saying earnestly. Mona realised that Rita had finished with Isabelle; she had missed all of that. Rita had risen, smiling her thanks for Isabelle's bill. She added something in a less professional tone. It was simply the advice of one woman to another. "Don't smother the people you love with seriousness; have some fun with them."

"I'm going to look for a hat," said Mona as they gathered up bags and gloves. "Want to come along?"

It was after four when Barbara passed through the reception-room of the hospital on her way to Boots' room. The nurse at the desk smiled and nodded.

"Pretty girl," she said to a special nurse nearby.

"Who is she?"

"Mrs. Norton's sister."

"Did Goodwin operate on that child; he just went in there."

"No, Lambert operated. Goodwin is doing the follow-up treatment."

"How long has he been with Lambert?" the special nurse asked.

"Just a few months. He comes from the south."

"I hear that he's very good for a young man."

"He'd have to be good to be associated with Lambert."

Barbara found a tall, well-built, dark young man sitting on her nephew's bed. She knew that this must be the young doctor whom Mona had spoken of at lunch that day.

"May I come in?" she asked at the doorway. "Please do. Our young man has been waiting for you, I think."

"WHAT did you bring me?" demanded Boots thickly.

"Isn't it enough that she brought herself? Not everybody has a pretty aunt named Barbara." His background was in his unburied voice.

"How do you know her name?"

"You told me your Aunt Barbara was coming."

"Mrs. Palen told you yesterday. I heard her," said Boots, "and you said that you were through with girls forever and ever and ever and—"

"Period," said Barbara, and kissed him.

"He's right," said the young doctor, "but that was yesterday."

"What did you bring me?" insisted Boots.

"It's in my pocket." She turned so that he could feel the bulge.

"And right after I look down your throat, you can see what it is," said the doctor.

"I want it now."

Please turn to Page 18

Blondes! 'Fairs' and 'Browns' too!



Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural Spun-Gold Look...

STA-BLOND'S "Sun-Action" Lightens Brown-Blond-Fair Hair 2-4 shades in 15 Minutes Without Streaking — no harsh bleaches or dyes

Here at last is a simple way to bring out the full radiant luster of brown, fair or light blond hair. A shampoo-rinse combination that acts like the hot summer sun and actually washes darkened fair hair 2-4 shades lighter, but without any trace of streaking or dryness. Like the sun too, STA-BLOND, this wonderful shampoo-rinse combination, brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen—the alluring high-lights that can make your brown, fair or blond hair so beautifully attractive—make you an alchemist. All this without that bleached look because STA-BLOND'S secret formula does not contain any injurious dyes or bleaches. It prevents natural light blond hair from darkening and brings back that fascinating golden beauty of childhood to the most faded brownish or fair hair. Makes the "perm" last longer. Use it yourself today or have your hairdresser shampoo your hair with it. Money back if not delighted.

Sold in America as BLONDEX. Sole distributors: Fausett & Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 204, Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE ALMOND LEAF BRAND

I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET A JOB-

Turned down again, and I did think I'd get a job this time.

Sorry, Betty Brown, but honestly it's not surprising. You look so limp. I don't believe you'd hold the job if you did get it.

Oh Phyllis—you don't suppose people think that! Although it is true, sometimes I feel so tired I don't care if I never get a job.

Buck up, my dear. You're just tired out. I'd see a doctor if I were you, before I did any more job hunting.

SIX WEEKS LATER

YOUNG LADY read General Office duties. Knowledge bookkeeping preferred. Efficient, reliable, capable acting on own initiative. Excellent prospects. Apply personally. City Office 9 a.m. Wednesday.

MANAGER'S OFFICE

We'll see you next, Miss Brown

BURSTING INTO FRIEND'S ROOM

I got the job! I got the job!

Good gracious Betty—how did you do it?

How M-A-Rvellous. Me for Horlick's to-night!

Well, you remember what you told me about looking so limp? I went to a doctor about it. He told me I was simply suffering from Night-Starvation and he recommended Horlick's every night at bedtime. It's made a different creature of me. That's how I got the job.

To get what you want in this world you must be fit. If you get up tired in the morning you're not fit. Nature isn't getting a chance to replace the energy used up by the heart and lungs while you sleep—in fact, you're Night-Starved. Horlick's at bedtime gives you new energy and makes sleep effective. You'll like it. It's economical, too—just add water, the milk is in it. Prices from 1/6 — economy size, 2/9. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/6.

SPECIAL OFFER! — 1 lb. tin Horlick's — Mixer — Measuring Spoon — all for 2/6.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.



CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

THINK FOR YOURSELF

It seems that the intelligence of the few to-day is being concentrated in inventing ways and means to save the mass from using theirs. There are hundreds of examples of this in everyday life. At random I call to mind adding machines, also the detailed instructions handed out with many modern productions. I noted on a tube of tooth paste recently detailed instructions as to the way to remove the top, squeeze the tube, and put the paste on the brush.

This sort of thing is obvious in many walks of life—the way in which we are delivered from the tedium of thinking for ourselves.

Surely this is detrimental to the future intelligence of the human race?

£1 for this letter to Miss Constance Child, c/o P.O., Randwick, N.S.W.

STRAYING DOGS

SOME definite law should be passed to prevent stray dogs from roaming the city streets.

Not only is it cruel to the dogs themselves, but it endangers human life. Many a serious accident has been caused by a driver trying to avoid knocking over a wandering dog.

Mrs. Ferguson, Lewis Street, Brighton, S.A.

WOMEN'S VALUE

WOMEN are rising in industry to greater and still greater heights. Let us size up the position: The young man or woman leaves school, the girl generally to undertake a business training, the lad, in most cases, to seek immediate employment.

The business man pays for value received. What can the lad do? Add up figures and perform clerical duties. The girl, trained for the job, also adds figures, but more, she "stenographs" and keeps books. Many have said: "Provide an equal basic wage and things will adjust themselves." But will they? Women have proved themselves capable of holding responsible positions, and they will continue to find openings in commerce as long as a scale of value exists. Our lads must learn what is required by the business man if they are effectively to meet female competition.

L. Crichton-Wright, Seabright, Deewhy Parade, Deewhy, N.S.W.

"PIN MONEY"

I CAN'T understand you," says a certain type of man to his wife. "You have only to voice a wish for a thing and, if it is within my means, it is yours. Yet you want an allowance of your own. You have all you need—what can you want with money?"

So many men take this attitude with their wives. Yet do not all women enjoy the feeling of independence—a few shillings of their own can give? Is it not a natural desire of a woman to handle an allowance, and a natural pride that seeks expression in her own judgment, free from the thought that each article her husband pays for is hers only by his permission?

Mrs. E. C. Dunn, Boondooma, via Preston, Qld.

AN UGLY AGE!

WILL historians in later years classify our era as an age of ugliness? In literature the trend seems to be to write of the ugly things of life, under the cloak of "search for realism."

Modern poetry is harsh, disjointed, incomprehensible.

Art, too, is ugly. A picture of a cow, made up of squares and unrealistic angles, shown in a recent Parisian exhibition, comes to my mind.

And what of modern jazz music? It reminds me of the midnight wall of cava, or the noises made on a toy drum.

What is the matter with us to-day? Beery Brown, Underhill Ave., Indooroopilly, Brisbane.

Can Working Wives Benefit the Community?

I READ with interest "Femina's" article "In Defence of Working Wives" (3/7/37). She puts forward a number of arguments in favor of the working wife. She states, for example, that her husband's and her own income amount to £500 per year, the husband earning two-thirds of this amount. Surely his salary should keep a family of four in comfortable circumstances?

The writer argues that through her holding a position she is giving employment to a number of men. What of the number of competent single girls who find themselves unable to find employment? Does the writer consider while she is working to add luxuries to her home she is robbing a single girl of a living?

Mrs. Herd, 28 Beckett St., Hamilton, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Helps Restless Wives

THREE cheers for "Femina" and her outspoken article, "In Defence of Working Wives."

The article not only suggests a remedy for the unemployment problem, but a solution to the problems of decreasing population and neurotic wives.

Most girls in these modern times, after marriage, find that time hangs heavily on their hands, and would like an outlet for their energy.

As more money comes into the home, the purchasing power is increased. This gives an impetus to manufacture, and manufacture, as "Femina" points out, means work—and mostly men's work.

Mrs. A. G. Brown, Underhill Avenue, Indooroopilly, Qld.

Only Benefits Herself

IF I read "Femina's" article correctly, she thinks that by taking a job at £3 to £4 a week the working wife creates employment and is helping directly the community.

But whether "Femina" earns that sum or some other person earns it, it still gives the same amount of employment to the community. Therefore, her earning benefits no one but herself. It merely transfers employment from some trades to other trades, but this is not necessarily beneficial.

Mrs. A. C. Arnot, Terrigal, N.S.W.

The "Catch" In It

I WOULD like to compliment "Femina" on her salesmanship, but she would not make the home happy for the majority of husbands. Woman's place is in the home.

A man is only completely happy when he has a woman to care for his home, hearth, and family.

If all married women decided to go



WILL it ever come to this?

out to work, there would be a great depression in the toy trade, among baby clothes manufacturers, perambulator makers, in the sweets and lollies trade, and many school teachers would be looking for jobs.

Jack Stewart, c/o Ray Farnell, Mookland St., Gympie, Qld.

Admires Working Wives

I QUITE agree with wives working if the husband is agreeable. How many in the evening of their lives can say, "We both helped to get what we have to-day?"

I admire the feeling of independence behind the wife's desire to work, and think such work more fruitful than many of the lives led by modern housewives.

Mrs. J. Rofe, 2 Eastgate St., Oakleigh SE12, Melbourne.

Golf Widows—and Bridge Widowers!

I QUITE agree with N. Beale (26/6/37), that too much sport does more harm than good, and the intellectual person is often overshadowed by his athletic brother.

But surely the cases of golf widows are decreasing rather than increasing? Nowadays, wives who mope at home while their husbands are at golf are few and far between. It is far more likely that the wife is at golf, too, and often it is the unfortunate husband who is forced to wait for his meals while his wife is "teeing" on the golf course.

Miss M. N. Storey, 50 Ferguson Ave., Myrtle Bank, S.A.

Their Only Topic

SPORT is playing too important a part in the lives of men. "Golf widows" is a good term for wives with golf-mad husbands.

No one would mind if men played their golf and let it end there. But no! They must discuss their handicaps, how they beat par, slices, hooks, bogey—whatever that is—in a most wearisome way. Truly they are excluding their wives from their chief interests.

Mrs. A. Brown, Queen St., Brisbane.

Neglected Men

IF our wives are golf widows, now many of us are bridge, tennis—yes, and baby widowers?

Men are more neglected by their

Earn Your Marriage Licence!

IF marriage licences had to be earned in the same manner as school certificates, motor and aviation licences, commercial and professional degrees and so on, there would be a minimum of divorces and greater happiness.

Young men and women take over the most exacting task of life without the slightest knowledge of first aid, dietetics, economics, or elementary psychology.

Both parties should study for their licences when they become engaged.

What do other readers think? Audrey Moseley, 37 Denham St., Bondi, N.S.W.

wives than they will admit. Many a woman spends every other afternoon indulging in her favorite hobby of bridge or tennis, or just enjoying a chat, as against a man's one or two afternoons of golf each week.

Seabrook, Punt Rd., Stth. Yarra, Vic.

Mean To Object!

RUBBISH! People to-day do not worship athletic prowess, N. Beale.

When men have two possible days on which to indulge their hobby they could hardly call our womenfolk "golf widows."

Since we go dutifully home to our spouses each night of the week, surely no one could begrudge us one or even one and a half days to ourselves to indulge in healthy outdoor recreation?

Thos. Freeman, King William St., Adelaide.

Be Pleased He's Happy

I DO not agree with N. Beale that sport is a menace to society. All outdoor sport, including golf and tennis, is beneficial to health, particularly to a man who is compelled to work indoors all the week.

No woman should feel neglected, but be happy to think her husband has this interest in life. It is the principle of give and take on both sides that helps to make happiness in this world.

H. G. Quinn, 24 Brook St., Coogee, N.S.W.

Why Not Flowers and Nice Pictures for the Office?

THREE cheers for Mrs. Davidson's letter suggesting that office premises should be made brighter (26/6/37).

Bright surroundings increase output, as up-to-date employers who insist on fresh air and natural light have discovered.

Flowers and pictures, provided they embellish the office, are indeed happy notions.

Mrs. W. Simpson, Graeme St., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

Too Much Bother

MRS. DAVIDSON says offices in cities should be made brighter with flowers, pictures, and the like. But what person who goes to an



A LITTLE brightness would help.

office to do a really hard day's work wants to be bothered changing flower water and dusting pictures before starting?

And if these comforts were to be had at the office, what brightness would they be at home?

Mrs. L. Ghanville, 33 Robinson St., Croydon, N.S.W.

Keep Businesslike!

I DO think that offices should be kept brighter, but that their brightness should come rather through cleanliness and neatness than inappropriate art work. After all, the main thing about an office is that it should be kept scrupulously clean and tidy, and, above all, businesslike.

After all an office is made for the conducting of business affairs, and is not a lounge-room.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campsie, N.S.W.

WHY BE ARTIFICIAL?

THERE is too much artificiality in the world to-day.

Our girls assume sophistication at an early age, failing to realise the charm of individuality.

How many of us are desirous of developing originality in character and thought? Unfortunately, we are more or less quite content to ape the other fellow.

"Be yourself" is a good motto. Miss E. Snellie, 10 Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.

THESE OLD JOKES

"MOST jokes are old and mellow" is true enough in most cases, but I am sure that the funny side of the "old maid" and the "man and his mother-in-law" has been lost years ago.

Why not ban such jokes and references?

Mrs. A. Frowse, 18 Brilliant Street, Bathurst, N.S.W.

WHO CAN ANSWER?

WITH all women's advancement and emancipation, how many of them can answer instantly the following questions on public affairs—chosen at random?

What are the main planks of the political party for which you voted at last elections?

How do members of the Legislative Council obtain their seats?

How are the powers allocated between municipal and State Governments?

Name three Cabinet Ministers, other than the Premier, and their departments.

What is the function of the Supreme Court?

Now, honestly, can you answer them?

Mrs. F. Francis, Yardley St., Nth. Hobart.

COLD MARTYRS

I AM tired of sympathising with friends who drag themselves into work, suffering from severe colds.

Don't they realise that home—and isolation—is the best place for them?

It is time colds were treated as an infectious disease, and people sent home instantly to recover.

M. E. Murray, Florence St., Sth. Fremantle, W.A.

END YOUR DIGESTIVE DISORDERS

The little discomfort or flatulence after meals, neglected, often causes that dangerous heart palpitation, those burning, gripping pains, that sour, acid stomach that makes you pain-wrecked, nerve-shattered and worn out. That "slight trouble" may lead to constant bowel trouble, gastritis, chronic dyspepsia or more serious ulceration of the stomach lining.

These early symptoms warn you to deal with your digestive trouble at once.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has brought an entirely new principle to the treatment of digestive troubles. All that up-to-date science and research have taught are combined in this therapeutically correct powder. The wonderfully successful colloidal-kaoilin principle ensures that the system is cleansed completely of harmful bacteria, whilst at the same time the digestive tract is soothed and strengthened.

De Witt's Antacid Powder acts quickly. It is the instant, gentle, sure and certain action of this remedy that has made it so immediately popular.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder

"BUT your aunt and I made a bargain. You get it after I see your throat." "I didn't hear you say that." "We said it with our eyes." "Did you, Babe?" She smiled and nodded her head. "Oh, well," Boots said with resignation and opened his mouth. "Nice work," said Dr. Goodwin. "Now I have to look up a couple of other men in here." "Did they have their tonsils out?" "Yes. And I have one little lady. But she bites." "I guess all ladies bite," said Boots. After the doctor had left them, Barbara sat down on the bed and wound up the tiny aeroplane she had brought to Boots. It wobbled along on the blanket. "Hey, let me do it." Dr. Goodwin had come back to the door. "I'm going uptown after I finish here, Miss Barbara. May I drop you somewhere?" "No, thank you. I'm waiting until my sister comes." "I'll stop in before I go, then." His smile stayed with them. "He's a nice guy," said Boots. "That's not a polite word. Where did you learn it?" "From Mother," he informed her emphatically. "You know you didn't." She pinched his cheek lightly, fondly, and he caught her nose. When Isabelle arrived they were quietly busy with the aeroplane. "I'm so late," she began breathlessly, "but the time simply flew." She

HEARTLINE

looked rather different from the Isabelle who had been at lunch. "You've taken on here," said Barbara frankly. "That new hat is a perfect knockout."

"Mona selected it and after that we both bought new lipsticks and new perfume. It's heavenly." She patted her silver fox collar to stir the scent.

"You're really awfully pretty, Isabelle," said the younger girl. "I haven't seen you look so lovely in a long time, so gay, so young." She felt older, wiser, sadder than Isabelle would ever be.

"Mona is going to take me to a place where she buys clothes," said Isabelle happily. "She's the dearest friend I've ever had."

Left to herself with the waiting afternoon on her hands, Mona stood on Fifth Avenue in the Fifties uncertain what to do. She was restless and without plan. The tempo of the Avenue was quickening toward the fluid gleaming hour that merges day with night; its crowding beauty pressed sharply into her isolation.

"I'm too lonely," she thought as she walked slowly down the Avenue. It was not time to meet Paul yet. What could she do with the hour?

She had reached the cathedral at Fifth Street and on impulse she went in through one of the side doors and seated herself halfway down the nave. She made no gesture of

prayer, but sat quietly enfolded in some ancient solitude. People moved up and down the aisles discreetly; dark forms knelt in prayer. She felt outside all that, content for a moment with this lofty peace.

After a while an old woman came into the pew where she was sitting. Mona watched her as she knelt reverently and began her prayers, un-mindful of the slender golden woman who was fascinated by the simple story of her face. A life was written there, a simple life of work, love, child-bearing, sorrow, unmasking faith.

"I'd like to be that woman," thought Mona. Before she left the church she made a single prayer. "Someone who needs me," she asked simply.

Outside it was clear, cold, dark and lovely. She felt calmer now as one does with a decision. She wasn't going to keep her date with Paul. She called him from a shop on her way home.

"To-morrow?" he suggested.

"No. I've changed my mind about the whole thing. It isn't anything that matters to either one of us really, but it would matter terribly to Isabelle. She believes in you and I want her to keep that."

She felt happier when it was done; she was through with other women's husbands.

Paul Norton was disappointed but

Continued from
Page 16

his good sense told him that this was probably a good time to stop. He had no wish to bring unhappiness to his wife; he had been bored with his domestic routine, the lack of surprise in his married life. But squash racquets was a less dangerous diversion than other women. He supposed he might as well go up to the hospital and watch Boots eat his cereal.

On his way out the switchboard operator stopped him with a message. "Mrs. Morton called but did not want to disturb you. She said not to try to come to the hospital if you were late. She also said she would like to go to the theatre if you could get tickets for something funny."

Nothing, he reflected, was funnier than women, but he found himself looking forward to the evening.

"Going my way, Paul?" inquired Jim Chisholm at the elevator.

"No. I have to stop off and get some theatre tickets. Do you know of anything funny?"

"I never pick other people's fun. Going to the Garden myself to see the fight." He settled wide handsome shoulders into an English topcoat.

"Want to talk to you about that Carson matter to-morrow, Jim?"

"Can you make it in the morn-

My Favorite Poem

Wake! Wake!
Sad heart!
Rise up and sing
On God's fair earth mid blossoms' hue.
Fresh hope must ever spring,
There is no room for sad despair
When heaven's love is everywhere.

Author not known.
Sent in by Miss Alison Bullock,
Eglington, Bathurst, N.S.W.

ing? I want to get away early in the afternoon. I'm going down to Maryland for the week-end."

"Wonder if he sees much of Barbara these days?" thought Barbara's brother-in-law.

Barbara had gone with Dr. Goodwin after all. Isabelle had insisted on that when the doctor came back again.

"Oh, do go, Barbara. I'm here with Boots now." She was eager for Barbara to have a good time.

The girl did not know how she could refuse.

"I have to run uptown to look in on a patient," he told her as he swung the small car out on to Park Avenue. "Will you ride up with me? I won't be long. Then I'll bring you home."

INSTINCTIVELY she knew that he was lonely. He talked a little of Mona. "She's a friend of my sister's, and she promised to invite me to dinner to meet you, but I was too blue about another girl to remind her."

Barbara smiled gently. "Is it all right now?"

"Yes, she married another man last month."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"No. It's all right. I couldn't have made her happy. You see, I'll have a busy life and I couldn't have been with her as much as I should have. She wouldn't know what to do without a lot of social life. I guess I'll have to find a wife who can amuse herself part of the time." He talked on about his work. He loved that, she saw, as she listened to his likeable naïveté.

"Mrs. Palen told me that you were very pretty," he said when they halted for a traffic light, "but she didn't say that you were lovely. You are, you know."

"It's the time of day," said Barbara. "Everything is lovely in this light." Deep blue twilight filled the world around them.

"I usually find it a lonely time of day, but it isn't to-night," he said as he drew in alongside the kerb. "I won't be long in here. You won't be lonely sitting here with just your thoughts?"

She smiled because he expected it, and he whirled through the apartment house door with his bag. Now he was less like a boy; he was tall, quick, sure, professional. Yet he seemed to belong to her lost tender youth. Suddenly she remembered riding beside Jim in his car. Jim's profile, sleek, hard. And she knew the truth at last. She had been but an incident in his life, an incident that threatened to become a little troublesome. When Dr. Goodwin came back she was waiting motionlessly.

"YOU can't imagine," he said, "what a nice feeling it was to know that you were here."

The traffic was heavy going back. They sat little. She was tired, he saw. Or troubled. Why? He wanted to know because he liked her instantly. Presently she told him where to bring them in front of her apartment house.

"I'd like to call you soon, may I?"

"I'm going away for a month with my sister and Boots," she told him briefly, but she was thinking of Jim. When Isabelle had first suggested the trip she had been unwilling to go because it would mean leaving Jim. Now it didn't make any difference.

"Then I shall call you when you get back," he said seriously.

"Thank you for bringing me home."

She left him quickly, but he drove away with a feeling of elation. "I'll see that she doesn't forget me."

She thought of him as she went up in the elevator. He was kind, but at the end she had hated him because he wasn't Jim. "How can I love Jim so much?" she asked herself.

She let herself into the apartment with her key. There was the faint good smell of dinner and the maid was lighting the white lamps in the living room. "Oh, Miss Barbara, Mr. Chisholm called you about five-thirty. He said he was going away for several days and that he would call you some time next week."

"Thank you," she said.

SHE went to her room, slipped out of her coat and stood by the window, a taut young figure in her bright skirt and sweater. He had called and left that message so she wouldn't bother him at the office again.

He hadn't liked that. Her very life had seemed to depend on speaking to him this morning and it had annoyed him. It didn't matter whether he ever called her again or not because he didn't love her. He had never loved her. She had only thought that he did because she had loved him so much.

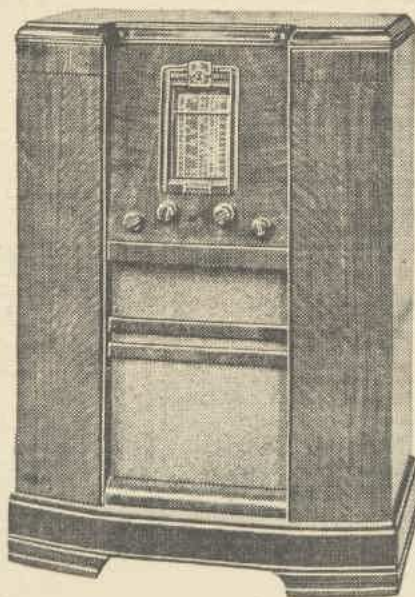
"Lesson on the heart line." Bitter flippancy instead of collapse. She snapped on the lights, hung her hat and coat away in her closet. What was it the palmist had said to-day about one bad experience not being the end of everything? She was too hurt to believe that yet, but her pity was not for herself alone.

It had widened, opened, grown understanding to suffering, and with slow amazement she recognised that she would not have been denied that understanding.

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What Women Are Doing

Opera Star

MISS MOLLIE DE GUNST, the Queensland singer, has been engaged for next opera season at Sadler's Wells. She is to have the honor of starring in the opening production, "Aida."

First Woman Member Of Aero Club

MRS. W. B. BARNARD, of Mossvale, Queensland, has the distinction of being the first woman member of the Royal Queensland Aero Club; she was elected in 1927. Ever since she can remember, it has been her ambition to travel by plane. Her first flight was from Brisbane to Toowoomba in 1928. Since then Mrs. Barnard has made many flights. She has never studied the mechanism of an aeroplane, or passed any test.

Mrs. Barnard.

Mrs. Barnard is a very keen student of painting, and has had several "one man shows" of her watercolors. She recently returned from a painting trip in Tasmania, and is preparing for another exhibition of her work.

Mrs. Barnard studied abroad with Mr. Eggington, a very well-known Royal Institute artist.

Gave First Broadcast Performance Together

THE ordeal of facing the microphone for the first time was shared recently by two young South Australian artists, Miss Nora Vardon and Miss Beatrice Pether, when they gave a joint studio recital from station 5CL. Miss Vardon, who possesses a charming soprano voice, chose a group of lieder for her part of the programme, and Miss Pether, who is a sister of the well-known flautist, Constance Pether, contributed a number of cello solos. Although neither of these young artists has done any broadcasting work before, both are familiar figures on the concert platform. Miss Pether has also taken part in ensemble work at the Elder Conservatorium, where she and Miss Vardon are studying.

Silver Wedding Gift

IN response to invitations from Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, sent to the Association headquarters in each State, Girl Guides throughout Australia have contributed towards the silver wedding present to be made to their chiefs, Lord and Lady Baden-Powell, on October 30 of this year.

The present, which is to be a joint one from members of both the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements all over the world, is to be a gift of silver, chosen as most appropriate for the occasion, and also to replace the silver which has twice been stolen from Paxhill while Lord and Lady Baden-Powell were on world tours. Australia's contributions are being handed in to Federal headquarters from the various States, and will be forwarded from there to England.

Retiring Lady Mayoress Has Lived Busy Life

A THOROUGH holiday is the immediate objective of Mrs. H. Dunstan, the recently-retired Lady Mayoress of Adelaide. Her term of office has been fraught with incident, both pleasurable and sad, but her brightness, tirelessness, and courage have been unfailing. During her mother's illness (while the Duke of Gloucester was visiting Australia) she was acting Lady Mayoress. Upon her mother's death, just before the Centenary Celebrations began, Mrs. Dunstan became Lady Mayoress and fulfilled a thousand duties as such, most ably. She has also nursed her father, now Sir Jonathan Cain, through periods of illness. During the whole term of office, she has never once ceased in her efforts for assisting charity.

Adelaideans to Give Sydney Recital

MRS. ALEX BURNARD, wife of Dr. Burnard, member of the teaching staff at Sydney Conservatorium will give her first Sydney recital in association with Miriam Hyde at the Conservatorium Hall on July 28. Mrs. Burnard, who formerly lived in Adelaide, spent over three years in Melbourne, where she had lessons from Miss Mary Campbell, at the Conservatorium there. In her early girlhood Mrs. Burnard combined a love of hockey with her musical studies and represented South Australia in interstate matches. She was also the organising secretary for the Adelaide Music Salon, which has a membership of 350. The salon is instrumental in helping many young artists to go abroad to further their studies and also provides opportunities of innumerable platform performances.



Mrs. Burnard.
—Peter Pan.

Achieved Two of Her Three Objectives

MRS. H. C. OLIVE, of Brisbane, who has been secretary and treasurer of the local District Nursing Association since 1930, is feeling rather pleased about things just now. When she took over the work, there were three things she wanted—first, a car for the nurse, then monthly bridge meetings to raise money, and, thirdly, an auxiliary committee of young girls. The first two are accomplished, but the third has yet to be organised.

Mrs. Olive enjoys the work, and, apart from the district nursing, she is always most willing to assist other charities. She is enthusiastic about anything she does, and during the year is a tower of strength to all entertainments arranged to raise funds for the district nurses.

Victorian Guider Training S.A. Guides

FRESH from attending the Australian and New Zealand Guides' Conference, New South Wales, Miss Dell Hayman is visiting South Australia at the request of the State executive of the Girl Guide Association, to hold training sessions for patrol leaders, Rangers, Guiders, and Brown and Tawny Girls.

Miss Hayman is a blue cord diplomaed Guider and Assistant Commissioner of Guide training in Victoria, and is also District Commissioner for Sandringham.

During her training sessions in both metropolitan and country centres, Miss Hayman is stressing the need for more outdoor work in the Guide movement, and is putting before the companies she visits many useful suggestions she gained during a trip to England last year.



Miss Hayman.
—Francis Young.

Changes in Officers of S.A. Golf Union

AT the half-yearly meeting of the South Australian Women's Golf Union, Mrs. R. A. Want took over the position of secretary of the Union in succession to Miss Joan Goodie, who is well known among women golfers throughout Australia for her work in connection with the interstate matches held in Adelaide during the Centenary last year.

Miss Goodie has been secretary for three years, and resigned this year in view of her forthcoming marriage. Her successor, Mrs. Want, is a member of the Kooyonga Golf Club and has been a committee member there for the past two years.

The conference, which is arranged by the Labor Women's Central Organising Committee, will start at 10 o'clock in the morning and continue all day, all the discussions being conducted under Parliamentary rules of debate. Any decisions reached will be forwarded for presentation at the annual State conference of the Labor Party in September.

This year four States—Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia—had students sitting for the examination, which is part of the association's three-year course. Miss Isabel McCorkindale, the national director of temperance education for the union, was in charge of the examinations, and will forward all the papers to England for correction.

Letter Writing Hobby Of Young Musician

HELENE BAIRD, L.R.S.M., L.T.C.L., A. Mus. A., of Brisbane, is a very gifted young girl. Music is only one of her interests, but it is evidently one destined to bring her much pleasure.

Helene began to play before she was five, passing with honors in "first steps" soon after. Since then she has passed over forty exams for piano, violin, and theory, most of them with distinction. At eisteddfods, too, she has carried off many prizes, notably the Grice Scholarship, for pianists under 13. At school she was just as fortunate and passed junior when she was 14 with five A's, and five B's. Her tutor has been her sister, Miss Nora Baird.

Helene's chief hobby is letter-writing, and she has correspondents in nearly every country in the world.



Miss Helene Baird.
—Poulton.

Matron of Home Named After Grandmother

MATRON GRACE LAVERS, of the Frances Lavers Memorial Home of Sunshine for Elderly Ladies, Brisbane, is a granddaughter of Matron Frances Lavers, 23 years matron of the People's Evangelistic Mission, after whom the home has been named.

She was trained for the work as well as preaching under the auspices of the People's Evangelistic Mission and the Bible Standard Conference, and started as a student sister at the mission, becoming matron after her grandmother's death. She loves all parts of the work, but that in connection with the aged appeals to her stronger than any other.

Matron Lavers is kept very busy at the home, as she does all the cooking herself amongst her other numerous duties.

Singer, Author, and Travel Hostess

THE Comtesse de Vilme Hautmont (Miss Vinia de Lottie, of Sydney) recently visited Melbourne to help establish the Frederick Hughes Players, an organization modelled on similar lines to the Theatre Guild of New York.

The new company will make its first appearance early in August, when it will present Noel Coward's "Fallen Angels."

Some time ago Miss de Lottie published a book of stories of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, the only record of the production of these operas on this side of the world, and also recollections of Howard Vernon.

Her latest literary effort is to be published at Christmas. This is a story of dogs she has met and is entitled "One Dog to Another."

She is now branching out in a new department. As hostess for Australian and Overseas Travel she is taking an exclusive party through Central Europe and all over England, leaving Australia in April next.

Artistic Brisbane Girl Excels in Many Crafts

MISS HOPE MACKENZIE is one of Brisbane's most artistic girls. She was educated at the Brisbane Girls' High School but did not take art seriously until leaving school, when she attended the Technical College Art School and studied with Martyn Roberts for three years.

She does all types of craft work, and specialises in designing. For five years with two other girls she ran an artcraft studio, where as well as making a large amount of stock they would make almost anything to order. Although they have given this up, Miss Mackenzie still does a large amount of work, and at many of the large dances held during the winter is responsible for the decorations.

Miss Mackenzie is a keen tennis player, and an avid reader.



Miss Mackenzie.
—Dorothy Coleman.

Inherits Family Musical Talent

MRS. S. V. TILLEY, of Arthur St., Launceston, is one of the outstanding musical personalities in the north of Tasmania, for not only is she renowned for her skill in playing several instruments, but she is also a composer who has a delightful gift for setting poems to music. She has written many overtures, violin solos—one of which was played by her son at the Devonport competitions—anthems and hymns, and she also composed the music for the "East of Suez" bazaar which was held in Launceston.

Mrs. Tilley is a member of the well-known Corrick family, renowned for its musical versatility. Her father, mother, five sisters and brother toured the world as a vocal and instrumental concert party. Mrs. Tilley was too young to accompany them.

She is a New Zealander by birth, and studied with the well-known organist, Mr. Maugham Barnett. She continued her musical education in Sydney at the Garcia School of Music, and was well known in Launceston orchestral circles before her marriage.

Mrs. Tilley is now the mother of six children, and one of them, Norman, seems to have inherited her talent.

She still finds time for her music.

Extension of Work For Wayward Girls

FOR more than fifty years the Central Methodist Mission in Melbourne has done an important work in its care and training of wayward girls.

The home conducted for this purpose at South Yarra has fulfilled its usefulness, and the committee has now made a start with an entirely modern new home in a garden setting complete with tennis and basketball courts. An appeal for £7000 has been made to enable the mission to complete this work.

Sister Lyn, who is matron of Mornington Hall, the new home, has been with the mission for twelve years, working ceaselessly among the girls in its care.



Sister Lyn.

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FACE POWDER - EAU-DE-COLOGNE

LENTHÉRIC
PERFUMES - ROUGES

THE path grew more and more narrow, more and more steep. They were forced to move in single file and the stones rattled away beneath her horse's feet. In places she was obliged to lean forward and twist her hands in the horse's mane to keep herself from falling off backwards.

There was another deep ravine, another mountain beyond it. And on the side of this mountain, on a shelf-like plateau, full in the moonlight, appeared the most amazing city, so strangely beautiful that it was more like a dream than a reality. Tall, square towers, tapering towards the top, low, round buildings all alike, painted in large, clear squares of black and white, dazzling in the moonlight.

Next morning her courage had returned. Of course, the French would make every effort to find her. With the thought of British gunboats in her mind, she went to one of the long, narrow windows and

THE RESCUE

stared out. Immediately beneath her was a steep valley with almond trees in blossom and palm trees. There was grass, too—actual grass—laced over with what looked like tall white daisies, and mountain-sheep feeding. Beyond that was the rocky mountain they had come down the night before.

She passed into the next room and from the window there saw the length of the ravine, ending in a bright shimmer, not the sea, but illimitable desert. She gave a wry smile at herself for thinking of gunboats.

The outer door of the second room was locked. It was opened by a jet black man in an immensely high fez, who admitted a woman with a tray of coffee and bread and dates. He handed in jug after jug of water with which she filled the huge, earthenware jar in the tiled bathing recess. Then, while the woman was

sweeping, tidying the rooms, shaking up cushions, he opened the door again and gave her an immense bunch of roses to put in water.

Even when, after luncheon and a long sleep, her captor came to see her, it was difficult to beat herself up to any sort of indignation. Oh, well, if this man chose to keep her for nothing, let him, she told herself.

The woman had brought tea, and it amused her to ask him to sit down, to inquire if he took sugar, to make light conversation.

Tea finished, she rose and looked out of the window down the ravine. "All this"—she indicated it with a gesture—"ends where?"

"In the desert. No, not at the sea," answered the man standing behind her, as if he had read her thoughts. "I kept the outer door locked in case you should run yourself to death among the rocks. It will remain open now."

Continued from Page 5

He was so close that, although he did not lay a hand upon her, something in his nearness shook Marian and sent the blood flaming up in her cheeks.

"All the same, I would like a little fresh air occasionally," she said, moving aside, trying to speak lightly. "We can ride, we can go for a ride this evening if you like."

"Well, what am I to do about this?" She indicated the Arab draperies she had found put ready for her in place of her own crumpled and dust-stained clothes.

"I have some boys' jodhpurs and a shirt, if they will be of any use," he said, and when Marian answered in the affirmative, he added that he would send them in, and would expect her in half an hour. At the door he turned. "I suppose I ought to introduce myself. My name's Harcourt—Richard Harcourt."

He made a half-mocking, half-shy bow, and Marian, quick to realise this shyness, responded coolly:

"Marian Powell—Mrs. Powell, supposedly—say superficially—she shrugged her shoulders—"at your service."

He laughed. "I saw the light on your wedding-ring in the cafe, and took it you were free, or you would not have been careering about the world alone."

"Yes, I am free, answered Marian. "It's the very devil, this freedom, isn't it? No one to miss one, to know whether one's alive or dead."

Later on, dismounting from their horses, wandering about the garden in the ravine which he had made by damming up a spring, turning it into a basin, with an overflowing stream, growing roses and carnations, cosmos, marigolds, sinias, jessamine and spotted, climbing red-and-white lilies—a vivid, silken patch upon the bareness of the rocky hillside—he told her of his own life. How he had married as a very young man, losing his wife a year later at the birth of their son. How for his sake he had beaten himself down to the dull life of a country squire, "always apart, always hating it," until, during his first year at a public school, the boy had contracted phthisis, and he had brought him out to Northern Africa, where he died.

AFTER his son's death everything had seemed ended, and he had wandered about learning Arabic, his one interest in life a growing liking for the Arabs, until at last, becoming too daring, he had been taken prisoner by the people of this strange, dream-like town.

He was not looking at Marian as he spoke. He sat by the water, one elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand, staring in front of him, and she thought she had never seen a more tragic face—like the mountain-side swept by the wind, baked by the sun—with those strange, brilliant eyes.

"The old chief died," he went on, "and after a few months his only son was killed. They are strange people; they will have nothing to do with any of the tribes from outside. I seemed to have found a niche for myself. There were any amount of things I could do for the people, and I buckled to. I made my life here, sent home for books and things. I was in Djibouti meeting some stuff—when—when—Oh, well, I thought I was contented, but I suppose I wasn't, not really, or I wouldn't have been so mad."

"How mad?" "Well, mad enough to carry you off in that theatrical fashion. It was a fool's trick."

Marian did not answer. On the top of herself, she felt that now was the time to challenge him, demand that she should be taken back to civilisation. Yet what was civilisation?

Her companion's words came back to her. "What's the good of freedom, after all?"

With an effort she backed away from the question and rose to her feet, shivering a little.

"It's getting chilly, I think."

"Yes, we'd better get back. We'll go farther to-morrow."

Richard Harcourt went after the horses, which had wandered along the water's edge, brought them back with the reins looped over his arm and helped her to mount.

Marian was perfectly aware that what she ought to have said was: "But to-morrow we shall be started off for Djibouti. The joke's come to an end, you realise that?"

It seemed so easy, and yet, for some reason or other, she could not force herself to the fatigue, the boredom of anything so definite.

THE two of them dined together in an immense room: a delicious dinner. Because it was cold, they sat together over a fire of dried camel dung and played chess, the only game Marian had ever really cared for.

In the night, however, she had a ridiculous dream. She dreamt that she was being rescued by French soldiers, who were tearing her away, not from captivity, but from Harcourt's arms.

Awakening, she put her hands to her cheeks, and found them flaming hot, and, turning on her side to bury her face in the soft pillows, she laughed to herself—laughed and cried a little.

Every day they rode together. More than once they started off almost before dawn on to a wide plateau topping the mountains above the town, hunted small buck with a following of Arabs in flying burnouses, with a pack of wiry mongrel hounds; and then, in an air like champagne, it seemed that life whipped through her, clearly and freshly, as though she were a young girl.

Harcourt himself held a sort of sick parade every morning, treating the inflamed eyes, the dreadful sores, calling upon her help with the occasional fractures. It was Harcourt who, by means of a pump which raised water to the town—had made it possible for the women to keep themselves and their children clean, wash their clothes at the fountain he had built, water tiny pockets of gardens among the rocks.

Please turn to Page 26



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DAGGETT & RAMSDELL Perfect Cleansing Cream
Here is the answer to women who have always hoped for a skin cleanser that would quickly and completely remove dust, dirt and make-up. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Cream penetrates deeply into the pores, and dirt and stale make-up vanish instantly. It leaves your skin soft, smooth and immaculately clean. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Cream is especially convenient when travelling or when you wish to refresh your skin in a hurry. Try this modern way of keeping your skin beautiful.



FARMER'S ANNUAL WINTER SALE

Hurry! Sale ends 12.30 Saturday



10/11 three-way beret—

Farmer's famous Fren-chees, those darling felt berets that have been making chic history all season. You can wear it three different ways. All colours and sizes.

8/11

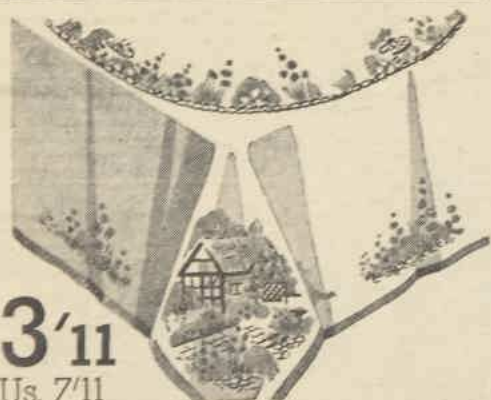
Millinery on the Third Floor.

Hosiery special

5/11 "Golden Age" Hosiery. Discontinued numbers that must make way for the ringless "Feather-Glo." Sheer pure silk from tip to toe. Fully fashioned and clear, even weave. Sale price

4/11

Hosiery, Ground Floor, Pitt Street.



3/11

Us. 7/11

Below Half

Dainty 44 x 44 cloths that will cheer up any breakfast. Irish linen with printed cottage design in fast colours. Usually 7/11, below half at 3/11. Slightly imperfect.

4/6 Towels at 2/10

A whole third has been taken from the price of these delightfully soft, white English towels. Every one of them is perfect. In a handy 24 x 48 size. Give lots of wear.

SHEETS CLEAR

"Osman" at prices per pair

Us. 17/9, 70 x 99, 13/11 Us. 11/6, 54 x 90, 8/11

Us. 19/6, 80 x 99, 15/6 Us. 14/6, 63 x 99, 12/6

Usually 24/6, large 90 x 110" size, Sale price, 18/11

From the First Floor. Why not use Farmer's very easy Lay-by?



UNDIES GO

Newsey, cosy, exciting undies that will make your heart leap. And they're so substantially reduced, they're irresistible. Don't forget you may use the Lay-by. *Fourth Floor.*

27/6 Gown for 13/9

Dull waste silk gown. Red, blue, green and rose. In BW, W, OS.

59/6 Undie set 29/9

Imported 4-piece set. Crepe de chine. Pink or cream. BW, W, OS.

12/6 Pyjamas at 8/8

(Unillustrated) Flannelette. Pink, blue or lemon. BW, W, OS.



SHOES TO CLEAR

But three examples from the Shoe Department where every type of shoe at every price is reduced, including some famous imports.

Usually 22/9. Black, high fronted side gusset. 1/2 to 7. Imitation lace front. **17/9**

Usually 29/6. Brown calf Louisa waits. In 2 to 7. 144 pairs. **22/9**

Now priced at **22/9**

Usually 22/9. 40 pairs of these brown kid, gusset courts. 1/2 to 7. 3 fittings. At **15/-**

Footwear, Third Floor. Why not use the Lay-by? It's easy.

GET THE FULL BENEFIT OF THE SALE by using the Lay-by. It is so easy and simple. And only 1/- in every 5/- deposit.



6d ea.

Usually 2/6. Smart, in black, brown and navy. Usually 2/11. In black, brown and navy. Chain. Usually 2/6. In brown and navy. Good shape. Usually 4/11. In black only, less than 1/2 price. *Ground Floor.*

Electric jug 9/11

Us'ly 15/-. A high-grade porcelain electric jug that will boil water quickly, cleanly and cheaply. The lid is unbreakable. Guaranteed element. Absolutely complete and ready to use.

Lower Ground Floor, Country Carriage works.



17/6 Gauntlets, 15/6

English washable fuchsia gauntlets that carry an air of good grooming. Fancy punched. In chambray or white. Equally good for jaunts to town or sportswear.

Gloves, Ground Floor, Pitt Street.



PERFECT DIAMONDS

Exquisite designs, holding the purest and most brilliant diamonds with delicate fingers of 18ct. gold and pure platinum.



SAME DESIGNS AT HIGHER OR LOWER PRICES
FINEST VALUE AND QUALITY OFFERED IN AUSTRALIA

ORCHARD'S
TWO STORES
401 PITT ST. RAILWAY SQ.
NEXT ANTHONY HORDERN'S SYDNEY

HOUSEBOYS SOLVE Vexed Domestic PROBLEM

Australian Lads Gladly Follow Career Shunned by Girls

While women have been invading the realms of general industry in Australia, the youthful male element of the population has been doing some invading in a sphere of work hitherto regarded as feminine—domestic work, now more or less shunned by the modern girl.

Young men are finding good money in doing housework, and in some of the suburbs they are ousting the housemaid from her job.

A FEW years ago the position would have appeared almost paradoxical, with the young woman going off to work at office, shop or factory every morning, and the young man going off to do his housework!

For housewives who found great difficulty in getting reliable domestic help, houseboys solve a vexed problem.

Many point out that girls who used to be quite satisfied to do housework now think that the position of a general housemaid is a degrading one; they much prefer to work in shops.

So quietly did the youths slip into the positions left vacant by the dearth of household-helps, so unobtrusively do the boys work, that it is doubtful if Australia has fully realised how widely male help is relied upon by the housewife.

That this fact is not an idle statement is proved by employment agencies which used to rely solely on getting household or general positions for women.

Now they are approached by increasing numbers of young men, both Australians and English immigrants who have been in the country for some years.

The agencies say that many people prefer to have a man-help, particu-

house, he goes on to do some scrubbing, cleaning and gardening at the house of a friend of mine."

Quick Workers

THE manager of one employment agency which lately has had a number of house-boys on its books said that the average age of boys applying for housework was from 16 to 20.

"They do not regard housework as degrading (as many girls do), and are quick, clean, reliable and willing," he said.

Wages for full-time house-boys were not very high, however (unless the boy were required for a station homestead), but the boys usually worked part time at each house they attended, which meant they could attend at several houses during different times of the day.

A woman who runs a small, but



WILL we hear of a sit-down strike among maids when they learn that boys are taking their jobs?

model, suburban house much prefers the arrangement of having a part-time house-boy.

She says he gets through the work much more quickly than a girl would, does jobs she could not ask a girl to do, and leaves the house early.

"I am one of those people who cannot bother to have people fussing about the house all the time," she explained, "and as long as I have someone to do the heavier jobs, I am happy because I like doing the lighter part of keeping my own house in order."

"The boy's help means I can always have my afternoons to myself."

Why Girls Dislike Domestic Work

HERE are some reasons why girls dislike domestic work, as stated by well-known women at a meeting of the United Associations last week:—

Mistresses are hard on the girls they employ.

The only recreation a domestic servant has in a private home is the singing of the kettle and the unwanted attentions of the tradesmen.

Girls have little opportunity of reading a book or enjoying the company of friends when half the time they do not finish wiping the dishes until 9 p.m.

Domestic servants are not treated like human beings.

To popularise domestic work with girls, it was suggested that maids should have two weeks' holiday on full pay every year, hours and conditions should be regulated, and a course of study organised to make bad housemaids good and good housemaids better.

larly if there is any outside work to be done—such as milking a cow, chopping wood, or doing a little gardening.

One woman who invariably has a boy of about 19 years of age to do her housework told a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly that she had come to rely upon the thoroughness of his work as she never could have relied upon that of a girl.

"He comes in only for a couple of hours every morning," she said, "and in that time, he manages to wash up the breakfast things, do all the floors, clean windows, peel the potatoes and other vegetables for dinner, and do any other odd jobs I might require of him."

"Of course, I have a vacuum cleaner, but every now and then, without so much as a hint from me, he picks the carpets up and takes them outside for a beating and an airing."

"No housemaid would be able to do that alone, so you can see why I appreciate having a boy in the house."

"When he has finished at my



"We always drink SHEAF STOUT—it's an enjoyable way to keep well."

TOOTH'S SHEAF STOUT

LISTEN TO "THE MUSIC OF THE STARS"—15 MINUTES UNINTERRUPTED MUSIC—EVERY SUNDAY AND WEDNESDAY AT 8 P.M. ON 2GO

IN BOTTLES, HALF BOTTLES, BABY BOTTLES

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED THIS YEAR. BOOK YOUR HOLIDAYS

NOW. A small deposit will ensure a good time later on. Let your own Bureau plan your trip and arrange the details.

SOME EXAMPLES

FOR COUNTRY READERS ... 2 weeks in Sydney ... £8/10/6
(Accommodation, theatre, cabaret, sightseeing, &c.)
SYDNEY-MELBOURNE-LORNE-CANBERRA—From ... £15/10/6
(Embracing boat, car and stay in Melbourne and Lorne—14 days.)
DAY DREAM ISLAND, Barrier Reef, 20 days ... £20/10/-

Christmas Vacation SPECIAL CRUISE

20 GLORIOUS DAYS IN THE SOUTH SEAS
Something fresh and exciting each day.

First-Class Throughout.
Leaving Sydney DEC. 16. **£33/-/-**

Summer Holidays now being booked for

TASMANIA

EVERYTHING PAID FOR **£15/10/-**

1st Class Boat. Full accommodation, wonderful trips (12 days).
Early application should be made for tours as accommodation will be limited.

FREE, FRIENDLY ADVICE.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
ST. JAMES BLDG., ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY. Phone, MA4496.

MONOCLED Girl's Quick MEMORY

Learned English on Voyage to Sydney

Linguist, world-traveller, writer, and business executive, Miss Ellen-Cassia Graev has arrived in Sydney from Germany to study the country and people, with the view to writing her impressions for overseas publications.

Miss Graev is one of the few young women in the world who wears a monocle. This is not an affectation, but because she is near-sighted in one eye and prefers the single glass to spectacles.

WHEN Miss Graev boarded the boat for Australia she could not speak a word of English. But that did not worry her because she has an amazing memory and reckoned she would acquire a



MISS ELLEN-CASSIA GRAEV.

speaking knowledge of the language on the way out.

She did. After the five weeks' voyage to Australia, she now converses in good English, although with an accent.

Languages are no hardship for this attractive young visitor. After hearing 50 words spoken, Miss Graev can repeat them in the same order immediately.

In spite of this unusual attainment and her many qualifications, Miss Graev does not resemble the traditional "blue stocking."

Slim, petite and rosy-cheeked, she possesses a fine complexion and a flair for clothes.

"I have made a study of fashion in most of the European countries, and occasionally I contribute my impressions of different parades to the newspapers."

"My chief interest, however, has been my book-selling business in Berlin. I combined it with a library, and found business very good."

"To live in Europe, though, is very difficult, very hard. I would like to live in Paris, but I shall find a second home in Australia for a while."

"Sydney does not compare with any other country I have visited. The stores surprised me both for their size and up-to-dateness. I confess I did not expect to find in Australia, which is so isolated, such advanced architecture."

Buy Now—and SAVE!
All Manufactured Garments must shortly be marked at Higher Prices!

GRACE BROS

12

DAYS

SALE



DO19—GIRLS' TOP COATS of All Wool Velourette, well made, with well down centre back. Two inset pockets. Fully lined with silk Tartan. Sizes: 24, 27, 30, 33 ins. In shades of Brown and Fawn tones. Usually 19/11.

SALE SPECIAL 8/11



12/11 15/11

MD140—TAILORED CARDIGAN in good quality all wool, finely knitted for warmth. In Brown, Fawn, Grey, Sage, Green. Sizes: SW, W, and OS. Usual Price 15/11. SALE SPECIAL 11/- (XOS, 2/- extra.)

11/4 EA.

DO20—GIRLS' ALL WOOL JUMPER SUITS in fine quality ribbed. Neatly finished with brushed wool trimmings. In Red, Almond, Sage, Marone, Beige, Royal.



22 and 24 in 8/22 28, 30, 32 in 10/28

MD139—Button-to-neck BRUSHED WOOL JACKET. Collar, cuffs, and basque smartly striped with contrast colour. In Green, Red, Dusty Pink, Sage Blue. Sizes: SSW, SW, and W. Usual Price 12/11. SALE SPECIAL 11/-

MAIL ORDERS SUPPLIED for all these garments



9/37/6



27/6



45/69/6



17/630/6

ME158—GENUINE KASE FROCK, made for useful wear and good washing. Made on tailored lines, suitable for sizes quoted. Inverted pleat in bodice for freedom; shoulder yoke, neat collar neckline, and panel pleat in skirt. Long sleeves, with finished wrist band. In all wanted stripes. Sizes: W to XXXXOS. SALE SPECIAL 9/-

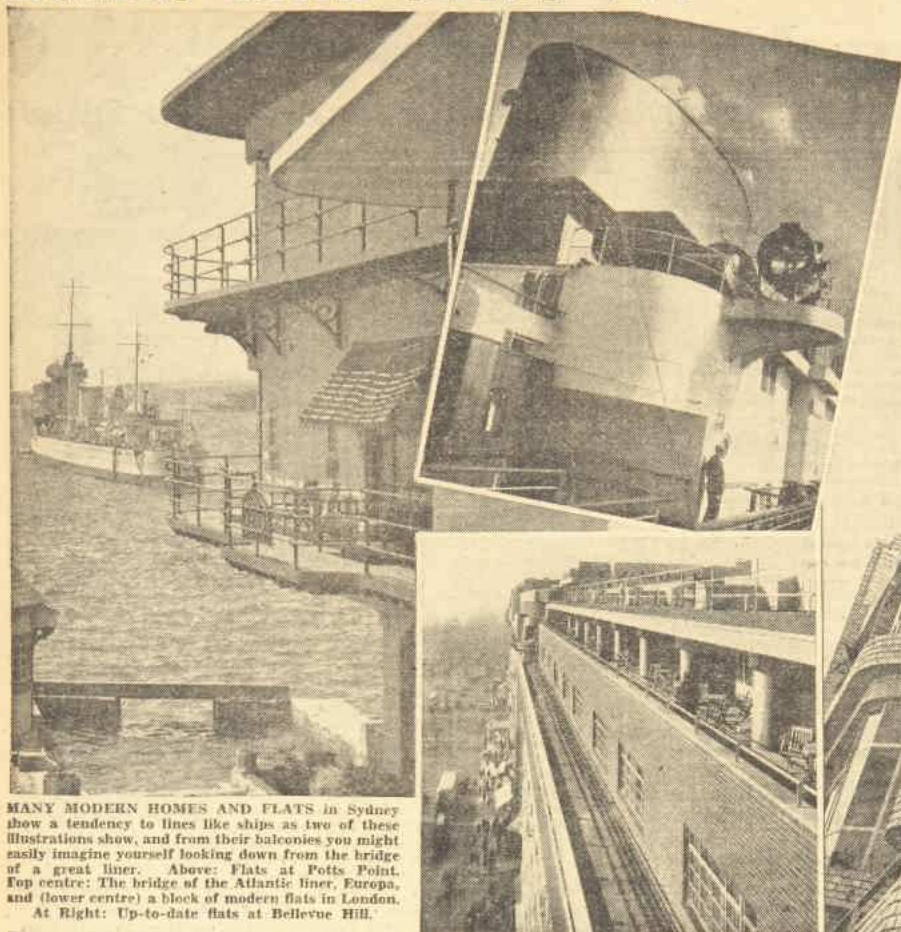
MA44—ATTRACTIVE EVENING FROCK in Silk Taffeta. Bodice features shirring, circular frill over shoulder. Finished diamante clips. Skirt is full with swallow-tail effect. Finished belt and buckle. In Green, Flame, Mid-Blue. Sizes: SSW, SW, W. Usual Price 37/6. SALE SPECIAL 27/6

MA45—"First past the post" in the Bargain Stakes, is this smart Coat of WOOLLEN CLOTH. Fully lined and trimmed with American Opossum. Back and sleeves feature inverted pleats. Sizes: SSW, SW, W and OS are obtainable in Black, Navy and Brown. Sizes: XOS and XXXOS in Black only. Usual Value 69/6. SALE SPECIAL 45/-

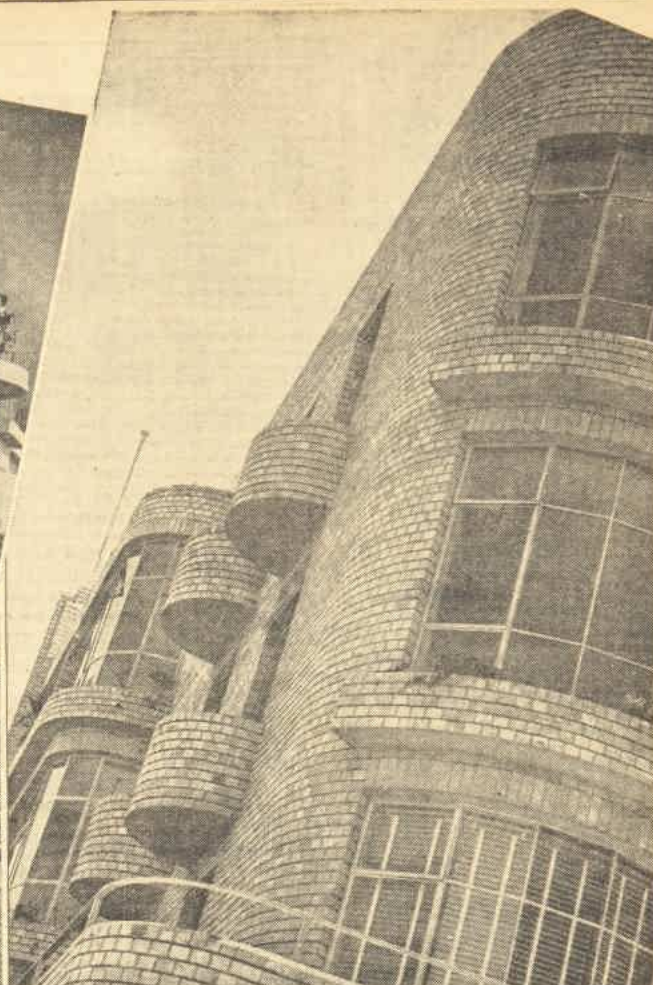
MA46—SPECIAL DISCOUNT PURCHASE! Smart Tailored Tweed Gilet styled as illustrated in a range of patterns including Plaid, Check and Flack, and in colours of Brown, Fawn, Blue, Black and White. Half lined, and finished with D.B. renner and patch pockets. Panel at back features related seams. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, OS, XOS, XXXOS. Usual Price 30/-, SALE SPECIAL 17/6

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY PHONE M 6506

HOMES LIKE SHIPS . . .



MANY MODERN HOMES AND FLATS in Sydney show a tendency to lines like ships as two of these illustrations show, and from their balconies you might easily imagine yourself looking down from the bridge of a great liner. Above: Flats at Potts Point. Top centre: The bridge of the Atlantic liner, Europa, and (lower centre) a block of modern flats in London. At Right: Up-to-date flats at Bellevue Hill.



Judge a Woman by the way she Washes her HAIR

GRACE
BRADLEY
Permanent
Featured
Nipples

She, in this day, whose hair betrays a secret carelessness, not only forfeits admiration—but frequently courts unfavourable comment . . . !

GF you notice a girl with dry, flat, brittle, hard-to-manage, or "dandruffy" hair, you may depend she is not particular in avoiding the use of ordinary skin soaps (or shampoos) which contain soap "alkali" . . . a chemical whose drying effect spoils nice hair!

● To prove that your hair is as soft and attractive as any . . . to have hair that always looks silky-clean, lustrous and wavy with extra life . . . try this natural, inexpensive, "coconut-foam" shampoo that everyone's talking about! ● You feel the difference instantly its rich, fresh lather starts to foam through your hair! . . . And you see the difference in the way your waves and curls come out firm, deep, crisp and sparkling—and instantly easy to dress!

● **BLONDES**—This new-style Colinated Shampoo (non-oily) brings forth fascinating light gold brilliance—Prevents "patches"!

● **BRUNETTES**—Discover new, rich highlight!

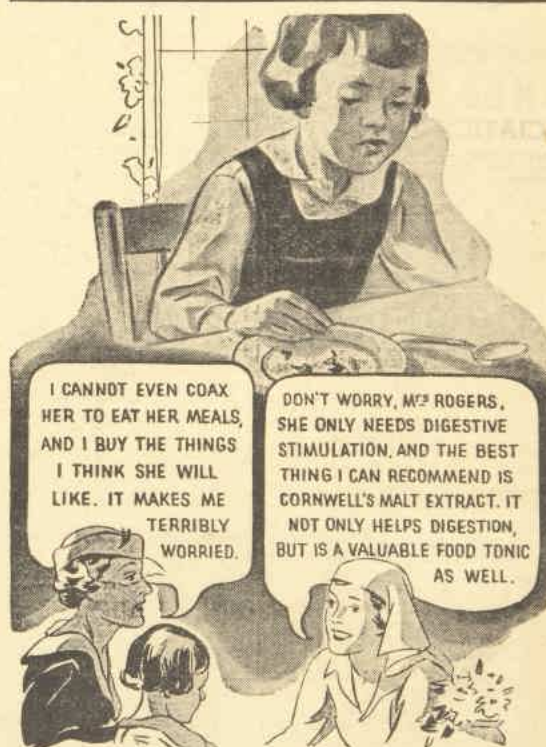
For Colinated's more active lather completely dissolves every trace of dust, oily-film, scalp-acid, and dandruff . . . Carries it all out in one quick rinse . . . And leaves the hair with a sheen you never noticed before!

Make your very next shampoo a "beauty-wash."

COLINATED
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO

Non-Oily

All Chemists
and at Toilet Counters
A small bottle lasts months!



I CANNOT EVEN COAX
HER TO EAT HER MEALS,
AND I BUY THE THINGS
I THINK SHE WILL
LIKE. IT MAKES ME
TERRIBLY
WORRIED.

DON'T WORRY, M^{RS} ROGERS,
SHE ONLY NEEDS DIGESTIVE
STIMULATION, AND THE BEST
THING I CAN RECOMMEND IS
CORNWELL'S MALT EXTRACT. IT
NOT ONLY HELPS DIGESTION,
BUT IS A VALUABLE FOOD TONIC
AS WELL.

Vitality, rich blood, sound digestive organs—These are the essentials to healthy childhood, and for generations Mothers have found these essentials in Cornwell's Malt Extract—the pure and reliable body builder. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. Sold by all Grocers and Chemists.

**CORNWELL'S
MALT EXTRACT**

Diagrams for over a Quarter of a Century



Baby Enjoys Peaceful Sleep

A Mother writes from Enfield, N.S.W., as follows:—

"I think Ashton & Parsons Powders are the best I've used. I have tried others, but they had no effect whatever on Baby, whereas your powders seemed to soothe and take all fever out of him. Also, until I tried Ashton & Parsons, Powders, Baby never seemed to be able to sleep, but since giving him your powders he sleeps quite peacefully. I can thoroughly recommend Ashton & Parsons Powders to any mother whose Baby is teething."

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS are intended to ease pain, soothe the child and check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers, ensure the best protection and comfort for Baby by using Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders, which are perfectly harmless.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosphorine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131-133 Palmer Street, Sydney.

NEW TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA & NEURITIS

I have a simple but wonderful treatment for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Nerve, Indigestion, Constipation, Sleeplessness, Lack of Energy, and that depressed, tired feeling, not a drug or medicine, but a tropical plant called "Hervey". A beverage is made of the tiny leaf, which you prepare and drink like ordinary tea. No trouble of heat. You make it in your own home. The Relief is felt at once, and becomes evident more and more every day. Thousands of men and women in all parts of the world, including England, Australia, and New Zealand have received lasting benefit, and have sent letters praising this wonderful little plant. Drink a cupful of "Hervey" each morning and you will feel a different person. The reason is that it expels the toxic acid poisons, prevents accumulation of further deposits, and generally takes up the whole system.



SUFFERED FOR TWO YEARS—NOW FREE OF ALL PAIN!

Mr. James Pryor, of Livingstone St., West End, Townsville (Q.), whose photograph appears here, and who is 59, writing on March 25, 1936, says:—
"I am very pleased with the results from your wonderful 'Hervey'. I was crippled by rheumatism for two years, and could not get about with the aid of crutches, and suffered terrible pain. After I had taken a few doses of 'Hervey' the pain left me. I have taken four packages and the rheumatism has left me, and I would not be without 'Hervey'. You have my permission to use this letter and my photograph, which I enclose herewith, in any way you think fit. I am not a patent medicine vendor, and a business man, and can say from my own experience that this product is most effective for the complaints enumerated above. What it has done for others in a few weeks it should also do for you if you will give it a fair trial."

FREE PACKET

Let me send you absolutely FREE a Trial Package of Hervey. Just send me your name and address and enclose stamp to cover postage. Address: Mr. J. C. CAMPBELL, Colonial Importer, Dept. 12, 84 Pitt St., Sydney.



Real Life Stories

MOTHER JUMPED INTO Well To SAVE BABY

Variety of Incidents Win Prizes

The story of a mother who jumped into a well to save her baby wins the £1 1/- prize in Real Life stories this week.

CONSOLATION prizes are awarded other readers who submitted an interesting variety of Real Life experiences.

The £1 1/- has been awarded for the following:—

Baby Fell Into Well

OUR water supply comes from an underground well. We pull the water up with the aid of a rope and bucket. The well has a trapdoor, and we used to keep a tin of dirt on it so that the children couldn't open it.

One day Master Five came into the kitchen to me and said that Master Three was in the well.

I can't swim, and my husband was down the other end of the block. I screamed at the top of my voice to him, then ran over to a shed to get the slukey-reins. I could see the water swirling as I passed the well, but was afraid to look in.

I then tied the reins on to the tin of dirt and put it in the horse-trough (so that it would have a better chance of holding my weight), tied the other end round my waist, and jumped in.

I went under, but came up to discover the water did not reach over my head.

The baby was floating on his back, so I grabbed him and just then the baker (the saw me jump in) said "Hand him up if you can."

It took three men to pull me out. When I emerged I expected to see the baker pumping water out of the child, but he had him wrapped up and sitting in his chair in front of the fire.

I was so amazed I thought it nothing short of a miracle as the child was in the water eight minutes.

£1 1/- to Mrs. M. V. Breeding, c/o Mrs. Donnelly, Tenth St., Mildura, Vic.

Not Such a Joke

MY story dates back to my school-going days. On the way to and from school I had to cross a railway line. One evening my friend and I were coming home, and on hearing a train approaching round the bend we both decided to hop into the ash pit over which the train would pass. We wanted to see what it was like!

Giggling and slightly nervous we crouched in there waiting for the train.

At last, with a terrible rush and roar, it passed over our heads. We were both covered in sparks, and black smoke. Never have I been so scared.

Choking, with tears pouring down my face, I endeavored with all speed to smother the sparks which showered our clothing.

All the time I could hear my friend coughing and gasping, and throwing her arms about also to beat off sparks.

After what seemed ages, the train passed and daylight flooded our hiding-place again.

On peering out, we observed the train to be a long goods train, slowly puffing its way up the line.

Making sure we were unobserved we scrambled out, and tore off to our different homes as fast as we could. Explaining my black face and dirt-covered clothing to Mum—well, that's another story.

5/- to Mrs. L. Symens, 92 Young Street, Parkside, S.A.

Launch Fire

JUST six years ago this July, my three cousins, two brothers, young sister and myself planned to attend a dance in the local hall down the river. A friend offered to take us in his launch. Very eager and excited we dressed and set off.

Our first disappointment was when the engine refused to start. Every

way was tried, and eventually off we went, singing gaily.

One mile from home the engine (an old car engine) backfired, sending a spurt of flame along the water.

My father's boat was being towed behind. On seeing the flames, I pulled the boat up to the launch in case of an accident, keeping her thus for the next two miles, when the engine stalled.

During the efforts to adjust it an explosion occurred, and the next thing I knew, our launch was ablaze.

"Get the children into the boat," cried our friend. When I turned the boat was full length of the rope behind us. Just as I pulled it close my cousin jumped. She fell into the boat, and I landed almost on top of her.

Then splash, from every side, as the others jumped into the river. They called for me. I was the oldest, then 20. I went to the side of the boat, caught the two youngest, one by the hair, the other by the seat of his trousers, and hauled them in.

When they were safely out of the water, we went to get our friend, who was still on the burning boat.

On arriving safely ashore many friends were there to count the missing ones, fortunately none. The hotelkeeper's daughters loaned us dry clothes, and we set off for a walk of three miles home, all thoughts of the dance forgotten.

5/- to Mrs. H. E. Jurd, Upper McDonald, via St. Albans, N.S.W.



RELIEVES "FLU"

IN A NIGHT

ACT quickly—if you want to check flu. Here's what to do. Take two NYAL ESTERIN TABLETS, a hot lemon drink, and go straight to bed. ESTERIN contains a newly discovered sedative known as ESTERIN COMPOUND, which acts directly on the nerve centres. Reduces temperature, checks the fever, and protects you against complications which so often follow an attack of flu.

ESTERIN costs only 1/3 for a tin of 24 tablets, or 2/- for a bottle containing 50 tablets, from your local chemist. Keep ESTERIN handy for flu, headache, sleeplessness and nerve pain. A trial package of NYAL ESTERIN will be sent you free, upon request to the NYAL COMPANY (Dept. A), SYDNEY.

NYAL ESTERIN is only one of the 148 NYAL FAMILY MEDICINES. These medicines are not intended to replace your family doctor. They are designed to provide you with safe, dependable medicines for the treatment of simple ailments. There's a NYAL FAMILY MEDICINE for every ordinary ailment.

NYAL ESTERIN

Don't be DEAF
The World's Greatest Earphones
Hearing-Aid—No Cords, No Batteries.
30 Days' Vibraphone
Hear Total
Write for Booklet.
B. NATHAN, 34 Austral Bldg.,
118 Collins Street, Melbourne

There's Room For Your Story Here

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page. Simply write down the details of the most memorable incident in your life, giving all information necessary to make a complete, nicely-rounded-off story. All letters must be signed by the author.

Incidents may concern your childhood, romance, work, or any phase of life, and letters should be kept within 300 words, if possible.

A prize of £1 1/- is paid for the best story printed each week, and 5/- for any others published.

Address letters to "Real Life Stories," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at the top of page 1.

Saved By Dog

THE most unforgettable incident in my life happened five years ago. I, with my mother, a sister, and two brothers, was on a farm.

A friend was driving out some young bullocks. One was determined he would stay so ran into a corner at the milking-balls.

The friend called me to assist him. I stepped out through a gate with my back to the wall.

The bullock rushed, crushing me against the wall, with his forehead touching my chest and horns on both sides. I stood there petrified. My people gazed open-mouthed with horror. Before they could do anything my cattle dog, seeming to realise my danger, rushed up and bit the heels of the bullock. The animal pulled back, setting me free. I wasted no time getting through the gate. The shock was so great I could not utter a word for fully half an hour.

5/- to Miss E. C. Thiedecke, Palen Creek, via Rathdowney, Qld.

Down in the Crypt

ON the journey home after a shopping expedition in London during the war period, the tram in which I was a passenger was hurriedly brought to a standstill as the warning sirens shrilled for the usual five-minute grace for pedestrians and travellers to take shelter from the coming air raid.

We happened to stop outside an old-fashioned church in the Old Kent Road, and the caretaker let the frightened people into the underground vaults.

Soon it was uncomfortably crowded—but the damp air and earthy smell were soon forgotten, as we could hear the booming of the guns, the sizzling sounds as bombs were dropped and buildings became a heap of smouldering ruins.

We expected every moment to be our last, and the place was getting uncomfortably hot. We could only wonder, and try to picture the battle taking place overhead.

"I wonder if this is really bomb-proof," seemed to be our chief thought. People looked at each other with a new fear, and, sensing the downward trend in the spirit of the people, a church official led the singing in "Rock of Ages," followed by "Nearer My God To Thee," sung sincerely, but sadly.

Never will I forget that scene. The dark and eerie-looking vaults packed to suffocation, a few stray torches the only lights, people who had probably never entered a church for years.

When the last verse was being sung a high emotional pitch was reached. Suddenly a lady fainted—no one could even move to assist her—another went into hysterics, and others were crying and praying, wondering if they would find their homes standing if they were lucky enough to get home alive.

It was a heartbreaking scene. At the end of two long, weary hours of shivering misery we crept out of our hiding place and eagerly drank in the pure air of the night. The raid was over.

5/- to Mrs. E. Hill, 12 Devereux St., Warracknabeal, Vic.

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

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THE thought came to her—grew and even obsessed her—that if the party of rescuers from Djibouti, which she had once counted upon, discovered her, took Harcourt prisoner—and, to her own annoyance, she no longer thought of him, spoke to him even, as anything but Richard—there would be an end to all his work, and the people would drift back to their old state of precarious living, semi-savagery.

It was possible that she only realised how happy she and Harcourt had been together when, almost imperceptibly, the atmosphere began to change, an awkwardness grew up between them. It seemed as though they must start all over again on another basis if they were to achieve anything. The thought of French soldiers sweeping upon them from Djibouti, destroying all Richard's work, became an obsession with Marian.

Almost every night she dreamt of it, awoke in terror, while she realised from his restless nervousness, from the way in which he would let a joke drop suddenly, would forget a move at chess, that Harcourt was infected in the same way.

It was when they were at chess, indeed, that the thing came to a point, was put into words:

"It's your move now," he said, and sat back, staring at her curiously, when it was not her move at all. Then, as she said nothing, her trembling fingers hovering uncertainly over the pieces, he tipped up the board, sending them rolling on the floor.

"I give it up," he cried. "Checkmate to you," and would say no more that evening beyond: "Do you imagine I don't realise it? The game's at an end. The devil of it is caring—caring so frightfully."

He walked over to one of the long, narrow windows and stood staring out with folded arms.

When Marian moved to his side,

however, put a hand upon him, he shook it off, crying out:

"No, no—not like that! I was a fool, a mad fool—like a boy stealing an apple he's unable to eat!"—which hurt her horribly.

Next morning he came to her room, very stiff and cold. They would be starting on their way down to Djibouti just before dawn next day, he announced. The best thing she could do was to rest and prepare herself.

"But even if I do go—"

Marian was utterly taken aback: it was as though she were dealing with a complete stranger.

"You are going."

"Well, even so, it's impossible for you to come, too. It would mean all sorts of trouble for you."

"It will mean all sorts of trouble, and worse—looting, any sort of thing for the people here if—I remain," he said. He added: "To-morrow morning, then," and slammed out of the door, opening it again, shouting in the words: "I told you it was your move, and you made no move," and once more he banged it to.

When Marian followed him, wandered about the rambling place seeking for him, he was nowhere to be found.

It was blazing hot on the mountain-side; the heat from the rocks struck upon her like an open oven door. The loose stones rolled away beneath her feet, the others, set and jagged, cut through her soft shoes. She kept twisting her ankle so that each moment she thought she might sprain it or break her leg.

One half of her thought:

"This is nonsense. I must go back." The other half, with stupid obstinacy, forced her on. "Now, I've started," she said to herself, as though that meant anything.

THE RESCUE

Continued from Page 20

At last, streaming with perspiration, she reached the garden, sat down by the stream, took off her head-cloth and cloak, and felt the deliciously freshened air about her bare neck and arms.

A feeling of complete emptiness overcame her. It seemed as though she were hung in space, a nobody, of nowhere.

Through this desolation of the soul, like a sharp tang in a brass bowl, came the actual sound of horses' hoofs. Oh, well, after all, Harcourt had missed her, was coming to seek her. There was still time to spare.

Here at the water's edge they could come to some real understanding.

The clatter of hoofs drew nearer, and yet nearer. All the same, they were a long while coming; there were many more than one horse. The place was so full of echoes that it was impossible for Marian actually to place any particular sound, but suddenly she sprang to her feet, listening so intently that it was a pain to listen. She pressed her hand against her heart in an endeavor to stop the sound of its beating, the thud of pulses in her head.

It was in reality no distance from the town. The sound must have been far away when she had first heard it. It seemed that she must have wasted hours before she became certain that the clatter was not on the town-path at all, but on the mountainside behind her, was by now very near. She could hear the rattle of falling stones, men's voices.

Her first idea was a mad one: to get away up to the town again and have the great gates shut behind her. With an immense effort of will she pulled herself together, forcing herself to something of her usual coolness, and the very effort calmed her, like a draught of cold water.

A knot of red-eyed, dusty French soldiers pushed their way in among the trees of the oasis, their reins hanging loosely on their horses' necks, already stretched out towards the sweet-smelling water. The men stared half-blindly at the white woman, with her head draperies thrown back, her hands full of flowers; then, too exhausted to take any great interest in anything, they flung themselves off their horses, lay down on their stomachs by the stream, drinking, splashing water over their faces.

An officer rode up, dismounted, and stood for a moment or so, balancing himself with straddled legs, too shaken with the long ride, the blazing sun, to be sure of the ground beneath his feet, while his horse, with trailing reins, moved off to join its fellows at the water.

The officer—his face raw with sand and sun, taking off his sun-helmet, wiping round inside it, pushing his handkerchief down in between his neck and the collar of his tunic—stared at Marian, his prominent dark eyes popping, completely taken aback.

"YOU are Madame Powell? But, yes, you must be. There could be no other white ladies here. But we—my Government had thought—feared—"

"Yes, I am Madame Powell." With a gesture of weakness and surrender, not altogether false, for her knees were shaking under her, Marian sank down on the grass. "You must forgive me, monsieur. I am still very tired. I have been through a terrible—yes, a terrible time."

She closed her eyes for a moment, and, opening them again, saw a look of complacent self-satisfaction spread over the young man's face.

"Then I must congratulate myself and my brave men, madame—my Government, too. It has spared no trouble, no expense. Believe me, madame, we have had scouts out all over the country ever since the news came through from your steamer. It seems that you were not missed that first night at sea. Of course, being men—knowing these Arabs—we had fears, grave fears—the gravest. But—What is it, madame?"

Involuntarily, Marian had turned her head a little sideways, was listening. The sound she heard was so perfectly distinct that she wondered how it was possible for her to have been mistaken before. A horse was being ridden at a reckless, scrambling trot down the path from the town.

At that moment her brain started to work like a knife, and she rose to her feet, gazed at the young officer with wide, tragic eyes.

MY HEART—

*My heart is like a church
With bells that chime
And call the man I love to me,
In silver rhyme.*

*My heart rings very proudly
From its high, ecstatic steeple,
But drifts unheeded about the
street,*

*Among the passing people,
And one goes very kindly by,
His eyes upon the ground,
He sees no steeple, sees no
heart,*

And does not hear a sound.
—YVONNE WEBB.

"Alas, monsieur, it is impossible to tell you what I have been through since I was carried away from Djibouti," she said, with the words "Liar! Liar!" screaming at her from the back of her own brain. "If I had not been rescued three weeks or more ago by one of my fellow-countrymen, who appears to be a sort of king here, and nursed back to life in the sanctuary of that lovely city—she pointed to the black-and-white towers showing above them—"Heaven only knows what might have happened to me."

A sense of passionate reality swept aside her pretence. After all, she had been rescued, really rescued from something worse than death, the dreadful loneliness of a solitary woman. And that town—that lovely dream-city—was it not worth any sort of a lie to save it?

THE young officer's

face had fallen.

"You mean you were rescued before—before—" Harcourt was already riding in among the trees, and he glanced from one to another with sharp suspicion. "Madame, I think you might at least have informed my Government."

"But, monsieur le Capitaine, I was dreadfully ill, utterly broken. As it is, everything has been arranged for us to start off down to the port to-morrow."

She glanced at Harcourt, who had dismounted and was moving towards them, his horse's reins over his arm.

The soldiers, with dripping tunics, had risen, were staring at him, twenty and more of them.

A sense of panic swept over Marian. She knew what she had planned to do, but she had no sort of idea what Harcourt's attitude might be.

Moving to his side she laid one hand on his arm.

"Richard, this is Captain—Captain—"

She hesitated and the young officer supplied the name, with a stiff little bow.

"Rambert, madame—Captain Andre Rambert, at your service."

Young as he was, he was no sort of a fool, and his bloodshot eyes were raking Harcourt, who stood there, silent, staring down at Marian's hand as though it were something dropped on his sleeve by mistake, looking very cross—not angry, but just cross.

In a sudden panic, she thought, "If he fails me now we are done for," and she pressed closer, clinging to him.

"And this, Captain Rambert, is Mr. Harcourt, who rescued me from those dreadful Arabs at the risk—the greatest possible risk—of his own life. As I said," she dashed on—"as I said, it was arranged that we should start off down to Djibouti at dawn, but I think, in the circumstances, we owe it to you to tell you something more, don't we, Richard?"

She glanced up at Harcourt's face, set like stone, and added—more frightened and uncertain than she had ever been in all her life before:

"We are going to be married. We had planned it—in Djibouti—you understand," she stammered lamely, breaking off with a sob of relief as she felt Richard Harcourt's arm about her shoulders and realised the sudden stream of passionate warmth and understanding which instantly broke loose and flowed between them, the most unmistakable realisation the world can give.

"After all, that's what I rescued her for, you know," he remarked with perfect coolness.

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6. Let the tea brew for 3 minutes.

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W.T.15

France — The World's Latest Worry

These pictures take you behind the scenes in France, giving glimpses of the homely people worried by shattering events that threaten the world's peace. Surrounded by warlike neighbors, impoverished by the flight of gold, France is passing through a critical period. Australia and the Empire are vitally concerned, since the fate of France involves the destiny of the world. Of special significance, also, is the nation's celebration this week of the storming of the Bastille on July 14, 1789.

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.



EVERY WINESHOP in France is a meeting place like this, where politics are constantly under fervent discussion. Passionately, argument ebbs and flows, for recent events have rocked France to its foundations.



ALTHOUGH PERTURBED by the trend of world events, the shopkeeper gets on with the business of making money. The flight of gold from the country has upset his trade, but he hopes for the best.



THE TOWN CRIER, traditional figure of French life. His drum is a symbol of news, a rallying point for the nation if its rumble tells of war. France, surrounded by hostile neighbors, has long feared such news.



"IT'S A MATTER for the menfolk," comment the French housewives. "Why can't they solve these everlasting problems of financial worries and threats of war? I haven't seen a gold coin in ten years."



THE PEASANT goes about his job, thinking, "France is governed by the 300 families" (the 300 largest shareholders of the Bank of France). "What do they care about us? We should have their power."



GIRLS OF THE FRENCH VILLAGES hide their worries behind a smile. "We have no votes, so what is the use of our having opinions?" they ask. "France has always come through its troubles."



THE VINE-GROWER is concerned. "Prices have risen, our export trade has fallen. I cannot sell the wine which I make out of my grapes. We want to trade with Australia, England, and other countries."



THE STOCK-BREEDER CARRIES ON. "My pig doesn't like the look of things," he says. "He's tired of being eaten at a loss. Why can't the world abolish dictators and armaments?"



THE TWO CHIEF FORCES in the government of France are, on one side, the peasants and small farmers, amounting to half the population; on the other, the bond-holders, who take half the national revenue.

COUNTERFEIT COIN

New Serial



I BECAME a beggar when I was twenty-two.

The blow was as heavy as swift, for till then I had always been given the best that money could buy. From the day I was born I had wanted for nothing at all, and though my parents were dead, I had never been led to expect any other estate. And then, one fair June morning, when the sills of the windows of Oxford were gay with flowers, I learned that my sole trustee had gambled my fortune away.

By the help of the Dean of my College, I soon obtained work in London for which I was paid just thirty-five shillings a week, and though I believe that I might have done better than that, in my efforts to rise I met with so much unkindness that I presently withdrew from a battle for which I was ill equipped.

I had another reason for staying in Red Lead Lane.

I had a companion in misfortune—a man of some fifty summers, who, too, had seen better days. His name was Matthew Gering—or so he said: for though he looked English enough, his speech sometimes betrayed an alien blood.

That he was of gentle birth was unmistakable and I think that he may have been gifted—till misery dulled his wits. He seemed the better for my coming to share his lot, and after two or three months I moved to the humble lodging at which he had lived by himself for thirteen years. It was soon after this that I knew that I could not leave him, if only for pity's sake.

This way's the way of it.

The manager of the warehouse at which we worked as clerks was a man upon whose vitals class hatred seemed to feed. Disappointed of bigger game, he preyed with a bitter fury on what he had. For fifteen years poor Gering had been his butt, enduring "the slings

and arrows" of what I can only describe as "a mind diseased": but my arrival did something to take the strain, for he had to divide his attentions if I was to have my share of inhumanity.

And so I stayed where I was for nearly two years, when two things happened together to set me free.

One gusty, April morning poor Gering could not rise, and when I had brought him a doctor, against his will, the latter told me plainly that he was a dying man.

"He has no resistance," he said. "A chill could have put him out—and this is congestion of the lungs."

Of course I did what I could, but when I came back from my work on the following day, I knew at once that Gering had seen his last dawn. And so did he.

"NOT very long now," he said quietly.

It must have been near ten o'clock, and we had spoken no word for nearly an hour, when he put a hand under the blankets and drew out a sheet of foolscap, folded in four.

"I would like you to read this," he said. "I wrote it down years ago. But no one has ever read it. It—it would not have been well received. I have even considered all day whether I should show it to you—you who have done so much for a broken man. You see, I am like a dog that has been ill-used for so long that he is suspicious of kindness and ready to bite the hand that makes to caress his head."

With his words he began to cough, and the paroxysm which followed frightened me out of my life. At least five minutes went by before the seizure had passed, and this left him so weak and shaken that even a child would have known that the end was at hand. Indeed, I had forgotten the paper, when his trembling fingers thrust it against my sleeve.

I sat back on my heels and read the following words:

"I would like you to read this," said Gering, who was a dying man.

"My true name is Rudolf Elbert Virgil, and I am the ninth Count of Brief—an ancient Austrian House. My mother died when I was three. Her only other child was my twin-brother, born half an hour after myself. He was, as they say, a bad hat. In 1910 I married an English girl and a daughter was born to us in 1912. We lived with my father at Brief, which stands to the east of Innsbruck from which it is distant a hundred and twenty miles. In the spring of 1914 my father received some news from the English police. My twin-brother was under arrest on a charge of forgery. I left for England that night to see what could be done. Arrived in London, I sought a solicitor, and, in my going surety, my brother was admitted to bail.

"The case was unanswerable. And from what the solicitor said, it was perfectly clear that if Ferdinand stood his trial he would be sent to prison for several years. When we were at last alone, my brother fell on his knees and begged me in the name of our mother to help him to make his escape. Like a fool, I agreed to do so.

"That day was Thursday. Early on Friday I left my brother in my rooms and went out to make arrangements for him to leave. All I did, I did surreptitiously. A ship was to sail for South America at noon on the following day. I booked his passage in an assumed name. I procured him an outfit and had the things sent on board. That evening I returned to my rooms to tell him that all was well. A telegram from Brief was awaiting me. My father and wife were both dead. They had been killed that day—in a car—on the Innsbruck Road. The news stunned me. As a man in a dream, I did as my brother said, for now it was I that was helpless and he that took charge.

All I knew was that I must get back.

"That night he packed for me and told me what he had done. I was to leave the next day by the two o'clock train. He had arranged everything. All that I had to do was to go to the bank the next morning and draw for him the money which he was to have. That he dared not do, though I gave him my cheque. And when I had drawn the money—five hundred pounds—I was to bring it to the station from which his train would be leaving at half-past ten.

"As he said, so I did. I had no brain to argue. The only thing I could see was the Innsbruck road. They arrested me on the platform.

"THEY thought I was Ferdinand. I do not blame them at all. You see, he was my twin-brother. Only my wife and my father could tell us apart. And they were dead.

"When they searched me, they found the money—and Ferdinand's ticket for the boat. Unknown to me, he had put this into my pocket—to gain his terrible ends. And he had left for Innsbruck while I was still at the bank. By an earlier train, of course. He was across the Channel before I went to my cell.

"So he and I changed places.

"He took my father's title, and all that was mine, and I was sent to prison for seven years.

"My daughter became his daughter, my life became his life. You see, it was so easy. Only my wife and my father had known why I went to England. For the rest, I had gone away and now had come back. If my manner seemed in any way strange, the double loss I had suffered was blamed for that. And Ferdinand was careful. He even

denied my cheque for five hundred pounds. He said that I had forged it.

"Seven years is seven years. By the time I came out of gaol my cause, which had always been hopeless, was dead and buried as though it had never been. So I changed my name and sought work—I had to have bread.

"That is my story. I cannot prove it, of course. I can only say it is true.

"M.G."

As I folded the paper the dying man caught at my arm.

"Do you believe it?" he whispered.

"Every word, sir," said I. "I wish you had told me before. I'm young and I might have done something."

"Listen. I say in that statement that I have no proof. But I have. I have always had it—a proof that I could not use."

Shaking with excitement, poor Gering raised himself up, and, since it seemed best not to thwart him, I put my arm about him to lend him strength.

"The House of Brief has a secret—which has passed from time immemorial from father to son. Only two persons know this: and they are the Count and his heir. Ferdinand cannot know it, but I who was the first-born—I know the secret of our House. And to you, who have been my son, I will pass it on. It may be that you can use it, but I cannot see so far. By rights, Caroline—that was my daughter's name—"

And there his voice faltered and died, and the light in his eyes slid into a sightless stare. As I made to lay him back on the pillows, he lifted a trembling hand, to make the fretful

By
**DORNFORD
YATES** The Author of
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Characters you will meet
in this exciting romance

MATTHEW GERING—an aristocrat who makes an astonishing confession.

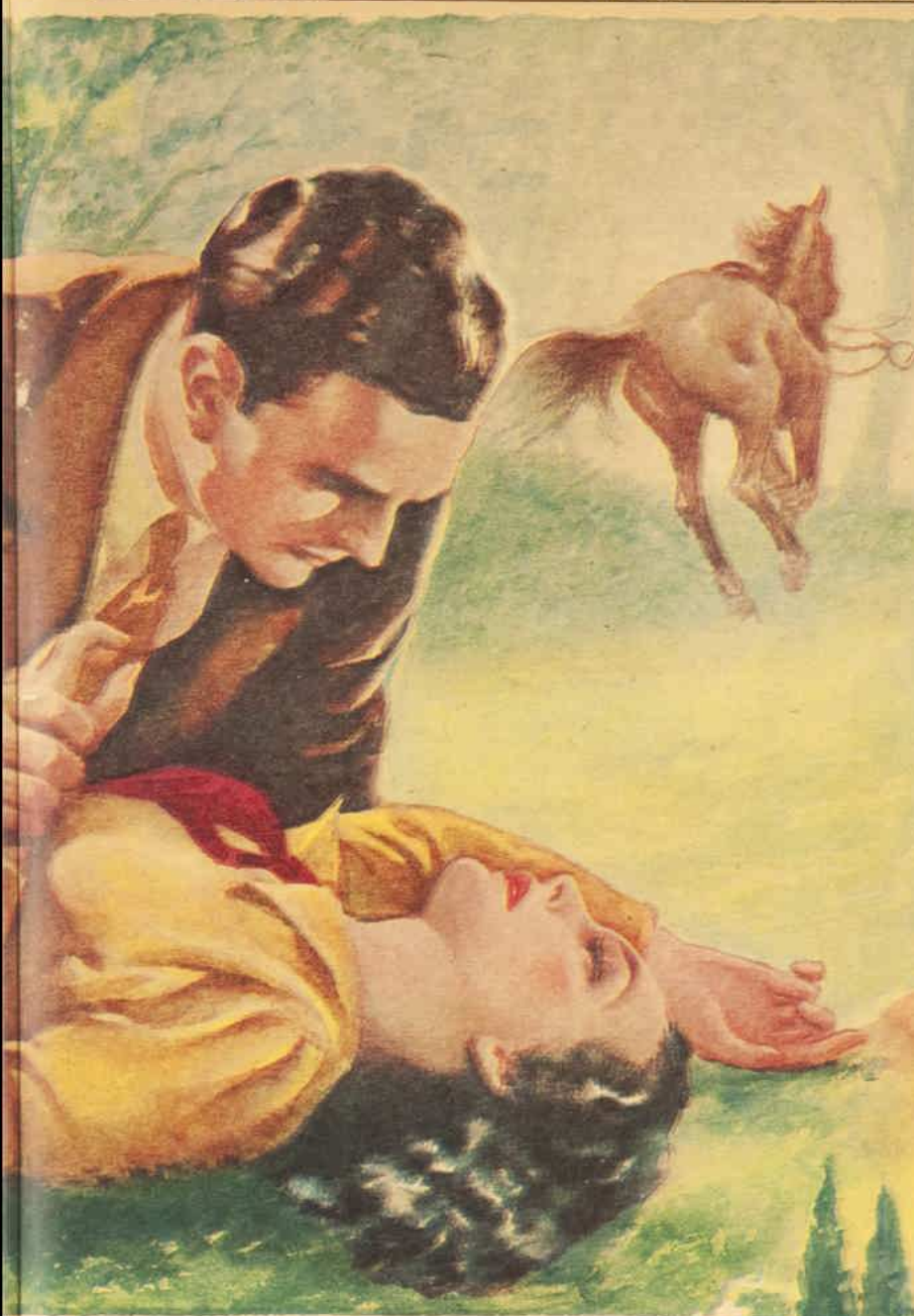
FERDINAND—Count of Brief, who stands in a dead man's shoes.

LADY CAROLINE VIRGIL—romantic and beautiful, the real Countess of Brief.

PERCY ELBERT VIRGIL—her cousin, a man who covets her inheritance.

EXON—An Englishman who goes on a secret mission to the Castle Brief.

Illustrated by **WYNNE W. DAVIES**



A dramatic scene in this serial, when Exon comes to the rescue of the Countess of Brief.

gesture of a man who would brush aside something that spoils his view. "I am losing control," he quavered. "Old visions I have not summoned are closing in. What was it that I was saying?"

"Never mind, sir," said I. "Let it go. When you have rested a little—"

"No, no," he cried, starting up. "I know that it was important. What was it, Exon? What was it?"

He was breathing hard, and the sweat was out on his face. To bring him peace at the last, I did as he said.

"You spoke of a secret, sir. The secret of Brief."

"Yes, yes. That was it," he gasped. "Listen. The great tower of Brief—the great tower. There is a doorway there which no one would ever find. You must go up, counting your steps. And when you have—"

And that was as far as he got. For a moment the poor jaws worked. And then the head fell sideways and the body went slack in my arms.

So died the ninth Count of Brief. And the secret of his House with him.

Two days later I learned that an uncle of whose existence I had been hardly aware had recently died in Australia, leaving me all he had. And he was a very rich man.

Though my adversity lasted no more than a short two years, it would have been strange indeed if it had not altered my outlook for good and all. My values were radically

changed, and I found not worth the picking nine-tenths of the fruit which was once more within my reach. I cared for none of those things which had lately seemed to me to compose a young man's life. For the ways of the world of fashion I had no use, and all my pleasure was in the countryside. Only the company of Nature seemed to be able to banish the spectre of Red Lead Lane; and the song of a bird succeeded where costly distractions failed. Indeed, for the whole of that summer I moved in the English country from inn to inn, spending not a tenth of my income and every day more thankful for my deliverance.

WITH the approach of winter I grew more self-possessed and before November was in I had settled down in a very pleasant manor, which had been a famous seat but was now an hotel. The peace and dignity of my surroundings, the beauty of the old building and the gentle breath of tradition, with which every chamber was quick, did much to complete my cure by recommending to me the work of men's hands; and I think I can say that with the new year I entered the plain state of mind in which, for better or worse, I have been ever since. This was reserved and sober, but not unnatural. I did not shun, though I never sought, company. Extravagance made me uneasy, whatever its guise. And if I could help it I never spent a night in a town.

It must not be thought that I had forgotten Gering or the statement of his which I held. I remembered him constantly, and more than once I wondered if it was not for me to take action upon the facts which I knew. And then it always seemed best to let sleeping dogs lie.

I had looked up the House of Brief and had found two things—first, that the pseudo-Count was still a widower, and, secondly, that on his death the title would pass to his daughter, the Lady Caroline Virgil, now twenty-four years old. The dreadful injustice, therefore, was over and done; it had in fact come to an end with Gering's death; and though the wicked flourish, the good was beyond his reach. In a word, there was no wrong to be righted.

There was, of course, a scoundrel who richly deserved the fate which parricides used to meet; but, if I were to publish the truth and be believed, the scandal would cost the daughter extremely dear. But if I let things alone she would in due course succeed to the dignity which was hers. In due course. That was the fly in the ointment with which I

The Englishman at the Castle of Brief. What strange drama was being played within its walls?

salved what sense of duty I had. In fact, she was the countess. When Gering died in my arms, the Lady Caroline Virgil became the Countess of Brief.

And then a strange thing happened.

Summer was coming in, and I had been out in my car for the whole of the day. I entered my rooms in the evening, to bathe and change, when I saw upon my table an envelope

covering something, but not addressed. Opening this, I found a passport within—and knew at once that some servant had made a mistake. A guest had arrived from abroad and the office had asked for his passport, from which to fill up the form which the police required. And now it had been returned—to me, instead of to him.

Continued Overleaf





Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Worthy magician of great powers, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, travel the world in search of adventure. They reach Capetown, South Africa, where, directly in front of a speeding motor car, they see a young woman stumble and fall. Mandrake, with a wave of his hand, makes the car leap over her without harming her. She tells him her name is **MOLLY BRUNSWICK**, and that she is starting immediately

on a solo flight to the South Pole. Later Mandrake, listening-in to her broadcast to the world from her plane, hears her say that she has reached the Pole, and then that she can see a huge wall of thick steam stretching from earth to sky, and her voice fades out. Mandrake, alarmed for her safety, determines to charter a plane to the Pole to find out what has happened. **NOW READ ON—**



I TOLD MOLLY SHE WAS CRAZY TO MAKE THAT FLIGHT ALONE. AND NOW--POOR KID--

I'M GOING AFTER HER. IS MY PLANE READY?



BUT, MY DEAR MAN, YOU CAN'T JUST HOP INTO A PLANE, AS IF IT WERE A TAXI, AND FLY TO THE SOUTH POLE! YOU HAVE TO MAKE PLANS --FOR MONTHS AHEAD!

I'LL DO MY PLANNING WHEN I GET BACK.



ALL READY FOR THE SOUTH POLE, LOTHAR? IT'S GOING TO BE COLD DOWN THERE, YOU KNOW.

ME GOT EAR-MUFFS.



AND THE PLANE TAKES OFF, MANDRAKE AT THE CONTROLS, HEADED FOR THE ANTARCTIC!



WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME FOR LUGGAGE, LOTHAR. ALL I HOPE IS THAT WE REACH HER IN TIME.

ME FORGOT TO BRING SOMETHING, BUT ME FORGOT WHAT ME FORGOT.



SHE LAST SPOKE OF A HUGE WALL OF THICK STEAM THAT STRETCHED FROM EARTH TO SKY. WHAT COULD IT HAVE BEEN? A MIRAGE? AN ILLUSION? WHO EVER HEARD OF STEAM AT THE SOUTH POLE!



AND MANY HOURS LATER, WE'LL INTO THE ANTARCTIC....



ENGINE GO PUT-PUT-PUT.

HMM--AND UNLESS WE'RE LUCKY, WE'LL GO BOOM-BOOM! LOTHAR, I'M AFRAID WE'RE OUT OF GAS!



I'VE GOT ENOUGH ALTITUDE TO GLIDE OVER THAT MOUNTAIN RANGE. ONCE PAST THAT, WE'LL HAVE TO BAIL OUT IN OUR PARACHUTES.

PARACHUTES? OH!



NOW ME REMEMBER WHAT ME FORGOT! PARACHUTE!

THIS IS A FINE TIME TO REMEMBER THAT WE'RE A FINE PAIR OF RESCUERS. WELL, TAKE MY PARACHUTE, LOTHAR, AND GET READY TO JUMP.



BUT--MASTER--ME NO WANT TO TAKE YOUR PARACHUTE. ME WILL NOT!

NO TIME FOR ARGUMENT, LOTHAR. WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE TOO FAST! READY! NOW--JUMP!



LOTHAR NEARS THE GROUND.



MEANWHILE, IN THE AIR, MANDRAKE MANOEUVRES THE GLIDING PLANE....



THIS WOULD BE A FAIR JUMP WITH A PARACHUTE. WITHOUT ONE, IT'S GOING TO BE QUITE A JUMP.

MANDRAKE CLIMBS OUT ON A WING...



...AND JUMPS INTO THE FRIGID ANTARCTIC AIR!



QUICK, LOTHAR. SHOVEL A SOFT SNOW PILE JUST BELOW ME HERE!

ME SHOVEL! YOU MUST COME DOWN QUICK!

FIFTEEN FEET ABOVE THE SNOWY GROUND, MANDRAKE HALTS HIS FALL, SUSPENDS HIMSELF IN THE AIR!



ME SHOVEL QUICK. WHAT ME JUST SAW! WHAT ME JUST SAW!

O.K., LOTHAR. GOOD ENOUGH.



GOOD WORK, LOTHAR. LIKE FALLING INTO A FEATHER BED.

MASTER, MASTER. ME JUST SAW A LITTLE MAN WITH FEET BUT NO LEGS, HANDS BUT NO ARMS!

TO BE CONTINUED

AND MANDRAKE LANDS IN THE SNOW PILE!

COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 29

THE passport was that of Percy Elbert Virgil, born in London in 1910, and domiciled at Brief. And the face was the face of a clever, unscrupulous blackguard, with as close-set a pair of eyes as ever I saw.

I sent the passport back to the office, lighted a cigarette and sat down to think things out.

Unknown to Gering, before he had been arrested, his brother had had a son. That son was now twenty-six and dwelled in his father's house. And father and son were both evil. How did the Lady Caroline fare between two such wolves?

Her position was ugly. I mean, she stood in the way. Ferdinand's secret was safe—at the price of allowing his niece to sit in the seat of his son and heir. I found it hard to believe that there were not times when he found that price very high. The wicked seldom care for the children of those they have wronged, and when they are bound to prefer them before their own flesh and blood.

I began to feel ill at ease.

It was, of course, none of my business. I happened to know the truth, but that was all. Gering had made no request, he had simply told me his tale. But then he had not been aware that his brother had a child of his own; and he had not expected that I should ever be free. For all that, it was none of my business.

I put out my cigarette and began to change.

Even if I made it my business what could I do? It had never entered my head to doubt the truth of the statement which Gering had made. But how on earth could I prove it? By declaring the existence of some secret I did not know? By alleging the existence of a doorway which no one would ever find? The thing was absurd. I had no proof. Gering himself had done nothing, because he had known very well that there was nothing to be done. And yet—

If I did not like Percy's portrait, the moment I saw him that evening I liked him less. Not at all resembling his uncle, he was a tall, dark man, overdressed and scented, old for his age. His supercilious air denied the dignity which it was meant to boast; his elegance of gesture was vulgar; but the way in which he treated the servants was offensive beyond belief. His mouth was big and unkindly, and now and again a curious glint would enter and leave his eyes.

But he looked a capable man; more than capable—shrewd. I could see him committing crime, but I could not see him arrested for what he had done. It occurred to me that his mother must have been wise. She had had no truck with Gering. After all, a rich brother-in-law is of very much better value than a penniless husband in gaol.

I had been somewhat surprised that such a man as he should choose such an hotel, but I saw that he sat at the table of one of the residents—a quiet, sad-faced old fellow, whose name I knew to be Inskip, who used to go up to London twice in the week. The two spoke hardly at all, and I had no doubt that business was to be done. I found myself hoping that Inskip knew what he was about.

THAT night I took Gering's statement and read it again. Then I took pen and paper and wrote down the verbal statement which he had made to me. After that, I made two fair copies and sealed the originals up to be lodged at my bank.

And then I went to my bed, proposing to sleep on a matter which seemed to call at least for inquiry, into which I was not armed to inquire. And yet nobody else could do it. There was the rub.

But though I was weary enough, I could not rest—because I had called up spirits which now would not let me be. The life and death of Gering and the horror of Red Lead Lane demanded recognition in detail and would not be denied, and it was not till day was breaking that out of sheer mental exhaustion I fell asleep.

When Winter called me that morning I asked him if he could tell me what Inskip's profession was, and he said at once that he was a diamond merchant and added that he had heard say that he was "a very big man."

Winter was the valet who always attended to me. He was an excellent servant, quick and deft and

willing and very quiet. He did for me much that could not be called his duty, and because he was so pleasant I had come to know him better than anyone else I had met since Gering died.

He was only thirty years old, and I sometimes used to wonder that a man so strong and upstanding should have chosen a valet's life; but he told me once that, though he had been trained for a chauffeur, the only posts he could get would have held him in town, and I think that, to be in the country, he would have broken stones for the roads.

That day I went to London myself—with a vague idea of engaging a private detective to shadow Percy Virgil and follow him out to Brief; but, instead, I purchased some Austrian ordnance maps and then, on a sudden impulse, walked into a motor car dealer's and spent an hour discussing the virtues of various cars.

From this it will be seen that I was as good as half-way to leaving for Brief myself. Indeed, all that held me back was the thought that however shameful the state of affairs there might be, I could do nothing at all to put them right. I had a fine bow to bend, but not a single arrow to fit to its strings—an agonising position, if game got up.

And then another rather extraordinary thing happened.

Winter did not call me next day—for the first time for nearly six months.

As the man who had taken his place made to leave the room—

"Where's Winter?" I said. "He's not in?"

"He's gone, sir. He left last night."

"Gone?" I said.

"That's right, sir. He's left the hotel."

AFTER breakfast I asked the porter for Winter's address, and fifty minutes later I ran my friend to earth at his sister's home.

When I asked him why he had left, he looked distressed.

"I lost my temper, sir. That's one of the things a servant's paid not to do. In a sense it wasn't my fault, but the manager couldn't pass it. If I'd been placed like him I wouldn't have passed it myself."

I bade him tell me the facts, for I was interested in the man.

"It was that foreign gentleman, sir. Mr. Virgil I think was his name. He was to have left this morning. I expect he's gone. He's—hasn't a nice way with servants. I waited upon him as well as ever I could, but—well, I don't think he fancied me, and I really believe he set out to twist my tail. He rang for me seven times in the same half-hour. 'Do this,' he'd say, and stand there and watch me do it; and when I was through, 'Do that.' And at last I turned, 'Do that,' I said, 'and be damned for the cad you look!' I give you my word, I was angry. I believe if he'd answered me back, I'd have knocked him down. But he jumped for the telephone—"

"I don't blame you at all," said I.

"And next time, perhaps, there won't be a telephone."

"Next time?" said Winter, staring at me.

I laughed.

"I was thinking aloud," I said.

"Never mind. Would you like to be my servant? I'm going abroad."

Looking back upon the order of our going, I cannot believe that any enterprise was ever undertaken with so hazy a plan of action or so indistinct a goal. All I knew was that I meant to put up at some village not far from Brief and from there somehow to observe the state of things prevailing within that house. But because I had set no course I was perhaps the more ready to catch at such chances as happened to come my way; and but for these I should have accomplished nothing and so, of course, should have had no tale to tell.

I set out for Innsbruck in June, taking Winter with me and making the journey by road.

To Winter's pride and delight I had purchased a fine Rolls-Royce, and though at first I felt very much ashamed of owning so handsome a car, I was very soon more than thankful for what I had done.

Please turn to Page 32

COLDS AND FLU

HOW TO STOP THEM!



Important Statement by Discoverer of "BIDOMAK"

Colds and influenza are caused by germs and no completely successful treatment for them has been discovered. A perfectly healthy body, however, will not let cold or 'flu' germs take hold. It kills them off by dissolving them in the blood-stream, and throws them out of the system.

COLDS MORE PREVALENT IN WINTER

During winter, however, bodily resistance is lowered for three main reasons.

- (1) There is less sunlight.
- (2) We spend more time indoors.
- (3) And expose ourselves in the course of our daily life to many considerable variations of temperature.

The difference between a warm room and cold outdoors relaxes the membranes of the nose and throat and leaves them more susceptible to attack by bacteria.

NEED FOR A TONIC

It is therefore absolutely necessary to take a good tonic through the late autumn and winter months, so that the resistance to infection is well built up and the system rendered comparatively immune to attack by infection.

NO TONIC SO GOOD AS BIDOMAK

Bidomak is an ideal tonic for such a purpose because it provides all the valuable health-guarding mineral foods in a pleasant, easily assimilable liquid form, and thus it feeds the system with ferrum, calcium, potash, sodium, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose.

REMARKABLE TWIN BENEFITS

Bidomak cleans the body of waste products by increasing the supply of oxygen in the blood-stream. Then it stimulates every cell of nerves, stomach, liver, and kidneys.

It makes it easier to digest your regular food, and to take advantage of the health-giving vitamins which this contains.

You feel WONDERFUL

No other preparation provides so many protective foods in such a pleasant form. No other preparation does you good so quickly, or guards you so well from illness. Bidomak makes you well and keeps you well. Take it yourself and give it to your family regularly all through the winter. You'll all feel better for it.

IF YOU DO CATCH COLD OR 'FLU

If you do happen to catch a cold or 'flu whilst taking Bidomak, the attack will be much milder than usual, and Bidomak will build you up quickly afterwards, and guard against a relapse.

Bidomak is the most wonderful restorative known to science and everyone should take it during convalescence. It's amazing how quickly it brings you back to full health and strength.

RUN DOWN, NERVY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Should take Bidomak regularly. It re-invigorates, charges the whole body with living vital force. It changes depression, irritability, chronic tiredness to bright, happy, bubbling health.

GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY!

YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you do not benefit by taking Bidomak we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty Bidomak bottle to the Douglas Drug Co.

AMAZING CASES!

(Original letters on our files)

GASTRIC 'FLU

Warrick,
20th January, 1936.

The Douglas Drug Co.,
Dear Sirs,—A few months ago I had gastric 'flu, which pulled my weight down and left me suffering from loss of appetite and weakness.

I grew tired of trying other tonics, which had no effect, so taking my friend's advice, and as a last resource, I tried "Bidomak."

I have only taken one bottle and it is hard to realise the difference that one has made in me. I am beginning to put on weight, and to eat the meals set before me. The signs of weakness I had before completely left me, thanks to "Bidomak."

I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful tonic, and I am sure all "Bidomak" users will agree with me.

Miss C. C.

BIDOMAK

"The Tonic of the Century"

All Chemists and Stores, 3/-. New Zealand, 3/6.

GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY

COUNTERFEIT Coin

Continued from Page 31

I TOOK with me the maps I had bought, and two powerful binoculars; and a certain bank in Innsbruck was ready to honor my cheques. And that, I think, was all—except that I carried two pistols in case of accidents. And these lay in the Rolla's tool-box, wrapped in rubbers and hidden beneath the tools.

I crossed the Channel by night, and before the next day was over had come to Basle. There I lay at a well-known house on the banks of the Rhine, and, liking the look of the place, decided to spend a day there before going on.

It was not that I was weary, and if I was to rest by the way I would have preferred to stay in the countryside; but I had set out, not thinking my task would be easy, but proposing to let my embarrassments make themselves felt. And now the first one had done so. And since, so far from being outwitted or even reduced, it was likely to hang as a millstone about my neck, I felt I must have time to reflect before going on.

I could speak no languages at all except my own. I dare say this would not have mattered if I had been but a tourist, with nothing to do but visit famous places and stay at the best hotels. But that was not my mission, and the helplessness I had known ever since I had landed in France had

not only opened my eyes but had shaken me up. I could not even order a meal. As for "pumping" some Austrian peasant—

Though I had said nothing to Winter, the more I considered this drawback the more disconcerted I felt, and I strolled about Basle that pleasant sunshiny morning, cursing my education and wondering whether the German which Austrians spoke was as paralyzing a language as that which the Swiss employed.

In this uneasy mood I presently repaired to the garage in which the Rolls was bestowed, to have a word with Winter—to whom, I may say, the curse of Babel seemed to be matter for mirth—and see that the car was no worse for her full day's run.

As I walked into the place, I saw a nice-looking fellow half-sitting on the wing of a Lowland, with his hat on the back of his head. The owner of the garage stood before him with outstretched hands, as though to declare his regret at being unable to please, but the other looked up to heaven and mournfully shook his head, and then said something or other which made the foreman beside him laugh outright. He was very plainly English and might have been thirty-five. His merry face

was belying his injured air, and, to tell the truth, it did me good to see him, for his gaiety was infectious and his careless, easy manner was that of a man on intimate terms with life, who can always count on his crotch to see him through.

The moment he saw me he smiled and put up a hand. Then he touched the proprietor's arm and pointed to me.

"There you are," he said, using English. "The hour produces the man."

Recognising me, the proprietor bowed and smiled, and I stood still and waited to know what was wanted of me.

The other went straight to the point.

"I desire your ruling," he said. "Will you be so very good as to say what this Lowland is worth? And put it as low as you dare. You see, I'm inclined to buy her, but Mr. Schelling here is asking me rather too much." He turned to Mr. Schelling. "You can't say that isn't fair."

"But how can I say?" said I. "She looks all right, but—"

"Assume she's in perfect order, two years old, and has done twenty thousand miles."

I raised my eyebrows and took a look at the car.

In fact, I was in a position to give the ruling he wished, for I had had a Lowland until I had purchased the Rolls.

The others watched me in silence. At length:



OLD WORLD FROCK OF RUSTLING TAFFETA

THIS mauve-blue taffeta dance dress, with huge "wall-paper" roses of deeper blue and pink, is favored by Rochelle Hudson. The off-the-shoulder décolletage is emphasized with sapphire and silver clips.

"I think she'd be cheap," said I, "at three hundred and fifty pounds."

"I'm much obliged," said Herrick—to give him his name. "Well, Schelling, what about it?"

The garage proprietor sighed.

"What will you?" he said. "I go to make out a cheque."

As he made his way to the office:

"I beg," said Herrick, "that you will lunch with me. If you hadn't appeared when you did, I should now be the poorer by exactly one hundred pounds."

"But I thought—"

"I know. I was selling the car—not Schelling. I asked him three hundred pounds, and he wouldn't go beyond two. He swore she wasn't worth more, and I couldn't wait. Is that your Rolls over there?"

I told him "Yes," and we moved to where Winter was fussing about his beautiful charge. Whilst I was talking to him, Schelling returned with a cheque for three hundred pounds and, when he had pocketed this, Herrick repeated his invitation to lunch.

Ten minutes later we entered a good-looking café where he was plainly known, for the host himself conducted us up some stairs and gave us a table beside an open window, commanding an agreeable prospect of lawns and trees.

"Now, isn't that nice?" said Herrick, regarding the pretty scene. "Sit down with Madame Nature, and your meal, however humble, becomes a repast. Of course you must have fine weather. A picnic in the rain can provoke more downright misery than anything I know. I envy you going to Innsbruck. I had a stomach-ache there in 1912. Eating too many figs, I think. And the country round is superb. Then, again, the people are charming—the peasants, I mean. Always do anything for you. What about some trout to begin with? And while we're worrying that, they can prepare us a duck."

Since I was accustomed to keep no company, the entertainment he offered was like some gift from the gods, and I found myself talking and laughing as I had not done since I left Oxford—three years before. I never enjoyed myself so much in my life, and to-day I can remember that luncheon down to the smallest detail of what was eaten and said.

It was when they had brought the coffee that Herrick spoke of himself.

"I'm really a tout," he said; "at least, I was. Employed by a firm in England to sell their stuff over here. I sometimes think I was meant for better things, but when you come down to concrete, a double-blue at Cambridge is about as much good in the City as the art of elocution would be to a Trappist monk. As it was, my French and German got me the job. And it's not been too bad, you know. Quite a good screw, and out and about all day. And I've not been dismissed, you know. You mustn't think that. The English company's failed. I might have guessed when I didn't get my quarterly cheque. But I'm not too good at money, and when at last I wrote, they said the cashier was ill. And then, two days ago, I found they were bust. Hence the sale of the Lowland. Thanks to you, my dear Exon, I can now discharge all my debts and travel back to England in that degree of comfort which an indolent flesh demands."

"And then?" said I.

Herrick considered his brandy. "I shall take a new job," he said. "Between you and me, it won't be for very long. My uncle, Lord

Naseby, is failing, and I'm his heir. He hates the sight of me—a family quarrel or something—I don't know what. But he can't do me out of the money—he would if he could. But that's by the way. I've always reckoned my sentence would work out at fifteen years. And twelve were up in April, so I've only got three to go. And now tell me about yourself. You've had your cross to bear, or I'll hoist a bucket of brant."

"YOU make me ashamed," said I, and said no more than the truth.

With this, I told him my tale.

When I had made an end:

"I don't blame you at all," he said. "When a man has no hope, one year of hell can easily break his heart. And you had two. I admit that I've had twelve years. But they haven't been years of hell, and what is more to the point, ahead has shone certainty. When Uncle Naseby goes out I shall have the ancestral home and four or five thousand a year. Not a bad Rachel to wait for, my bonny boy. And a damned sight more attractive than I found her at twenty-four."

"I—I congratulate you," I said slowly, "on several things." I got to my feet. "And thank you very much for the last two hours. Will you dine with me to-night? I'm not going to dress."

"I will with pleasure," said Herrick. "Can you make it nine o'clock? I'd like to clear everything up before I come."

"Nine o'clock," said I. "I'll be in the hall."

But long before that I resolved to obey my impulse and made up my mind to offer John Herrick a job.

To be Continued

10,000 jars of Charmosan Cold Cream given away free to advertise the new square jar

Charmosan Cold Cream is now being packed in a new square jar specially made for it. This cream is, as you know, all the rage for cleansing the skin at night and for massage to get rid of wrinkles, crows feet, sagging flesh, etc.

In order to introduce the new jar quickly to the public the Australasian distributors are making this offer. Go to your chemist, draper, or store and buy one jar of Charmosan Cold Cream and one box of Charmosan face powder and get a cash receipt docket for your purchase. Send this docket together with a stamped stamp to Clement Black and Coy., Little Regent St., Sydney, or Clement Black and Company, 535 Collins St., Melbourne, giving your name and address plainly, and a full size jar of Charmosan Cold Cream will be posted to you by return mail.

The offer applies to New Zealand as well as the Commonwealth.

The stamp in the docket is to pay the postage on the free jar.

This offer closes on the 31st July, 1937.

Charmosan face cremes & powder the choice of the stars.

How to keep Young and Beautiful

FREE Beauty Book

By seven London Medical Specialists

Would you like a Harley Street, London, specialist to tell you how to look after your skin? To learn the secrets of a beautiful figure from a famous physical culture expert. Hints from leading physicians on slimming, diet—how to keep youthful in middle age. Then read "Keep Young and Beautiful"—the wonderful sixty-four page book written by seven medical specialists for the proprietors of Eno's "Fruit Salt." Just write your name and address on the coupon below and post to-day.

J. C. Eno Pty. Ltd., 55B William St., Melbourne, C.I. Please send free Beauty Book.

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Address _____ WWS

A beautiful complexion is not a matter of cosmetics, but comes from a proper regard for exercise, fresh air, diet and most important of all—inner cleanliness. It is the special function of Eno's "Fruit Salt" to look after this inner cleanliness, and it has been trusted for generations as the world's best aid to good health and good looks. Eno gently but thoroughly removes poisonous waste from the system. A sparkling glass taken regularly every morning will get rid of many ailments such as depression, sleeplessness, indigestion and poor appetite. Join the happy and healthy band of Eno users—get a bottle and prove its value for yourself!

REGULAR (HANDY) SIZE COSTS ONLY 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

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WOMEN'S VOTE Favors S.P. BETTING!

Wins By Two-Thirds Majority In Women's Weekly Ballot

Two women in every three believe that S.P. betting (illegal betting off the course) now has such a grip on the community that it should be made legal.

This fact emerges from an analysis of the votes cast in the Australian Women's Weekly ballot on S.P. betting. Sixty-eight per cent. of the votes favored S.P.

THE ballot elicited one important point — that women, generally, are not very much concerned actively with S.P. betting, or indulge in it as much as has been publicly thought.

Many stated that they did not bet, and thought it rather a matter that more concerned their menfolk, who should make the decision about the ultimate fate of S.P.

Others in lodging their votes ex-

pressed in any form, but, nevertheless, considered the matter was one for the individual conscience.

If people are allowed to bet on a racecourse, the voters contended they could not see any reason why people should not be allowed to bet elsewhere.

THE great bulk of the votes came from the three States most disturbed by recent discussions, and legislation, threatened or passed, about S.P. betting — Queensland, Victoria and New South Wales.

Fewer votes came from South Australia where the licensing of S.P. bookmakers seems to have solved the

A Solomon Wanted!

ONE reader who did not vote had a word to say for both sides of the S.P. business.

"If I had the wisdom of Solomon I would mark the S.P. ballot paper; as I have not, I shall refrain from doing so," she wrote.

"My work takes me from door to door in the poorest districts, where the homes are drab and miserable. There you find the women on race days radiantly happy, marking their sporting papers and having their small bets; in many cases it is the only joy they have in their lives.

"There is another side to S.P. betting. I often see children who should be at school running with bets. They know every horse in the race, and all their form. It is very sad; still, I cannot be a joy-killer. And again, I wonder what is to become of this growing generation.

"Beth Sawtell, 9 Francis St., Sydney."

the activities of other individuals in this matter.

Women's views on betting have always been publicly accepted as opposed to it.

The result of the ballot does not dispute that fact, but it shows that women believe that this trait of human nature, the desire to bet, cannot be settled by merely passing a law that says "You must not bet."

Their vote offers something for Governments to ponder over.

IF YOUR HAIR IS TINGED WITH GREY

Use this natural tint



Medium, dark or fair... no matter what your colouring, it can be matched exactly with Imédia... the undetectable hair tint. Youthful shades are immediately restored... without loss of fineness, suppleness or sheen. Hair treated with

Imédia can be permanently waved just as before. It's made in 30 shades, ranging down to the most delicate ash blonde. Good hair-dressers everywhere can apply Imédia... also sold in boxes for home use containing one complete application. 5/6; three, 15/-.

IMÉDIA
If obtainable locally, apply to Craig and Allen, Ltd., 54 George St., Sydney. Phone MUGL.



THESE THREE SETS OF TWINS are pupils at a New York school which is attended by twenty-two sets of twins for the purpose of scientific research. The pupils are tested, measured, and investigated in order to determine how much alike twins actually are. What a time the teachers must have determining which is which.

FOR MAYHEW Photos.

pressed disapproval of betting generally, but most agreed that it is now such a part of our national life as to be impossible to eradicate and the sensible plan would be to license it and control it in all spheres.

Among the evils which readers thought licensed S.P. would end are:

The general contempt for a law which at present protects betting inside the racecourse fence, but bans it outside.

The possible corruption of public officers.

The spectacle of police raids and arrest of people for an offence which the community generally does not regard as very serious.

Careful analysis of the votes and comments in the ballot indicates that women have a very clear idea of the moral issues involved in this important public question, and very decided views on how it should be dealt with.

Two-thirds of the women who voted were of opinion that S.P. betting should be made legal everywhere, as it already is in Adelaide.

Many of them stated that personally they were opposed to betting

question to the satisfaction of the public mind.

The voting in each State gave a majority in favor of S.P. betting, even in Queensland, where the Government recently adopted drastic methods of attempting to suppress the practice.

The ballot indicates that women, generally, oppose the plans of some Governments to suppress S.P. betting. They consider such legislation imperfect and impracticable.

Individual Freedom

THE Yes vote on both questions was a firm and definite majority.

On the second question, which was a clear-cut issue for or against making S.P. betting legal, 68 per cent. of the votes were in favor of legalising it. Similarly, 58 per cent. voted Yes on the first question, agreeing that S.P. was not considered a serious offence in the community.

The difference of ten per cent. is accounted for by the fact that many who voted Yes on the second question voted No on the first, indicating that although they thought the community as a whole might not favor S.P. betting, they themselves, as individuals, were not prepared to restrict



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BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

Bring Back, Bring Back My Baby Maxie To Me

By BETTY GEE

Those old stewards have snatched the bread out of my mouth. They've suspended Baby Papworth, my pet jockey, for one month for careless riding. As if he could be guilty of such a thing, the darling.

It's a pity they can't devise some other form of less drastic punishment when a jockey does a trifling wrong, or makes an error of judgment, especially one so tender in years.

Why not 100 lines and kept in after the jockeys' school, or made to polish all the harness in all the Rosehill stables for a week?

But DO let him go on riding. It's his living, and mine, too, and perhaps the stewards have impoverished thousands of other punters for the next 31 days by their harsh treatment.

With me it's a case of bring back my baby Maxie to me.

That's one of the funny things about the laws of racing.

If a leading jockey makes some little slip he's put out for a time. Thus you see the absurd spectacle of one

of the leading actors, a public draw, put off the course, and not allowed to perform.

Does it keep people away?

Wouldn't it keep you away from the pictures if Ron Colman, Joan Crawford, and Gable were disqualified or suspended?

Well, all this happened at Moorefield Saturday, and it was such a delightfully sunny day I dug out some spring things for the day and unfortunately it made me too late to have a bet on the Hurdle, and Grecian Art won it.

I arrived just in time to hear people grumbling about his inconsistent form. Don't they

THANKS TO BETTY GEE

DEAR Betty Gee,
I wish to thank you for selecting a winner for me at each Saturday's main Sydney meeting. I'm by no means a racing woman, but just chance 1/- or 2/- on your favorite choice. By this means I am able to secure a few clothes for myself without affecting the housekeeping money, which is only very small.

When Theodos won, I had only 1/- to spare, and out of it I got 11/-, with which I purchased a good quality skirt-length on the Monday. Then Monogram for 2/- secured me 7/-, and so on.

—Mrs. F. Kiama.

know that's the chief product of hurdle-racers, the poor dears!

Hurdling race is the most inconsistent thing in that most inconsistent game, racing, yet you see people almost breaking a leg to get to the course in time to back a "certainty" which more often than not, finishes down the running. But then, faith is a wonderful thing, isn't it?

As soon as I saw Maxie's name on his father's horse, Gold Spark, in the Kokarah Stakes, I fluttered round looking for the best odds, but nothing better than 7 to 3 came up. The



TEDDY BARTLE looked so nippy and wide-awake that I backed his mount, Aureus—and it won.

books are getting as mean as the banks these days.

I had £7 to £3, and even that beat the market. She started at 5 to 3, and easily won it.

It was because he crossed the field in winning this race that Baby Papworth got his month's holiday.

When I heard they'd suspended poor little Maxie, I strolled round to the "front" to see who'd be his substitute, and Ted Bartle looked so nippy and wide-awake, I said to myself, "You'll do me, Ted."

Just then he looked up and I could have sworn he lifted the left-hand corner of his near-eye just that infinitesimal margin which is the Esperanto on racecourses all over the world for "Be on my mount. It'll win."

So round I raced to the ring, skirts flying, to get on Aureus, and had £4 to £1.

and change for a cocktail party, but principally to leave my bag at home. I don't like taking a lot of money to cocktail parties, do you?

You never know how over-potent some people mix 'em.

Pleasant Reflections

On the way home I couldn't help cogitating on how lucky some people are. It's a long, long time since Gymkhana won a race, but the punters are always willing to try anything once again, although they have burnt their fingers pretty badly over Gymkhana before today. But they survived long enough to see him turn up again, and that's all that matters.

The horses he beat weren't of much consequence, but he won it well enough, which looks all right for another occasion. King Otho, I am told, will also keep for another day. How nice are these reflections, when a girl's going home with the cash in the bag. Yes, a great day, winery sunshine, and a winner or so, and the early Spring sales just around the corner.

We become Canterbury pilgrims next Saturday, and I'm all het up with anticipation. The head-waiter's ping pong par excellence Rembrandt was scratched from last Saturday's race, but he says it's come through for next Saturday instead, and thank goodness I've got the bank for it. Canterbury is a track that should suit this horse right down to the ground, and you must admit my tipsters have been doing a spot of honest work this last week or two.

Our butcher's boy says he's had the whisper to be on Kirrang next start, especially if it's in the Canterbury Novice, or whatever she starts in, because she's jumping out of her skin.

Heroína for the Park Stakes is a tip that comes right from Danny Lewis's stable, so you needn't be frightened of it.

As Good As His Wink

Well, Ted was as good as his wink. Aureus just strolled in, and why I didn't put more on a tip like that is what puzzles me.

But if that little eye-lift meant such an easy win as Aureus's what'll I stack on when he gives me a WHOLE wink? It'll have to be a Bank of England transaction.

Good boy, Teddie. I've picked a worthy substitute for Maxie.

When you come to think of it, Bartle is a model of consistency over the years. Not one of your flash-in-the-pan jockeys, but a regular who greets the judge as consistently as the land-lord rings the bell with his little receipt book on Monday morning.

I just had time to collect my £2/10/ to £1 on Gymkhana for the last race on a tip from his trainer, Jimmy Abbs, and catch an early taxi back to town

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the name
that is a guarantee
of the highest
quality



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PARFUM
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PARFUM
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Made exclusively in Paris

Mr. HORACE LINDRUM
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HEENZO
SAVE MONEY

BY MAKING YOUR
OWN FAMILY REMEDY FOR

COUGHS
COLDS & INFLUENZA
COSTS 2/- SAVES £'s

Order from your chemist or store a two-shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO. Add the Heenzo to sweetened water according to the easy directions on the bottle, and you will have a supply equal to eight ordinary sized bottles of the usual ready-mixed cough remedies that would cost up to £1. Heenzo does NOT contain any poisons or harmful drugs. Therefore it can be given with perfect safety to the youngest baby. You will be delighted with the speedy way Heenzo soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes coughs, colds, croup, influenza, bronchitis, and whooping cough.

All Leading Chemists and Stores sell

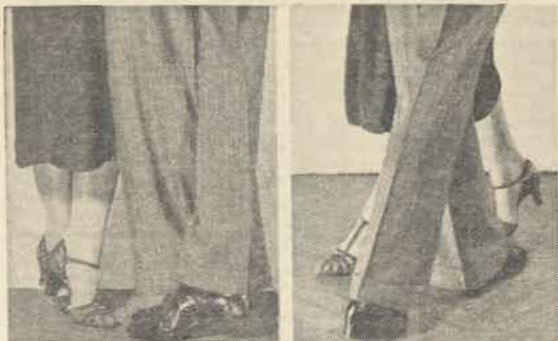
HEENZO
the money saving family cough remedy.

DANCES With A DIFFERENCE

Season's Changes Are Subtle, With Variety of Speed

The only thing completely new about this season's dances is the "Truckin," and even that recalls the Charleston a little.

The others are old friends—with a difference. The alterations are all so subtle that they are sometimes more difficult to learn than an entirely new dance.



PART of the variation in the quick-step, which still remains the most popular dance in London. This is the "Hesitation Scoop," where both partners cross their feet.

THIS PART of a new variation in the quick-step is called "Stop-Caution-Go." At this point the man steps on the left side of his partner.

THE new tango is sharper than the old friend. The steps are the same, with a few variations, such as crossing the feet, but the way they are done is different.

The staccato yet soft effect is gained by keeping the body steady and moving the feet sharply. Do not slide, but pick up the feet slightly.

The New Viennese waltz is similar to the old one, but with less turning and more hesitations. It must be kept smooth and easy.

The ordinary waltz is just the same, but with bigger steps danced to a slower tempo. With the quick-step this is the most popular dance in London.

Then there is the slow fox-trot, loveliest but most difficult of dances because it requires long, continuous, gliding steps.

And there is also the new rhythm dancing, designed specially for London's crowded Coronation season ballrooms. The steps are not so important as the movements of the body, as in all crush dancing.

The novelty of the season is the truckin, the dance where you let yourself go. Based on the lazy, loose-kneed, ambling walk of the tired negro push-



SHOWING the third step of the reverse turn in the New Viennese Waltz. The man crosses his feet on the third, and the lady closes.

SHOWING the "Truckin' Walk," which is done in promenade position. The feet are pushed along the floor and twisted out. The knees are relaxed.

GALLSTONES

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF NATUROPATHIC SCIENTIST DOES AWAY WITH OPERATION

Yes, gallstones can now be safely and painlessly removed, in less than twenty-four hours by a guaranteed harmless treatment recently discovered by a well-known Naturopathic Scientist. This treatment which has proved its wonderful efficacy in some hundreds of cases already is of purely Bile Acid origin; no harmful drugs whatever are used to achieve success. At last, the expense, pain, discomfort and dangers of surgical operation for gallstones can now be avoided.

SUCCESS GUARANTEED.

With this new herbal gallstone treatment, success is guaranteed. Fees are moderate. Advice is free!

If necessary the whole treatment can be sent by mail, making personal consultation unnecessary.

Don't delay a single day longer. Call or write sending 2d. stamped addressed envelope for reply, or phone (MA1808) today.

J. Lathbury, F.F.S., M.D. (Lond.); Fellow of the Faculty of Sciences (Lond.); Member of British Association of Naturopaths (Lond.); Diplôme British Naturopathic College (Lond.); Certified Member of Health Practitioners' Association (Lond.); Suite 8 and 10, Ground Floor, Manchester Unity Building, 125 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

the Sydney County Council offers

AUTOMATIC

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HOT WATER

NO DEPOSIT · 5 YEARS TO PAY!

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, a ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Olex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixture is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense."

By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from heavy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, greasy or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance.



Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonard's Vaseline is guaranteed to banish any form of Pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaseline is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

TO BOYS & GIRLS GIVEN

WRIST WATCHES

Cameras, Ma Ma Dolls, Poupets, Pops, many other valuable prizes for selling small parcels of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and list catalogue of presents. Send no money now, only name and address. Write today!

JOHN B. MURRAY, 661V, George St., Sydney

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Wear inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

NEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 Hale Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.



CALL AT THE QUEEN VICTORIA BUILDINGS for full information

A full and continuous supply of steaming hot water at your sink—always ready at the turn of a tap—think what a boon it would be! The Sydney County Council will supply to its customers an Automatic Electric Hot Water Heater of 1½ gallons capacity, on terms of NO DEPOSIT and 5 YEARS TO PAY. The cost of this modern household boon, completely wired and installed, is as little as 4/3 per month!

Call at The Sydney County Council Showrooms, Queen Victoria Building, George Street; inspect this Electric Hot Water System in actual operation. An enquiry places you under no obligation whatever.

Electric

HOT WATER

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL — ELECTRICITY UNDERTAKING — QUEEN VICTORIA BUILDING

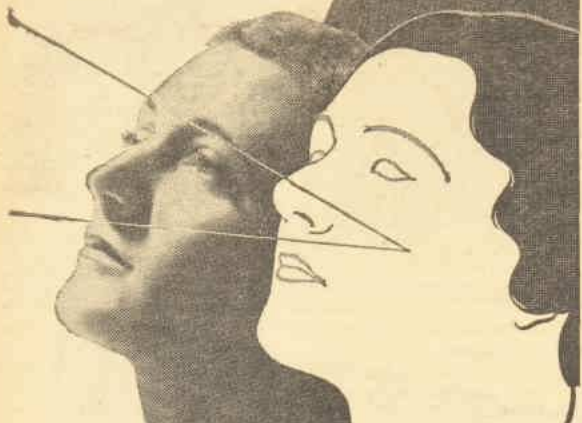


ASK FOR *Joseph* **AUTO-HOT**

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The only hot water service controlled so as to ensure nothing but HOT water

SKIN SPECIALIST warns against
HEAVY FACE POWDERS



Face Powder must be *superfine*
to allow Air and Sunlight to
nourish growing *Second Skin*

NEW SKIN EVERY SIX WEEKS

Beneath the skin you see in the mirror grows the important Second Skin which in six weeks time will replace the one you now see.

AIR AND SUNLIGHT NECESSARY TO GROWING SECOND SKIN

Like all growing things the tender, Second Skin is dependent on air and sunlight. Air—to give it clear, glowing health. Sunlight—for smoothness... lovely colouring.

GUARD AGAINST HEAVY FACE POWDERS

Heavy face powders keep vital air and sunlight from the growing Second Skin... starve it... so that later it comes through sallow and unlovely.

**CALIFORNIAN POPPY FACE POWDER ALLOWS
AIR AND SUNLIGHT TO REACH SECOND SKIN**

Because Californian Poppy Face Powder is gossamer-fine it has this outstanding quality—it allows the vital forces of air and sunlight to reach your growing Second Skin... assures it radiant health.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY

Brings Glowing Beauty

Guard your future loveliness
with Californian Poppy Face
Powder. So divinely soft...
clings lightly to your skin for
hours with the lovely bloom of
natural beauty.

Face Powder

IN 4 SHADES. Large Size 1/4
At all Chemists and Stores



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**TITO
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The
Greatest of
all Lyric
Tenors

will
broadcast
in person
on

**SUNDAY,
JULY 18,**

8 p.m.

assisted
by

MISCHA DOBRINSKI'S ORCHESTRA

2GB

(By arrangement with J. & N. Tall)

MARCUS SHOW GIRLS Have Own DETECTIVE

Hear Radio Talk About Them
in Women's Weekly Session

Persistent stage-door Johnnies are no bother at all to the beautiful Marcus girls who will shortly appear in Sydney with the spectacular Marcus Show.

The girls are well looked after both on stage and off. In fact, the company carries a burly detective on its pay roll.

HIS job is to keep a watchful eye on the effects as well as the personal belongings of the troupe. But he also has another office which is perhaps more pleasing and certainly often amusing. It is to see that the attractive lasses are not unduly annoyed by unwanted admirers!

Mrs. Margaret McAtee, private secretary to Mr. Marcus himself, who will be interviewed at Station 2GB by Dorothea Vautier on Thursday, July 15, says that the "G" man, as the girls call him, is very popular with them all.

To would-be suitors he may seem somewhat austere, but to the girls he also is affectionately referred to as "Pop." He has travelled hundreds of miles with the company, and has saved the management thousands of pounds

dined, and generally are royally entertained when they arrive in a new city.

This, of course, is all very well, but oh! how the demon flesh raises his ugly head with this kind treatment! So down to the hard task of slimming to keep those mounting pounds at bay.

Breakfast is usually the best time. Fruit and a cup of coffee suffice. Luncheon consists of a green leafy salad, Melba toast, and more "cawfee." And is the troupe pleased that Sydney has "gone American" in their tastes in coffee! Dinner—well, you and I just wouldn't call it dinner. Lean lamb chops, a morsel of spinach, fruit and—you've guessed right—coffee!

After the performance at night the girls feel that they really can afford to pick at a little something. So they

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Conducted by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, July 14: 11.45 a.m.: London Calling; 3.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, July 15: 11.45 a.m.: Interview with Mrs. McAtee of the Marcus Show.

FRIDAY, July 16: 11.45 a.m.: So they Say; 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, July 17: 6.15 p.m.: The Music Box; 9.30 p.m.: Famous Artists of Today.

SUNDAY, July 18: 4.30 p.m.: The Old Gardener; 6.10 p.m.: Sidewalks of London.

MONDAY, July 19: 11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight; 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, July 20: 11.45 a.m.: Overseas News; 2.45 p.m.: Swing Time.

all relax, eat well, and so to bed to catch up with their beauty sleep.

Other interesting facts concerning the Marcus Show girls will be told by Mrs. McAtee in her radio talk in The Women's Weekly session from 2GB on Thursday, this week, at 11.45 a.m.

IS YOUR "CLEANING" CAUSING "SCRATCHITIS"?

NO "SCRATCHITIS" FOR
US. WE'RE PROTECTED
BY MONKEY BRAND'S
Smooth Cleaning!



If you are using harsh scourers, your cleaning is defeating its own purpose. Why? Because instead of keeping the surface attractive and hygienic, harsh scourers have the opposite effect. They scratch... make thousands of furrows all over the surface till it's a bad case of "scratchitis." Things go from bad to worse—the baths and sinks getting more scratched, more grimy, more unhygienic after every scouring.

**How MONKEY BRAND
keeps surfaces like new**

"My Cleaner
is so simple
to use!"

says Prof
MONKEY
BRAND

Just rub some on a cloth and wipe over the surface. The dirt vanishes away—that's the concentrated power at work.



There's no need to damage a surface every time you clean it. Monkey Brand cleans safely because its fine materials clean smoothly—without scratching. Monkey Brand cleans more efficiently, too, because it is concentrated—every particle has extra cleansing power. Keep your baths, basins, saucepans as glossy as new for ages with this up-to-date, smooth cleanser—Monkey Brand.

"THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE"
Dear Prof. Monkey Brand,
How I shuddered when my mistress started "cleaning" me with a scratchy, harsh scourer—I knew that meant "scratchitis" and on that meant "early grave." But, thank Goodness, she read about your cleaner and she read about your cleaner and she read about your cleaner. You've saved my beauty and, indeed, my life.
Thank you.
Basil Basin.



Whether the surface is...
PORCELAIN, ENAMEL, ALUMINIUM, PAINTWORK,
WOODWORK. Make it sparkle, make it last,
make it really clean with Monkey Brand's
smooth, concentrated cleaning.

MONKEY BRAND

CLEANS SMOOTHLY... PRESERVES THE SURFACE

YOUR FUTURE!

★ What... Are my 1937 Prospects?
★ What... Lottery shall I be lucky in?
★ What is my lucky number and day?
★ Send P.N. 2/6 full birthdate, stamped
addressed envelope for Reading by
★ "NARGEE" World famous
★ Astrologer and
★ Numerologist.
★ Dept. W., Box 4018VV, G.P.O., Sydney.

2.158.35

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Have You Heard—

That Margaret Vyner, like film star Marlene Dietrich, has taken to slacks, pullover, and smartly checked coat for travelling purposes?

Extremes

EXTREMES of temperature have charm for the H. W. Hardy family, of Samarai, Papua. They are here on leave and have taken to ice-skating with such enthusiasm that they hope to be included among those present in the waltzing enclosure of the Glaciarium any day now.

Ivy and Bub Laing, sisters of Mrs. Hardy, and all blessed with auburn locks, are also keen skaters. When Mr. Hardy returns to the tropics he will have the stern-sounding title of Registrar of the Central Court of Port Moresby.

Vague Publicity

AUSTRALIAN publicity in Hollywood must certainly be vague as to weather conditions. I have just met Mrs. Lloyd Hughes shivering in our westerly breeze, and she said she had left her fur coat at home because she was told that she would never need it in sunny Sydney.

With her film-star husband, Mrs. Hughes went off to the Blue Mountains in search of snow last week, and was very intrigued with the scenery round about Lapstone.

Lady Allen Taylor, who was presented at Court on July 1, likes Scotland so much she has made several trips there. She will visit Denmark in July and tour Devonshire before sailing for home, via Canada and America, in September.

Axe and Spade

THOSE of you up country who waved a friendly greeting to the F. L. Parkers and son George as they passed your way on their caravan tour will be glad to have news of them. They are back in Adelaide after their wide wandering over this State and Victoria.

George was glad of his University engineering course, as he and father had to man the axe and spade and, on one occasion, build a bridge over a swollen creek before they could get on with their travels.

Lord Huntingfield, Governor of Victoria, is wise. He has delayed his return to the fogs of Melbourne and rains of Sydney just a bit longer by disembarking from the Nieuw Zeeland in Brisbane, and making for the Barrier Reef.

Friends Rally Round

JOAN INGLIS is having a jolly time abroad. She was born in England, you remember, and spent her early school days there. Old friends of the family have rallied round in strong formation and seen to it that Joan is constantly entertained.

She has just returned from a month's motor tour of Scotland and has already explored Wales, Devonshire and Ireland very thoroughly. Next month she is off to the Continent, and Germany will be her headquarters.

No word yet of her return to Sydney, but her mother, Mrs. Gordon Inglis, thinks that Christmas Day will see her at the family's festive board once more.

Engagement Announced

"FOR They Are Jolly Good Fellows" was sung with great heartiness by a thousand voices when Kathleen Crothers and Andrew Ball announced their engagement at the Bank of New South Wales ball at the Trocadero on Thursday night.

Kath wore a sparkling solitaire on her engagement finger, and her frock was white sheer, with an enveloping cloak of white velvet collared with brown fur to wear in between dances.

Christened Anthony

I WONDER did the many Australians present at the christening of young Anthony Edward Hodson, in London, bring an atmosphere of gum leaves, and the breezes that blow over the Blue Mountains with them. Anthony's mother, you know, was Margaret Honey, of Sydney.

The large christening cake, resplendent with blue birds and pink flowers, which was the piece de resistance at the cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Hodson, was the gift of Mrs. Byron Beans, the baby's Australian grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Watt, Miss Isabel Crowdy, Sir Frederick and Lady White and Vivien Rothschild were among those present.

On their honeymoon are Mr. and Mrs. Moyes W. Stephens, Hollywood residents, who were entertained at Romano's on Thursday night by Dr. and Mrs. Rex Money.



War Time Hero

MANY Diggers will be interested to hear that their war-time hero, Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, is due in Australia this month.

Lady Birdwood is travelling with him, and the object of the visit is to stay with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Craig, at Boraming, West Australia.

Sir William has taken to peacetime occupations with a vengeance and is housemaster at Peterhouse, Cambridge. Young Colin Craig who, I am told, very much resembles his famous grandfather in appearance, is almost reaching University age himself.

Must Have Quiet

I WONDER whether Georg Schneevogt, visiting Finnish conductor, has the same passion for peace and quiet in between rehearsals as his friend, Bronislaw Huberman. I have just heard that Huberman found that the bathroom in his hotel suite was the quietest spot he could find in Brisbane, so had his bed squeezed in between the plumbings and slept there.

Scattered Family

WHEN Dr. Ben Walkey finishes a postgraduate course in London, at present occupying every minute of his time, he is off post-haste to the Northern Territory, where he will become attached to his father's medical mission. Mr. Walkey was a professor at the London University and gave up his chair to come to Australia with his family to do missionary work for our aborigines.

His father-in-law, Mr. A. E. Potts, of Vaucluse, is quite used to members of his family wandering off in strange parts of the world on missionary work. His daughter, Doris Potts, has been doing medical missionary work in Chile for the past twenty years.

With their three attractive daughters, Nadine, Jeanette, and Patricia, who have been finishing their education abroad, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Hollingdale will return to Sydney in September, after a long absence.

Pioneering Families

AN interesting engagement I have just heard about from the north is that of Binnie Marlay, only daughter of Mr. W. F. Marlay and the late Mrs. Marlay, of Toowoomba, and Mervyn Crombie, of Katandra Station, Hughenden. Binnie, who is extremely popular in the north, is a niece of Carlotta Doyle, the enthusiastic president of the Women's Pioneer Club of New South Wales. The Crombie family also belong to the old pioneering days and their station home was Elphin, Toowoomba.

Staying with Colonel and Mrs. de Merrick, at Miavaria, Casula, is Mrs. de Merrick's sister, Mrs. Edward Wansey. On her way home to Dubbo the visitor will make a short stay at the Hotel Metropole with her mother, Mrs. C. L. Gordon.

Cheery Old Boy

IT really does not seem a minute since Bill Scott Fell was coping with algebra and such like at Cranbrook, and now I find him taking an active part in the organisation of the Old Cranbrookians' dance, which was held at the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Club on Friday. I rather missed the old-world atmosphere, which always makes me feel slightly Oxford and Cambridge when they have the dance in the school hall, but more space was needed this year.

Among the many pretty wearers of dance frocks at the party were Jocelyn Josephson, who danced in diaphanous white with stars embossed on her wide skirt and a hair ornament of a diamond orchid. The Bowman sisters, Roslyn and Allison, chose taffeta frocks, and Joan Peacock wore tomato-colored satin and fuchsia accessories.

Have You Noticed—

The hat ornament of hand-beaten gold worn by Mrs. Aerial Bension, a visitor from Canada? It was made by the Yeminite craftsmen, and is a replica of similar work executed 200 B.C.



A CHARMING STUDY of Miss Janet Nelson, of Toowoomba, who recently paid us a visit with her mother. Miss Nelson intends coming to Sydney again in September and will make the Hotel Australia her headquarters.

SMASH YOUR COLD BEFORE IT SMASHES

YOU

BE on your guard against the common Cold. Watch for the first symptoms which generally are running at the nose and eyes, sore throat and a hot feverish feeling. Smash your cold with 'ASPRO' before it develops into Influenza or a more serious chest complaint.

Never disregard the warning a simple Cold gives, but at first symptoms take 'ASPRO' as directed in the packet. Thousands of people prove every year that 'ASPRO' smashes up a Cold in one night. They know from experience that the 'ASPRO' method of dispelling a Cold is quick and safe. It gives speedy relief with safety and does not harm the heart or leave injurious after effects.

'ASPRO'

Will Do It SAFELY To-NIGHT

FACTS

'ASPRO' used with Hot Lemonade Broke Up Severe Cold

Chesterfield Parade,
Waverley, N.S.W.
28/2/36.

Dear Sirs,
My son had a severe cold coming on, but on taking a couple of 'ASPRO' in hot lemonade the Cold was completely broken up, and no sign of it in two days' time. I think hot lemonade is better than lemon juice to take with 'ASPRO' for a Cold. It seems to act quicker and gives greater relief.

I am, yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. A. SCOTT.

'ASPRO' Never Failed to Break Up a Cold

C/o Post Office,
Dartmoor, Vic.
22nd June, 1935.

Dear Sirs,
Living in the country and having to work in all weathers, I am often subject to Colds. I find on taking two 'ASPRO' Tablets with a hot lemon drink at bedtime, they have never yet failed to break up my cold. It is best to take 'ASPRO' as soon as you feel a Cold coming on.

Yours truly,
(Signed) N. K. WILLIAMS

PROOF

Victim of 'Flu Epidemic — "ASPRO' Had Me Back at Work in Three Days"

140 Park Road Section,
Ipswich Road,
Stn. Brisbane, Q'ld.
12/3/36.

Dear Sirs,
During an Influenza Epidemic I was taken home with a severe attack. I immediately started dosing myself with 'ASPRO' according to directions and was able to go back to work within three days. For Colds and 'Flu' I consider 'ASPRO' invaluable. We always have a supply in the house available for immediate use.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) E. L. MILLER.

EVIDENCE

'ASPRO' Eases Smothering Feelings of Asthma

27 Semaphore Road,
Semaphore, S.A.
29/8/35.

Dear Sirs,
I would like to let you know the benefit I and my family have derived by taking 'ASPRO' for the relief of Asthma and Bronchial trouble. For some years I was living in Broken Hill, and owing to climatic conditions the attacks were very prevalent, bringing about a smothering and choking feeling, and the only relief obtained was from taking 'ASPRO' which I allowed to dissolve slowly in the mouth. 'ASPRO' is always used in our home for all kinds of sickness, with I am pleased to say, very reliable results.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) M. FOX.

You Can Safely Use 'ASPRO' for:

TEMPERATURE
RHEUMATISM
SLEEPLESSNESS
FEVERISHNESS
IRRITABILITY
SORE THROAT
TOOTHACHE

NEURALGIA
INFLUENZA
HAY FEVER
MALARIA
COLDS
HEADACHE

LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
GOUT
ASTHMA
DENGUE
NEURITIS
EARACHE

ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS.

'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED.

178/27

Nicholas Pty Ltd

THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 6

WRITTEN out on a plain piece of paper—no, not written, printed and enclosed in a plain envelope—that would hardly need explaining. Maybe just a line: "This may interest you." Sign it "A True Friend," or just "A Friend"—or better not sign it at all. Mail it in the village same time as getting Raymond's movie magazines. The postmark couldn't be helped; and, anyhow, Judy had a feeling that the recipient would be too grateful for such information to betray, even if she guessed, the source.

While Judy was in the bathroom, Mimi, having come back upstairs, re-read Alan's letter and destroyed it—just to be on the safe side.

On Tuesday, at five, Mimi rang the bell to Tommy Gaunt's apartment. She had said to the doorman, as she had been told to do, that she was expected; and the doorman, touching his cap, had let her go up without further formality.

The apartment had been quiet but not empty. "Five to the dot," said Alan, helping her out of her coat. "Who says women aren't punctual?"

"They don't keep you waiting, anyhow. That what you mean?" said Mimi. Her face was hot and her hands were cold. All the way in she had been thinking over and over, like a whip-poor-will crying its monotonous sweet song in the dusk: "We would have been regular if we could—we would if we could, but she wouldn't let us." She had heard it in the wheels of the train, in the horn of her taxi, caught in a traffic jam and moaning to be free.

Alan said Tommy was in Florida. "Alan—what a break!" "Yes. Isn't it?" said Alan. He left it at that. "Make yourself at home," he said, gesturing towards the big couch on which Tommy one night had slept off his tightness while they had sat on the edge of it. He made no move to kiss her.

She thought, "He's wonderful. He doesn't want to crowd me. He wants me to be sure." She was so sure that she leaned over and put her lips to the shoulder of his coat. "Alan—you must have been awfully impatient with me sometimes."

"For what?" said Alan. "For making you wait like this—for holding out on you so long. But, darling, I had to give her a chance first."

"Elizabeth, you mean?"

"Of course."

"What do you mean, 'a chance'?"

"She hasn't told you?" said Mimi.

How like Elizabeth—to tell him nothing, let him worry. Proudly Mimi laid her own cards on the table. "You know the day you came in just as I was leaving?"

"Yes, Elizabeth said you were upset about your mother—thought she might be getting ready to marry that English lad."

Mimi stared and laughed. "Elizabeth brought that up herself," she said. "I hadn't even mentioned it. I went to your apartment that afternoon to talk to Elizabeth about you and me and a divorce. She wouldn't hear of it."

FOR a moment Alan frowned, unbelieving, then he said slowly, "You might have let me in on your good intentions, don't you think?"

"You would never have done it yourself," said Mimi. "You're too soft-hearted and too kind—to people who don't rate it." She got up and walked over to the fireplace, where a wood fire was laid but unlit. She wished Alan would put his arms around her and kiss her and stop talking. "Darling," all at once she heard herself saying.

Alan did get up then and came over to her and took her in his arms. He did kiss her, but when he let her go his eyes were not as warm as his lips.

"Women can never leave well enough alone," he said bitterly. "It wasn't well enough," said Mimi, stubborn in spite of the weakness his touch evoked in her.

"It certainly isn't well enough now," said Alan. "Let me tell you that. She watches me like a hawk."

"Is that my doing?" said Mimi. "She never trusted anybody yet."

"That, sweetheart, is nevertheless your doing," said Alan. When he said "sweetheart" his voice shook between passion and anger. "You crazy little devil," he said; "don't you know any better than to try to force her hand? Do you want to ruin both of us?" He caught her up close to him; she could feel his heart hammering inside his chest. "Just a troublemaker—that's what

you are!" he said huskily against her mouth.

Mimi said when she could speak, "I love you." He did not answer that. She scarcely realised he did not answer. She was so sure, here in his arms, feeling the drumbeat of his heart.

"Look here, darling," he said while she clung to him fiercely as he to her.

"What?" whispered Mimi, breathless.

"I've got to use my head from now on."

"Whatever you say, Alan."

He uttered a sound between a groan and a laugh. "Then listen, Mimi."

She was going to listen, tensely eager to listen, when the doorbell rang. Alan released her in instant reflex to the sound. Stood listening himself. The only move he made was to lift a hand for silence. Presently the bell rang again.

"Haven't you better answer it?" murmured Mimi.

He muttered back, "Wait!"

The bell rang again with a kind of menacing patience.

Mimi thought, "We're always waiting like this, behind a door, with the whole world on the other side trying to get in, frightening the soul out of us. I hate it—I hate it!" Her thought mastered her.

SONG CLASSICS

"Elegie"

Massenet. 1842—1912.

O DAYS of spring long ago!
Seasons of youth, ye have departed for aye!

No more I see skies of blue,
I hear no more songs of the gay feather's chair;
Now thou art gone, O my love!

No joy for me hast thou left behind.

'Tis all in vain that the spring-tide returns!

Not bringing thee in their train,
Dark is the sun.

Dead are the days of delight!
Cold is my heart in the gloom of the grave!

Joy nevermore shall be mine!

Jules Emile Frederic Massenet, 1842 — 1912. Distinguished French composer, trained at the Paris Conservatory, and later became Professor there from 1878 until 1896.

His facile and melodious style was early acquired and remained without much development through his long career.

She said clearly aloud: "Open it, why don't you—why not?"

Alan looked at her in annoyed surprise. After a moment he shrugged, giving in. "Well, if you don't mind," he said with a touch of bravado. Then he went over and opened the door just as the bell began to ring for the fourth time.

Mimi had thought it might be a tradesman, but it was Elizabeth, very fresh and rosy in a pink coat with gardenias at the collar.

"Hello," she said. "May I come in?" Of course she was already in when she said it. She walked across the room and stood beside the fireplace where Mimi was still standing.

"That bell rings, doesn't it?" she said, running gentle, innocent eyes over Mimi's rumpled hair. "I thought I heard it."

"Yes, you heard it," said Mimi.

"Were you busy?" said Elizabeth.

"Trying to get ice for a drink," said Alan quickly. "The ice pans were all frozen tight." Mimi wished he hadn't lied about it, but she thought that, living with Elizabeth, he had probably discovered lying to be essential to a peaceful existence.

"I'm so glad I found you," said Elizabeth. "Both of you, I mean." She glanced swiftly around the room.

"How did you know we were here?" asked Mimi.

Elizabeth answered mildly, "I just told the doorman I was expected and he let me come right on up." She waited on that to see Alan's eyes meet Mimi's—as, irresistibly, they did. Satisfied, Elizabeth murmured, "Can't we sit down?" and dropped into a big chair, slipping her rich coat from her shoulders as she did so.

Alan laughed nervously. "Got a way with doormen, have you?"

Please turn to Page 53

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

July 17, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

39

DESIGNED for By . . . Our Home DECORATOR Restful SLUMBER

New Ideas in Bedroom Furnishings—Modern, Conventional and Period—and Some New Styles in Bed Coverings

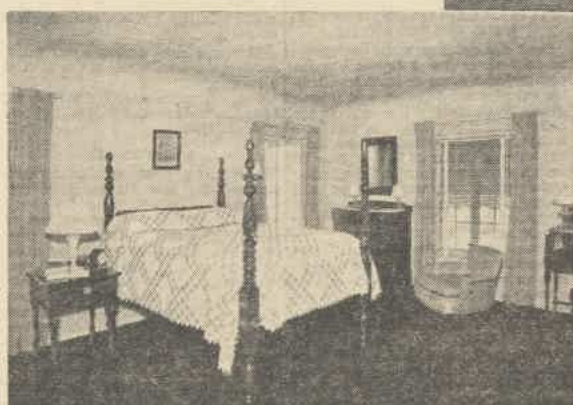
HERE are three bedrooms, each decorated in an entirely different manner, yet all distinctive and charming. Each room, too, is designed to provide the utmost comfort, yet suit the personality of the occupier. Which do you prefer?

THE room in which you sleep is, more than any other, the one room in the house in which your own particular ideas for a decorative scheme that is charming and individual should have full rein.

But no matter how original, how bizarre, how conventional or how subdued your ideas for decoration for bedrooms may be, you must never lose sight of the main essentials—comfort and an atmosphere conducive to perfect slumber.

For, after all, the bedroom is designed for sleeping in and usually for dressing also.

Unfortunately, there are some women who make the mistake of turning the main bedroom into the replica of a furniture shop window. The room, absolutely immaculate, is furnished with a conventional suite, obvi-



ABOVE: A new idea in bedroom furnishings. Twin beds are made with boxlike surrounds covered all over with cream-and-green brocade.

LEFT: Bedroom in period style and decorated in blue and off-white. It is in the home of James Cagney, Warner Bros. player.

Venetian blinds are white, and the lounge chair covering is in blue-and-silver brocade.

The four-poster bed with its throw-over spread of quilted linen in a blue-and-white block pattern, and finished with a serrated edge, is charming.

So is the matching chest of drawers with its two little lamps with blue china stands and white shades, and the mirror on the wall above.

More conventional and luxurious in design is the bedroom in the third picture. This is carried out in primrose and cream with touches of nigger-brown.

The rather gorgeous-looking bedspread is of crinkle satin in the sunny tone. It is flared around the edges and finished off on the hems with narrow killed frills.

The pillow-cover is finished in similar manner; so are the two tiny pillows edged all round with killing. An unusual touch is provided by the high bedhead, which is upholstered in the same satin and finished with a thick padded edge.

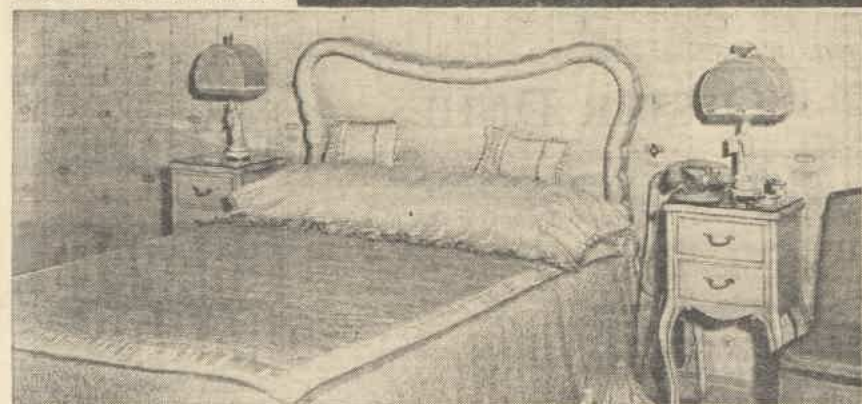
The easy chair is covered in nigger-brown moire taffeta and matches the carpet, while the bedside tables are lacquered cream. The little white lamps have deep gold shades.

The cream wallpaper features a festoon floral pattern in turquoise and yellow.—J.K.

Lighting

THERE is no central light in this room. Additional illumination is supplied by the bedside lamp, the standard lamp on the other side, and twin lamps on either side of the dressing-table (the latter not shown in the picture). All have white shades in keeping with the color scheme of the room.

Plain cream walls, cove ceiling, and one or two pictures add to the simplicity of this room.



LUXURIOUSLY-FURNISHED BEDROOM in the home of Ricardo Cortez, of Warner Bros. The bedspread is of crinkle satin, flared and trimmed with killed frills round the edges, while the bedhead is upholstered in the same satin.

KNOCKED TEN YEARS OFF HIS AGE

When He Got Rid of 35 lbs. of Fat

This man found he was carrying far too much weight. As is usually the case—with women as well as with men—his overweight made him appear older than his years. When he eventually got rid of 35 stone of fat, he looked ten years younger. His letter tells you how he achieved this result:—

"I am 33 years of age and weighed 14 stone 10 lbs., yet my height was only 5 ft. 6 ins. I was looking older than my age. For about five months I kept up the 'Daily dose' of Kruschen and I could see each week a gradual improvement all round. My friends, unaware of what I was doing, noticed this alteration of form, and in time it became quite a mystery that I should lose some 2½ stone so perfectly. My appearance and body form have improved so much that I look 10 years younger. I did not diet at all, nor did I do any special exercises."—A.A.D.

Kruschen is based on scientific principles—it is an ideal blend of mineral salts found in the aperient waters of European Spas resorted to by the wealthy for the reduction of excess weight.

ously carefully arranged and stiff-looking brightly colored bedspreads, table mats and hangings all looking as if they are never used.

You feel afraid, actually, to move in the room. As to leaving a garment or book lying around—well, that would be sacrilege!

When you furnish a bedroom do, first of all, plan it to be lived in and enjoyed for its comforts and not as a showroom for the benefit of visitors to the house.

That lived-in, comfortable look never detracts from the charm of a room—in fact, it adds to it and eliminates the cold, unfriendly atmosphere that many entirely conventional rooms possess.

Variety

EXCELLENT examples of variety in decorative schemes for bedrooms are shown on this page.

The picture at the top of the page is of a modern setting in soft green and cream. A feature of the room are the twin beds in box style. The head is in one piece, just sufficient room being left between the beds for a bedside table.

The bed surrounds are upholstered all over in cream fabric patterned with green leaves, while the tailored bedspreads and bolster-like pillow-

covers are of green and cream brocade. Notice the way in which the spreads fit inside the bed surrounds.

Another feature of this room is its spaciousness. This is obtained by having built-in furniture, such as the wardrobe, plain all-over carpet and plain walls with just one picture over the bed.

Important, too, are the enormous windows which provide a maximum of light and air and open out on to a sun balcony. The glass is filmed with cream muslin through which the light filters softly. Heavy drapes of brocade in green with leaf pattern in cream are made to draw across the windows at night.

Such little comforts as telephone, books, reading lamp and writing desk add to the charm of this room.

If you would like to go all-period, especially Colonial, in style, you might like the bedroom shown in the centre picture. Although the basic style of the room has been adapted from the Colonial, modern features such as the elimination of all fussy details, heavy drapings and ornaments give greater comfort.

This room is decorated in blue and off-white. The plain all-over carpet is deep blue, the plain floor-length window drapes of rep. which draw across at night are powder-blue, the

YOUR HARD-WORKED FEET NEED REGULAR CARE WITH Zam-Buk

WHATEVER your daily task; whether you're a shop assistant, a nurse, work in a busy factory, or are occupied at home with domestic duties—think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they swell, ache and feel tired, and you're weary and irritable.

Here is an easy nightly treatment that brings untold relief and maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly allayed. Hard skin, corns and bunions are softened, chilblains are healed, joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can again walk and wear shoes in perfect comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night.

1/6 or 3/6 box. Of all chemists & stores



"My feet were hot, chafed and tender through being on them so much at work. Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief and gave me sound, healthy feet."—Mr. J.G.

"Being on my feet many hours a day on hospital duty made them ache and burn terribly. After one application of Zam-Buk my feet were quite easy and comfortable. During rest time nurses use Zam-Buk for foot treatment."—Nurse F.R.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"There! Now that painful old knee joint won't keep you awake!"
"I'll say it won't! Sloan's is a godsend when damp weather starts."

ACHING JOINTS

Ease the ache—Sleep!

Damp weather won't trouble you if you put on Sloan's. Knee joints, wrists, shoulders stop their painful twitching at once. Because Sloan's brings fresh blood to warm and ease those spots. Stiffness goes. Muscles feel young again. You sleep soundly. . . . Always keep a fresh bottle of Sloan's in the house. Costs only 1/9d.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Just a Few Sips and—
Like a Flash—Relief!

Sleep Sound All Night.

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemist for a bottle of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of hispidly cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help—if not joyfully satisfied—money back.

AT CHEMISTS—2/3 BOTTLE

W.K. Buckley's
CANADIOL MIXTURE
Product of W.K. BUCKLEY LTD.
Toronto, Canada. — Buckle ST.
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Coughs relieved instantly

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure is the most popular and effective Home Remedy for Coughs and Chest-Colds obtainable in Australia.

After Influenza, HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure will take care of any Chest Condition and will minimise risk of Pneumonia.

Always insist on . . .

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

KAY'S MILLINERY COLLEGE
(Established 31 years. Opp. McCallister)
CITY HOUSE, 164 PITT STREET,
M540L. SYDNEY.
Reduction of 15 per cent. on terms
beginning between July 15th and 31st.

DELICIOUS RECIPES Win CASH PRIZES for READERS

Enter Our Cookery Competition Now.
Your Favorite Recipe May
Be a Prizewinner!

Tempting indeed are this week's prize-winning recipes sent by our readers. So delicious and versatile are suggestions—salmon or lobster mornay, chiffon pie, and Vienna cake, which wins first prize for this week.

EVERYONE is eligible for this "easy-money" competition held each week. £1 is awarded as first prize, and consolation prizes of 2/6 for every other recipe published.

So send in your entries, for you must surely have some delicious suggestions you would like to pass on to other housewives.

VIENNA CAKE

Three-quarters cup self-raising flour, 1 1/2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons cold water, pinch salt, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Beat yolks of eggs and sugar till light and creamy, add sifted flour, cornflour and salt alternately with the water and lemon juice. Lastly fold in stiffly-whipped whites of eggs. Pour into prepared tin and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven.

FILLING: Make a custard with plain flour, milk and salt (omitting eggs), and when cooked add one-third cup of butter; when cold, add a teaspoon vanilla. Take half filling and add to it two teaspoons of cocoa boiled in a tablespoon of water. Cut cake into four layers. Between upper and lower layers put chocolate-flavored filling, in middle put plain filling, and also over top and sides. Just before it is needed, sprinkle all over with nut brittle finely crushed. For this take one-third of a cup of chopped blanched almonds and mix with a third of a cup of sugar. Stir together over the fire till the sugar melts and turns into caramel. Pour into dish.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. R. Cree, Campbell Street, Bowen Hills N1, Qld.

PASTRY JAM SANDWICH

Make a rich pastry from 1lb. butter, 1lb. flour. Rub piece of butter the size of an egg into the flour, then mix with enough water to make a stiff dough. Then roll out very thinly and cover with butter and fold up. Roll again, repeating until all the butter is used. Then roll out very thinly and cook in two pieces in a quick oven, on oven trays or meat dish (large).

CAKE MIXTURE: 1 cup sugar, 6 eggs, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter.

Put butter in a cup and three parts fill with boiling water. Beat eggs and sugar ten minutes. Then add flour and baking powder, lastly boiling water and butter. Bake in meat dish so it will be flat to go with the pastry. When cold put pastry on bottom, spread with jam, then add cake alternately, allowing two layers of jam. Cover with pastry and ice.

ICING: 1 tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons hot milk, vanilla, and enough icing sugar to make thick; spread on top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Massurri, c/o S. McGirr, Clarinda Street, Parkes, N.S.W.

SALMON OR LOBSTER MORNAY

Three cups hot mashed potatoes, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 1/2 cups white sauce, 1 large tin salmon or lobster, 1 egg-yolk, breadcrumbs.

Line greased pie-dish with mashed potatoes. Mix cheese, beaten egg-yolk, and white sauce, and spread over potato. Add salmon or lobster, cut up in small pieces, and pour rest of the sauce over it. Cover with crumbs and bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. J. Chant, P.O. Burracoppin, W.A.

YAMBA TARTLETS

FOR PASTRY: 4oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. cornflour, 3oz. sugar, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 cup milk, yolk of 1 egg, a little jam.

Sift flour and cornflour, rub in butter, add sugar. Make into a dry dough with the beaten egg-yolk and milk. Roll out, cut into rounds, and

line party tins. Place little jam in each.

FOR CENTRES: 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg, 1 cup coconut, 2 tablespoons milk, juice of 1 lemon.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg and milk, lastly add coconut and lemon juice. Place spoonful in each pastry case. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to a cake cooler.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Keogh, 7 Crown Street, Sandy Bay, Hobart.

STUFFED CAULIFLOWER HEART WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Soak a large, firm, white cauliflower in cold water for 2 hours. Drain, plunge head down in sufficient boiling salted water to cover, and simmer gently until stalk is tender. Drain, being careful not to break, and with a sharp knife cut out the centre, leaving an even border of flower. Now fill with a mixture of carrots, peas, celery, little onion (previously diced and cooked), diced cooked pork, veal, and strips of ham, and serve with rich cheese sauce.

Cheese Sauce: Place 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 slice onion, 1 blade of mace, 6 pepper-corns, sprig of parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, and piece of lemon rind into a saucepan and simmer gently for 10 minutes. Strain. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in saucepan, add 1 heaped tablespoon flour, blend, then add milk gradually and stir until it boils. Simmer gently 5 minutes longer. Beat well and add 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, juice of 1 lemon, dash

of paprika; mix well and re-heat before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, 7 French St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

GLAZED POTATOES

Wash and boil a dozen medium-sized potatoes till quite soft; then drain. Cut in halves lengthwise; put in a buttered baking tin. Boil 4 tablespoons of water and a cup of sugar to a syrup. Add 1 tablespoonful butter and brush potatoes with syrup. Bake until brown, basting twice with remaining syrup. When cooked, place on sieve to drain.

This is a most delicious method of serving potatoes, either hot or cold, as a sweetmeat.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Labudde, Seebrook, Coochin Rd., via Boonah, Qld.

CHIFFON PIE

Line a pie plate with pastry and spread with jam. Then make this mixture:

Two bananas, a pinch of salt, a squeeze of lemon, whites of two eggs. Beat egg-whites very stiffly, mash bananas, and add lemon and salt. Put mixture on top of the jam and bake until the pastry is cooked. Have half a pint of preferably red jelly prepared, and when nearly set pile it on the pie, which must be quite cold. Top with some whipped cream and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. McKay, 334 Nicholson St., Fitzroy W6, Vic.

THIS WEEK

OYSTER DISHES

Did you know that oysters are good for you? Easy to digest, rich in very necessary iodine and distinctive in flavor, they are a favorite food, especially when the appetite is jaded.

HERE are some delicious ways of serving oysters, selected by our cookery expert from recipes sent in by readers.

Every week in this section The Australian Women's Weekly cookery expert selects a popular, particular cookery subject, and a cash prize of 2/6 is awarded for every recipe published.

Here is your opportunity to let your favorite recipe win 2/6 for you!

OYSTER PIE

One pint oysters (if dozen are ample), 2 cups rich white sauce, 1 cup cooked celery, seasonings, and pastry.

Line a buttered dish with pastry, fill with uncooked rice and bake in a quick oven. When the rice is cooked, mix the oysters with the following mixture: Make a rich white sauce with flour, butter, and milk, and season with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg. Add to their own liquid until the edges begin to curl; then add mixed with chopped onion to the sauce. Cover with a layer of pastry, making allowance for steam to escape, and bake until golden brown.

2/6 to Mrs. C. G. Masters, c/o Post Office, Fitzroy, N.S.W.

OYSTER-CHICKEN CROQUETTES

One pint oysters, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 3 tablespoons flour, 1/2 cup of oyster liquor, 1/2 cup chicken stock, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon grating of nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon minced parsley, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup minced chicken, 1/2 cup whipped cream.

Heat oysters until edges curl. Drain and fry. Brown onion in butter, add flour, stir in oyster liquor, chicken stock, and seasonings. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly. Add beaten egg-yolks and minced chicken. Remove from fire, fold in whipped cream. Spread on plate with this mixture is cold. Coat each oyster with some of the chicken mixture, roll in stiff breadcrumbs, fry until a light brown in deep hot fat. Garnish with slices of lemon.

2/6 to Mrs. D. Bell, Aitlie, 74 Trenerry Crescent, Abbotsford N4, Vic.

OYSTER COCKTAIL

Mix together 1 tablespoon of freshly-grated horseradish, 1 tablespoon of vinegar, 2 tablespoons of lemon juice, 1 tablespoon of Worcester sauce, 4 tablespoons of tomato catsup, 1 teaspoon of salt, and a few drops of anchovy sauce. Put on the ice until thoroughly cold. Put 4 oysters in each glass, and add 1/2 tablespoons of the well-drained mixture.

2/6 to Miss Nilda Edwards, R.N. Daley, via Menindee, N.S.W.

ROCKFELLOE OYSTERS

Two dozen medium-sized oysters, 1 tablespoonful chopped onion or shallots

2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, 1 tablespoonful butter, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, a little paprika, 1/2 cup cooked spinach finely chopped, 1/3 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup chopped Granny Smith apple.

Remove oysters from shells and place on a strainer to drain. Have ready one dozen pie tins well greased with butter. Place 2 oysters in each tin. Mix well together 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley, 1/2 cup cooked spinach, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup finely chopped apple, 1/2 cup salt, cayenne pepper and paprika. Place on top the spinach and breadcrumbs mixed together. Dot well with butter and pour over well-beaten egg. Cook in a hot oven for 15 minutes or until well browned.

This recipe is sufficient for four persons. If cooking in one large dish instead of small ones, cover the oysters with mixed ingredients. Slices of bacon may also be added.

2/6 to Miss Beadie Davidson, 25 Vershall St., Hurstville Park, N.S.W.

OYSTER MORNAY

One and a half dozen oysters, 1/2 cup grated cheese, 1/2 lemon, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 heaped tablespoon flour, 1/2 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1/2 teaspoon salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper.

Remove oysters from shells and pour off liquid into a cup. Sprinkle shells with a little grated cheese and replace oysters. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour, and cook for a few seconds, then add milk and oyster liquid and stir until it boils and thickens. Remove from fire and add 1/2 cup grated cheese, salt, pepper, and mustard, and season with cayenne. Cover oysters with sauce, then sprinkle them with grated cheese and a few dried breadcrumbs.

Place under a hot grill until nicely browned, and serve at once garnished with parsley.

2/6 to Dorothy Paine, No. 1 Cliveden Place, 22 Wesley Rd., Point Piper, N.S.W.

OYSTERS A LA CREOLE

Quarter seeded green pepper, 1/2 medium onion, 4 slices bacon, 1 1/2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 1/2 tablespoons cheese, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 dozen oysters on the half-shell.

Chop finely green pepper and onion and mix together. Cut bacon slices with scissors into thirds crosswise and then in halves lengthwise. Add Worcestershire sauce to the mixed butter and cheese. Place a piece of bacon on each oyster. Then spread each with a little of the chopped onion and green pepper mixture, and lastly top with a little of the butter-and-cheese mixture (drop from point of a spoon). Arrange oysters in their shells on the grill tray, place under medium heat, and grill from 10 to 15 minutes until oysters are tender. Serve four to six persons.

2/6 to Miss Constance, 24 Torrens St., Annerley, South Brisbane.

Glands Starving for Minerals & Food Iodine Keep You ILL. NERVOUS, RUNDOWN SKINNY!

Add 5 lbs. of Firm Flesh in 10 Days OR MONEY BACK!

Life-giving MINERALS and FOOD IODINE

in "VIKELP" Tablets, Amazing Mineral Concentrate from the Pacific Ocean, Correct Malnutrition—Build Rich Red Blood, Flattering New Pounds, Radiant Health, Steady Nerves, and Day-Long Energy

"VIKELP" Tablets, the amazing natural mineral concentrate from the Pacific Ocean—the richest source of the 12 life-giving MINERALS and FOOD IODINE—get right down and correct one of the most underlying causes of weakness, thinness, nervous ailing, and run-down conditions—MINERAL AND FOOD IODINE STARVING GLANDS. When these glands do not work properly you suffer from malnutrition and all the food in the world can't help you—it just isn't turned into flesh. The result is you stay weak, nervous, tired-out, and skinny—you "age" before your time.

The most important gland—the Thyroid—and other tiny glands which actually control body weight, health and strength, need a definite remedy balanced ration of the 12 essential life-giving MINERALS (Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus, Magnesium, etc.) plus FOOD IODINE (not to be confused with chemical iodine which often proves toxic nor mere iodine tincture). Only when the system gets an adequate supply of MINERALS and FOOD IODINE can you regulate metabolism, the body's process of converting dissolved food into firm flesh, new strength, health and energy.

To get these vitally needed body MINERALS and FOOD IODINE in assimilable form take "VIKELP" Tablets, made from an amazing Pacific Ocean sea-paint, now recognized as the world's richest source of these precious substances. They contain 1,900 times more iodine than ordinary sea-salts, and the best source of a dozen other minerals. Food Iodine (488 lbs. of spinach or 1,368 lbs. of lettuce. Your body is not only impoverished, but malnutrition, faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, goitre and other systemic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely.

Whatever you have tried before make this test with "VIKELP". First weigh yourself and note how long you can walk or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 3 "VIKELP" Tablets with each meal for 10 days and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can walk without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat—watch flattering pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows, and if you don't increase your strength and energy—have freedom from nervousness, and gain at least 5 lbs. in 10 days (20-40 lbs. a month not uncommon), your money will be refunded. They cost but little to you. Your doctor will approve this way. Obtainable everywhere.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER. Write to-day for fascinating, instructive 50-page book on New Facts about Minerals, Iodine and Vitamin. How to Build Rich Red Blood, Eliminate Skin Disorders, Gain New Energy, and Strong Nerves. Mineral Contents of Food and their Effect on the Human Body. Includes Free No obligation. VIKELP, Inc. WWT/3, G.P.O., Box 3678 N.Y., N.Y. N.S.W.

VIKELP HEALTH AND BODY BUILDING TABLETS

CHAPPED HANDS

There's little wonder hands get so painfully dry and cracked during the winter—cold frosts and winter winds bring acute suffering to the outdoor man.

Rexona Ointment eases the discomfort at once; and its special medications quickly heal up chapped skin, leaving it smooth and supple again.

TREATMENT. Wash hands with Rexona Medicated Soap. Dry them thoroughly after washing. Never leave them damp. Rub in Rexona Ointment before retiring.

Rexona Soap contains the same healing properties as Rexona Ointment—the two together quickly smooth away irritation and leave the skin smooth and healthy.

CHAPPED HANDS—WONDERFUL RELIEF

Mr. A. E. Lowe, of Hillcrest Street, St. Peters, writes:—"At my work is out of doors in all kinds of weather, my hands and fingers crack with the cold winds and frosts, and become very painful, but by using Rexona Ointment, the pain goes immediately."

Rexona
The Rapid Healer
OINTMENT, 1/6 tin. SOAP, 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs)

© 1937

FRYING ... Is So EASY And So QUICK!

It's an Appetising way of Cooking Food and Ideal When a Meal Must Be Prepared in a Hurry

By RUTH FURST

Cooking Expert to the Australian Women's Weekly.



BRAINS fried in breadcrumbs and sometimes served with gravy make a delicious dish.

TECHNICALLY speaking, frying is cooking in hot fat or oil raised to a temperature of 360 degrees.

There are two distinct methods of frying—dry frying and wet frying.

DRY FRYING: This is cooking in a frying pan in a small quantity of fat. It is suitable for articles that take a long time to cook—such as liver, kidneys, pork chops, sausages, cutlets, large fish, onions.

For dry frying remember:

1: The fat is ready for use when it is perfectly still and a pale flame rises—not a smoke—the latter shows the



CHOPS, steak, and similar cuts of meat are usually dry fried in a shallow pan.

fat is burning, and it should on no account be used.

2: Reduce the heat and turn the articles frequently with a knife and spoon so that they cook evenly through.

3: Drain fried food on clean white paper to absorb the fat.

4: Serve on a hot dish, and garnish suitably.

WET FRYING

This is cooking in a large quantity of fat. It is suitable for articles that take a short time to cook, such as fillets of fish, rissoles, croquettes, fritters, brain or salmon cakes, chip potatoes, eroutons, parsley.

FOR WET FRYING:

1: Use a deep iron or steel saucepan and sufficient fat to cover the article completely, and, if available, a frying basket.

2: The fat should be sufficiently heated. If used before it is hot the food cooked will be sodden and greasy.

3: Do not allow the articles to overlap in the frying-basket.

4: Lower basket gently into the fat and allow to remain there until sufficiently browned.

5: Drain well on paper to remove all traces of fat.

6: Serve fried foods on paper doyleys and garnish accordingly.

COVERINGS

Fried food should have a covering to protect it from the action of the fat. The coverings may be:

1: Plain flour for sausages, liver, kidney and pork chops.

2: Egg and breadcrumbs for cutlets, fillets of fish, rissoles, croquettes, salmon cakes.

3: Batter for fish, meat or fruit fritters.

BRAINS AND BACON

Two sets brains, salt, pepper, rolls, breadcrumbs, egg-glazing, flour of bacon, sprigs of parsley, frying fat.

Soak brains in cold water half-hour, and remove skins. Place in cold water, bring quickly to the boil, pour water off, cover with fresh cold water, and boil six minutes. Strain and leave on plate till cold. Cut in two, dip in flour, pepper and salt,

then in egg-glazing, toss in crumbs. Press on firmly.

Wet fry brains till golden brown. Drain on paper. Remove rind from bacon with scissors. Cut in strips, roll up, thread on a skewer. Place under grill or in oven till fat is clear. Serve brains on a hot dish with rolls of bacon round. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

PORK CUTLETS AND FRIED APPLES

One pound pork cutlets, flour, pepper and salt, dripping, 2 apples.

Choose thin cutlets. Remove nearly all the fat. Dip in flour, pepper and salt. Melt fat, and when hot add the cutlets. Turn often until nicely browned each side. Peel, core, and quarter the apples and fry till tender, but not broken. Dish cutlets on hot dish, garnish with apples and mashed potatoes.

CUTLETS MILANAISE

Cutlets, flour, pepper and salt, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, 2oz. grated cheese, 1oz. cooked macaroni, brown sauce.

Prepare cutlets in usual way, add half the grated cheese to the breadcrumbs. Fry cutlets. Drain well. Arrange a mound of macaroni in the centre of a hot dish. Sprinkle with remainder of the cheese. Stand the cutlets round. Serve brown sauce in sauce-boat.

MOCK WHITERAIT

Fillets of fish, salt, cayenne, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat, lemon, parsley, flour.

Wash and dry fish. Sprinkle with flour, salt, and cayenne. With scissors cut the fillets into thin strips. Dip in egg-glazing, then toss in crumbs. Fry in deep fat till golden brown. Drain. Serve on hot dish garnished with lemon and fried parsley.

SAUSAGES AND BACON

Midget sausages (allow 2 to each person), rashers of bacon.

Put sausages into a saucepan. Cover with cold water and bring to boiling point. Pour water away and leave till cold. Remove rind from rasher. Cut in halves and wrap half a rasher round each sausage. Fry carefully in fat. Drain. Serve round roast turkey.

Frying is one of the most popular methods of cooking food, especially the lighter variety. When properly done, fried dishes can be particularly delicious, this process giving food a distinctive, crisp flavor.



Mrs. Green is worried about Jack and Polly—thinks she'll have to take them out of school. They won't eat breakfast and they're getting thin.



Decides to go to the District Nurse for advice. "Give them Kellogg's Rice Bubbles", she says. "They 'snap', 'crackle' and 'pop' when milk or cream is poured on—children love that funny little sound and will always eat them right up."



Rosy cheeks and happy smiles follow heaping bowls of Kellogg's appetising Rice Bubbles. No more coaxing and scolding. The whole family love that "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP," and they feel better because Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are so wonderfully easy to digest. Order a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day. They come in the famous inner sealed Waxtite packet all ready to serve.



R.S.

KEEP 'KIP' IN THE KITCHEN
IT KEEPS YOUR KITCHEN CLEAN

KIP
A NIGHTINGALE PRODUCT

Brasso
METAL POLISH

The easiest way to keep Brass and Copper bright is to use Brasso regularly. Removes dirt, restores metal to its original lustre, and keeps it shining.

A Reckitt's Product.

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, kills Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, refreshes the blood and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 34 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.



Neuralgia used to drive me crazy

but now I never let it get beyond the first twinge. I just take a 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder and in a few minutes the pain disappears. If you have never tried 'Bayer' A.P.C. a revelation in quick relief awaits you. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders in relieving Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness and those prostrating attacks to which many women are liable. To doctors and chemists the world over the name 'BAYER' on any remedy is the Hall Mark of reliability, and it is your best guarantee of quick relief from pain.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.
Of all Chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE

FOR BURNT PANS

Use Steelo . . . It scours them bright and smooth with less rubbing than ever. Ideal for aluminium, for all kitchenware and for baths, basins, sinks. A packet lasts five weeks.

STEELO



PREPARING the GARDEN for SPRING

It is the work you do now that will enable you to reap later the lovely floral harvest of September—says the Old Gardener.

IN a few more weeks spring will be with us again, so take a look around your garden now and see what can be done in the way of preparing for a glorious spring showing that every home gardener hopes for.

These are the months when the "spade work" you do enables you to reap later the floral harvest of September.

Iceland poppies, if they have been well planted and cultivated, should now be splendid, healthy plants. To aid their growth, put a teaspoonful of sulphate of ammonia into a gallon of water and pour this around the roots of the plants once each week.

Be careful not to let it touch the foliage. It would be as well to wash the leaves after the sulphating, then you will be sure to keep them clean.

Dampen Soil

SULPHATE of ammonia will burn the foliage of any plant, so whenever you use it, always spray the foliage with clean water afterwards. Here is another tip—always see that the soil is damp before using sulphate of ammonia.

For the beds of stocks use this fertiliser: Five parts of superphosphate, five parts of blood and bone, two parts of sulphate of potash, two parts of sulphate of ammonia. Mix these together thoroughly.

Dust the mixture lightly over the bed once each week, fork lightly in, then give a watering. The result of this little care and trouble will be amazing. The foliage will have a rich, green healthy color, and the flowers will be perfect.

All plant life must have the proper food, and the mixture mentioned



SPRING CARNIVAL. Here is Anita Louise, pretty Warner Bros. player, gathering the lovely bloom of spring from her own garden.

above contains phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen, all of which are ideal for plant life.

Wallflowers will respond rapidly to a dressing of the same mixture. Both stocks and wallflowers revel in potash, so give them this mixture once every eight to ten days.

Cinerarias will show splendid results from the same treatment. Ranunculi and anemones will also need a dusting, and when these plants begin to form buds, put in a mixture made of one teaspoonful of sulphate of ammonia to a gallon of water. Pour around the roots. This will give large long stems.

Anemones require liquid manure of

this kind, otherwise the flowers will be of second-rate quality and on very short stems.

Panicles, too, should have plenty of liquid manure. If made from animal, fowl, or pigeon manure, be careful not to make it too strong. The manure should be put into a tub, cask, or bucket, and sufficient water added to make it look like weak tea in color. This will be about the strength to use with safety. Use this liquid once each week.

After heavy rain, the soil in garden beds will require to be loosened. Constant heavy rain beats the surface very flat and hard, especially when the soil is heavy. So get to work and loosen the soil between the plants by light forking over. This not only conserves the moisture, but allows the air to pass through the soil. It also keeps down all weeds.

Now is the time to clean chrysanthemum beds. Cut off all the old foliage. The plants may then be lifted and placed away in a rest bed or the nursery portion of the garden and the old bed can be given a good

LISTEN-IN to the gardening talks given by the Old Gardener of The Australian Women's Weekly from station 2GB every Sunday afternoon, at 4.30.

dressing of manure and thoroughly turned over.

The chrysanthemum plants in the rest bed or nursery may remain there to produce young plants for transplanting later on in the season.

More roses may be planted this month, also shrubs. Should you require to remove any trees, shrubs or roses, now is the time also.

Daisies and polyanthus primroses may be divided.

Lawns that need renovating should be done now. Fill up all bare patches with new turf and roll well. This also is a good time for the making of new lawns; then, when spring arrives, they will begin to grow immediately.

The whole of the garden can be thoroughly renovated during the winter months, for later on there will be plenty of other garden jobs to keep you busy.

New gardens should also be made now, and any improvements necessary. New rockeries can be made and systematically planted before the change of the season.

So that your garden will bloom joyously during the coming spring and summer, work hard during the winter building up the soil, digging, trenching, and manuring.

LUNG TROUBLE

Now definite hope of recovery . . . not just a temporary relief . . .

OVER the last few years there have been so many grateful people who have written and reported that after using Membrose Dry Inhalation "there has been a noticeable improvement which has continued until medical examination and X-ray have certified the affected parts COMPLETELY HEALED."

Many have stated the relief alone makes the treatment worth while. The following extracts from letters speak for themselves:

"I have just been X-rayed and medically examined. The report states that the lung is 'completely healed,' and the doctor said he had never seen such a decided healing. People used to wonder why I would not mix with them . . . now I am telling them why, and also that Membrose is responsible for my recovery."

Call personally, or send a 2d. stamped, addressed envelope giving full particulars of your complaint to the Sole Distributors, "Membrose," care Irvine Ltd., No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA3167.

CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM Trouble

Cleared up without operation . . .

REGULAR reports reach us almost daily from previous sufferers from these troubles, of wonderful results and lasting benefits obtained through using Membrose, actually proving that this Dry Inhalation treatment is undoubtedly the finest treatment of all for relieving and dispelling for good the distressing grating symptoms which make these diseases so tiresome to life. The fumes enter the blood stream, clearing away the toxins and germs which cause the trouble. Head noises disappear, hearing and sense of smell are frequently restored; the constant sneezing fits and running eyes and nose and the disgusting hawking and spitting are soon things of the past. You wake in the morning with the nostrils and throat quite clear, and you are able to mix with others without embarrassment. Membrose—the wonderful dry inhalant treatment, can do this for you.

If you are a sufferer, call and see me personally, or send 2d. stamped addressed envelope to the sole distributors, "Membrose," care Irvine Ltd., No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA3167.

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

A different and more effective inhalation treatment . . .

MANY chronic cases of up to 40 years' standing report complete recovery without recurrence. If you wish to be down and sleep at night without fear of an attack, for the mucus to be easily brought away, the wheezing to stop, for the tight, bound-up feeling never to worry you again, to breathe freely at all times; to lose the shortness of breath, and to be able to walk uphill and play games without discomfort, and for the attacks to become less severe and less frequent, and then make a complete and lasting recovery . . . then use MEMBROSIS, the Dry Inhalation treatment, which is not inhaled merely to relieve the attacks, but to dispel them for all time. A typical report:

"I am very pleased indeed to state that my wife is almost completely free now, from the coughing and dislodging of mucus, and I have no doubt whatever that another week's treatment will clear the trouble up. However, the month's supply will be much more safe. Thanking you and wishing the Membrose treatment to be more widely known and used."

Call or send a stamped addressed envelope to the sole distributors, "Membrose," care Irvine Ltd., No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA3167.

When Eczema Drives You Mad

Get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil.

Dries up Eczema, Barbers' Itch, and All Skin Eruptions in a Few Days—Guaranteed.

This wonderful surgeon's prescription, now known all over the world as Moone's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application.

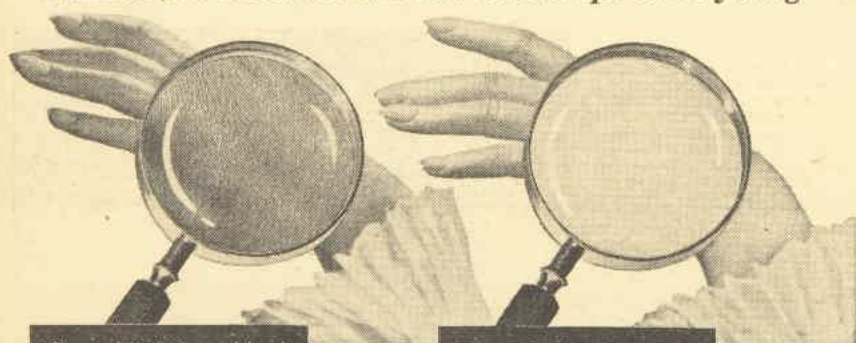
A few applications and the most persistent case of Eczema is overcome, never to return.

Moone's Emerald Oil is in the original bottle is dispensed by chemists. It is not a patent medicine, but a wonderful prescription of a practising surgeon, and every penny of your money will be refunded if results don't completely satisfy.

All good chemists keep it in stock.

Don't let your hands grow old!

Restore the natural moisture that keeps them young



Close-up of skin that has aged through lack of natural moisture. Its texture is coarse, wrinkled, unbecomely.

The same skin after Pond's new Cream Lotion has restored natural moisture. Skin now soft, vibrant and lovely.

Are your hands red and rough—is the skin cracked and wrinkled, does it look stretched and shiny and old? That's because constant plunging in water, house and office work, gardening, sports, exposure to wind and sun all combine to dry the natural moisture from the skin. You can renew the youth and beauty of your hands by restoring this natural moisture. Pond's new Lotion was created by the makers of Pond's famous

Cold and Vanishing Cream especially to do this. It disappears right into the skin, renewing moisture, bringing back youth and alluring loveliness. Keep a bottle where it's convenient to use regularly, especially after washing the hands. Use Pond's Lotion on all skin surfaces—it's cooling and healing after sunburn.



NEW

● Now selling at all stores and chemists . . . 1/-

Medicates Throat 12-15 Minutes

Preferred by Millions to Quick
Gulp of Old-Time Cough Syrup

No wonder so many people now use a Vicks Medicated Cough Drop instead of the short, quick gulp of old-fashioned cough syrups. As a Vicks Cough Drop dissolves in the mouth, it applies direct medication to the irritated membranes of the throat for 12 to 15 minutes.



Medicated with
Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

Get rid of the Curse DRINK HABIT

by the Famous "EUCRASY" Remedy
Thousands of wretched homes have been made once again happy by the simple but **ROUS** use of Eucrasy. Can be given with absolute secrecy, by wife or mother, or taken voluntarily. **NOT COSTLY.** Write or call for **FREE** SAMPLE. Booklet and hundreds of testimonials. Dept. B EUCRASY CO., 15 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

ESTABLISHED 41 YEARS

SHE (on phone): I'm afraid your dinner will be burned a little to-night, dear.

HE: What's the matter? Did they have a fire at the ham and beef shop?



Thanks to Robinson's "Patent" Groats, weaning never troubled him. The critical weaning period is the time to start baby on Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk. Begin at six months.

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FREE
"My Book"—a complete guide to infant feeding—will be sent to you post free if you write to Colman-Kean (A/asia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503 M.M., Sydney, N.S.W.

IN CONVALESCENCE TAKE WINCARNIS



★ The marvellously quick restorative powers of Wincarnis make it invaluable after illness. From the very first glass its beneficial effects are felt—it builds up the vital red corpuscles in the blood stream and sends new vigour through the whole system. Within an amazingly short space of time it restores health and strength, brings back the joy of living and enables you to face work and play with keen enjoyment again. From all chemists 4/3 small bottle or 7/3 the large size.

20,000 RECOMMENDATIONS FROM MEDICAL MEN

FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

PRE-NATAL DIET

By MARY TRUBY KING

It is a sad but true fact that the food which the modern, so-called civilised person consumes is far from being the food Nature intended us to eat for the preservation and healthy growth of our bodies.

As a general rule, we depend too much on energy and heat producing foods, and too little on true body-building foods, minerals and vitamins.

The mother-to-be should realise that in order to bring into the world a physically perfect baby it is necessary for her to reform her ideas on diet, and get back to a less civilised but healthier mode of life.

A beginning may be made by cutting down quite unnecessary and damaging articles of diet, such as rich cakes, pastries, and chocolates.

When one's appetite is satiated on biscuits, white bread, jam, scones made with white flour, and other similar highly-refined foods, there is little room left for the foods which will really do the growing baby good—such as milk, wholemeal bread, butter, cheese, fish, green vegetables, root vegetables, fresh fruit, and uncooked salads.

Milk is a very valuable adjunct to the daily diet, but it is almost totally ignored in some families. A teaspoon or so of milk two or three times daily in a cup of tea is considered by many modern women to be adequate, whereas the daily intake, especially if one is an expectant mother, should be from one to one-and-a-half pints.

This should be stopped slowly at the end of meals, not drunk between

meals. Some of it may be added to soups, if you dislike taking so much in the form of pure milk. It may, of course, be flavoured in any way you like.

Milk and orange juice, mixed, is a nourishing and very excellent way of taking this food.

Soups are best when they form a meal in themselves, with just a light pudding to top off with. Vegetable soup is best.

Make the stock from any soup bones you may have, or from the bony parts of a fowl and the giblets, or from fish heads, or from water and vegetables alone. Use split peas, lentils and barley by way of variety.

The prospective mother should eat an abundance of vegetables—preferably steamed. If boiling the vegetables, use as little water as possible, and save it to add to soups.

Before serving, add a little butter to the cooked vegetables. A meal may be made, now and then, of vegetables alone, provided you have sufficient of them to feel satisfied.

Health-giving Foods

Do not neglect raw salads of vegetables and fruit—mixed if you wish. For vegetable salad alone, make a dressing out of whipped cream mixed with salt, egg yolk and lemon juice. With fruit salad, use either cream, milk, or egg custard.

Grind your own cereal at home. It is just as easy as grinding coffee beans. Buy whole wheat grains and grind them freshly every fortnight, then you are sure of obtaining the "germ" or vital part of the grain which is of infinite value to health.

When making bread or scones, use half home-ground meal and half flour.

It is not necessary or wise to sweeten your scones. If you feel the need of something sweet, eat some dates, spread honey on your bread, or take a cube of glucose barley-sugar after meals.

Cod-liver oil or halibut-liver oil should be taken for its vitamin content. This is especially necessary throughout the winter months. It makes up for lack of sunshine, and helps to prevent colds. These oils have a wonderful tonic effect.

There are many preparations of these oils on the market, both in emulsion and capsule form. If taking pure cod-liver oil, begin with a quarter of a teaspoon and work up to one or one-and-a-half teaspoons daily.

Oranges should form part of the daily diet. Eat an orange at the end of a meal, or take the juice of a few oranges, in water (and without sugar) between meals.

Meat is not necessary; but a small helping may be taken once daily, at the main meal.

Anyone suffering from constipation should take extra drinks of water throughout the day, in addition to the laxative diet given above. Constipation is definitely harmful to both mother and unborn baby, and should be avoided at all costs.

The following is an alternative to the laxative fruit mixture published some weeks ago:

FRUIT MIXTURE FOR CONSTIPATION

Prunes (stoned) 1lb., brown sugar (or black treacle) 1lb., powdered ginger 1 teaspoonful, powdered senna 1 oz.

Soak the prunes overnight. Boil them for 20 minutes with the sugar or treacle. Chop fine, or pass through a mincer. Mix the ginger and senna with the liquid, and then stir thoroughly into the mixed prunes. Store in a stoppered glass jar.

Take one to two teaspoons of this morning and evening. You will soon find out just how much suits your individual need, so that the bowels will move comfortably once daily.

Remember that the health of the unborn babe depends entirely on your health; and that your health depends, to a great extent, on the suitability of the food you eat.



"HERE'S TO THE PERFECT HOSTESS!" She does everything so delightfully, with tempting cocktails and appetising savouries to give the party a perfect start. She knows that nothing makes savouries so palatable, so certain of appreciation, as Peek Frean Crackerettes.



Photographs, actual size.

*The Perfect Savoury
for the perfect party
is always made with*

PEEK FREAN CRACKERETTES

Compare Peek Frean Crackerettes with other savoury biscuits. Look at the delicate golden-brown colouring, which tells you that Peek Frean Crackerettes are baked to a turn. Feel their light, crisp texture, then apply the most important test—taste them! You'll decide never to accept substitutes for Crackerettes.

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MADE BY THE CELEBRATED BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS

PEEK FREAN

OBTAINABLE AT ALL GROCERS AND STORES

For Men

Many men have the impression that a Savings Bank Account is suitable only for women and children, and that it is neither convenient nor dignified enough for business men.

Certainly those business men who have many payments to make over a considerable area need cheque accounts, but even those, in common with all other men, will find the Savings Account a most useful and convenient aid to money accumulation.

There is nothing undignified in the transaction of Savings Bank business, but there is interest profit to be earned on such monies as would otherwise lie idle.

Throughout Australia there are Branches and Post Office Agencies of the

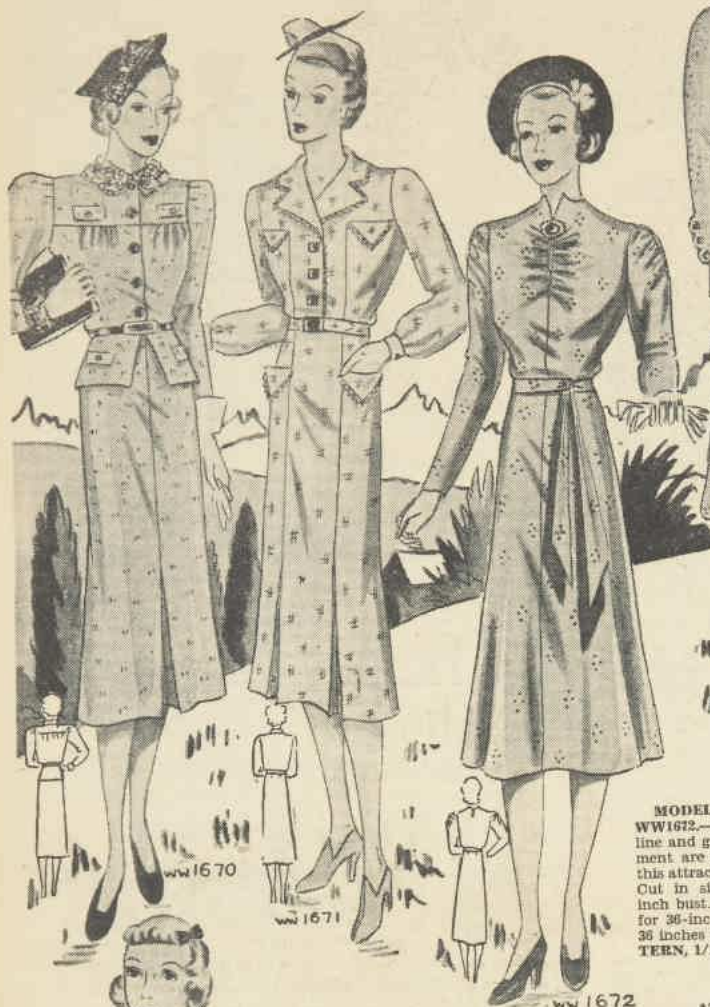
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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Patterns Are Reliable, Easy to Follow, and Reasonably Priced!

Smart Individual Modes For All Occasions

PLEASE NOTE
To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



MODEL STREET DRESS
WW1672.—The new high neckline and gathered front treatment are unique features of this attractive afternoon frock. Cut in sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ATTRACTIVE SCALLOPS
WW1673.—Note the scalloped front and yoke lines of this delightful mode. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NEW VOGUE

WW1674.—Featuring the new swing skirt, with slim-fitting hipline. Cut in sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TWEEN-SEASONS SUIT
WW1670.—A very smart costume with Peter Pan astrachan collar and chic pockets. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard astrachan. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR INFORMAL OCCASIONS
WW1671.—This tailored frock is very neat and becoming for informal occasions. Cut in sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



TROUSSEAU NIGHTGOWN
WW1675.—Very charming troussseau nightgown. Cut in sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

CHIC BLOUSE
WW1676.—Pin tucks, Peter Pan collar, and short puff sleeves make this charming blouse for your suit. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 1 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

STRIKING EVENING MODE
WW1677.—Modish tunic evening gown, very smart and new. Cut in sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 5 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast for belt. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



TRIM LITTLE COATS

For Boys & Girls
Aged 4 to 6 years
Patterns for Three
Cost 3d.!

THE snappy, individual little coats for boys and girls shown at left may be made from this week's three-in-one concession pattern, which costs 3d.

It is cut in three sizes, for 4 to 6 years, and each complete three-in-one pattern in each one size costs 3d.

To obtain, fill in coupon at right, enclose 3d. stamp, and send to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide, for No. 1, little girl's coat: 1 1/2 to 2 yards.

For No. 2, boy's coat: 1 1/2 to 2 yards, and 1-8 yard contrast.

For No. 3: 1 1/2 to 1 5-8 yards, and 1 yard fur fabric.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at far left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of three-pence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 3884, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 183, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 401G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 429BY, G.P.O.
If calling, 108 Castlereagh St. T. TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

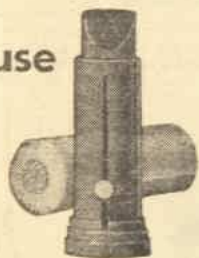
Size

Pattern Coupon, 17/7/37.

LIP
CULTURE

Protect lips against exposure
Nourish their tissues
Impart them with
Smart indelible colours

use

DOMINO
LIPSTICKRoger & Gallet
Paris

"The Lipstick that keeps lips young"

STOP
PAIN

If you suffer from Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Quinsy, Bronchitis or other throat or chest affection, the application of Wawn's Wonder Wool direct to the skin, over the part affected, will bring speedy relief. For painful, aching Rheumatism, either in muscles or joints, Wawn's Wonder Wool has a most beneficial effect and for the winter scourge—INFLUENZA—Wawn's Wonder Wool overcomes congestion and inflammation and definitely prevents extension of the trouble.

For Lambeage, Sciatica and nagging Neuritis Wawn's Wonder Wool brings soothing comfort and ultimate clearing up of the trouble.

Basilic pain with

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

Obtainable everywhere at 2/4 per packet

IF YOUR BREATH
HAS A SMELL YOU
CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless it's plain of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your stomach. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you dizzy, groggy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are nature's plan of life flowing freely and they can feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 2/4. Repeat a substitute

GRAPE VINE Needlework
SUPPER SET Notions

A fascinating linen set worked in Roman cut-work in a new grape and vine design.

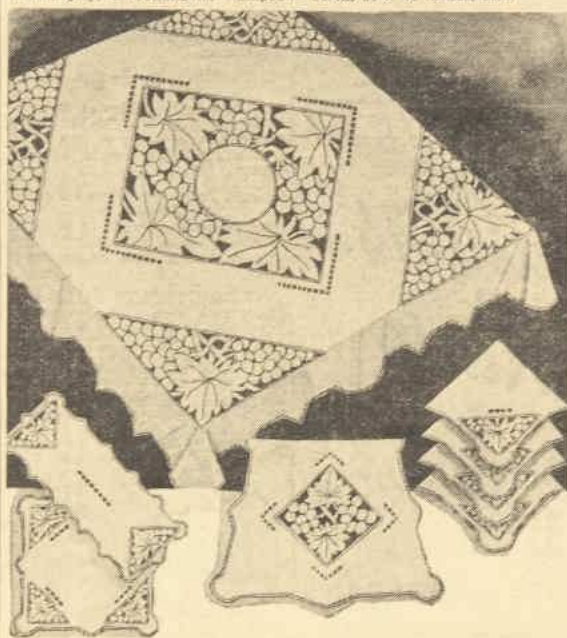
WORKED in matching or contrasting threads on white or colored linen, this table set offers a new charm for the supper-table.

The set, which comprises cloth, serviettes, tea-cosy, sandwich d'oyley and d'oyley, is obtainable, stamped

ing pieces, tea-cosy, serviettes and d'oyleys, are available in popular practical sizes.

The various pieces are obtainable stamped on best quality pure Irish linen in cream, white, blue, pink, green and yellow at the following prices:

Cloth, 54 x 54 inches, 10/6.



SOMETHING REALLY EXQUISITE for your supper table—a linen set in a new grape-vine design done in Roman cut-work. Cloth, serviettes, tea-cosy and d'oyleys are obtainable.

with design all ready for working, from our Needlework Department.

Hostesses will love this new supper set in a fascinating grape and vine design created exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly.

There is something so "good" looking about linens done in beautifully-executed cut-work. For charm, attractive appearance and good taste, this type of embroidery is really unsurpassed.

The cloths in the set are obtainable in three sizes, while the match-

Cloth, 45 x 45 inches, 8/6.

Cloth, 36 x 36 inches, 7/6.

Other sizes on application to our Needlework Department.

Serviettes, 11 x 11 inches, 1/- each.

Tea-cosy, 11 x 10 inches, 2/6 each.

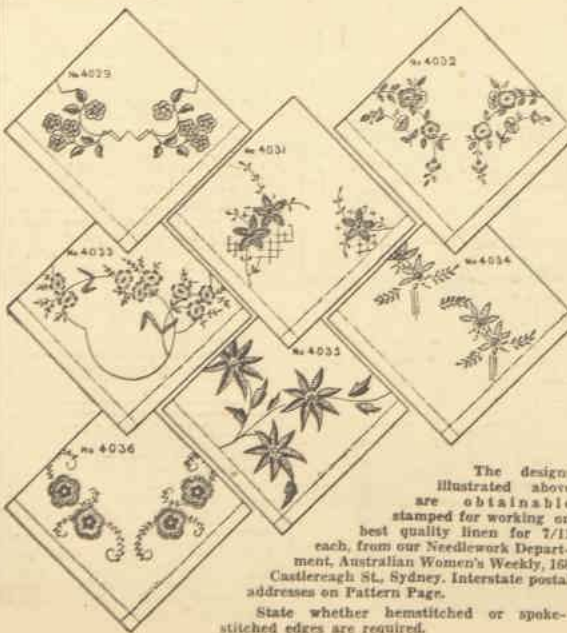
D'oyley, 8 x 8 inches, 1/- each.

Sandwich d'oyley, 5 x 11 inches, 1/- each.

To work the design buttonhole around the grapes and also outline the grape leaves. Hemstitch the veins on the leaves and buttonhole the edge of the cloth.

Linen Tea Cloth Designs

The linen tea cloth, size 54 x 54 inches, in a hollyhock design, which was featured on this page on June 26, proved so popular with readers that other designs for the same cloth are published to-day.



The designs illustrated above are obtainable stamped for working on best quality linen for 7/11 each, from our Needlework Department, Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on Pattern Page.

State whether hemstitched or spoke-stitched edges are required.

WAAROM U NIET IEDEREN
DAG LEKKER VOELEN?

said Friend Jan



That's the Dutch for...
"Why not feel fit every day?"

Women everywhere have found that Wolfe's Schnapps enables them to feel fit every day throughout the year. This purest of all gin spirits, distilled in Holland, contains unique medicinal properties which invigorate the whole system.

Wolfe's Schnapps eliminates many distressing disorders by cleansing the kidneys and purifying the blood stream. Start taking a glass of Wolfe's Schnapps each day, you'll notice the improvement in your general health. Get a bottle to-day—there are three sizes, large, half and quarter bottles, at prices to suit your purse.



WOLFE'S
Aromatic Schiedam
SCHNAPPS

As good for Women as for Men
"For your health's sake"

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS is obtainable in large, half and quarter size bottles at all hotels W.S. & CO.



"I GET SUCH
PAINS HERE
DOCTOR"

HOW readily the doctor recognises the symptoms . . . the stabbing pains of indigestion and heartburn, the agonising spasms of flatulence and palpitation, and the dragging, wearying exhaustion of after-meal misery. In two words he diagnoses the cause of all these ailments—stomach acid, and in two words he prescribes the remedy—"Bisurated" Magnesia.

For what is happening is that excess stomach acid is preventing proper digestion. It is causing your food to ferment and produce painful wind and stomach distension. But when you take

a dose of "Bisurated" Magnesia, this excess acid is promptly neutralised; pain stops within a few minutes, while the soothing and healing effect goes on. Soon your digestion is restored to healthy activity—appetite improves and you are able to eat what you like without fear of pain.

If you are subject to any form of stomach trouble put "Bisurated" Magnesia to the test now. You simply cannot buy a better stomach remedy.

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the "Bismag" Trade Mark.

BISMAG

'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

Happy Old Age

is the right of every normal person. But, are you normal? Is your liver sluggish, your stomach disordered, are your bowels constipated? If any of these conditions beset you, then happy old age is impossible. To safeguard yourself you should take Chamberlain's Tablets—they cleanse the stomach and liver, promote thorough natural bowel action and put you on the right path to happy old age.

Take a Chamberlain's Tablet to-night.



£500 for RECIPES: Enter Yours NOW!

Full Conditions and Prize List

Here are the full conditions, prize list and entry coupons in our £500 Recipe Competition, as announced on Page 3.

THERE are four main sections, for which prizes will be awarded as under:

1. Best Cake Recipe

First Prize, £100.

Second Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each. Recipes may be submitted for any type of cake, plain or fancy.

2. Economical Dinner

First Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each. Recipes in this section may provide for either two or three course dinners, sufficient for a family of four. Recipes for each dish should be given. Points will be awarded for economy of planning.

3. Pudding or Sweets Dish

First Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each. The recipe for this dish should be sufficient for a family of four. Any type of pudding or sweets dish is eligible.

4. Jam, Jelly, Preserved Fruits

First Prize, £50.

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each. Recipes may be submitted for any type of jam or jelly or preserved fruits.

COMPETITION RULES

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible. Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Your coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes in September.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake



recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Your coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes in September.

Entries submitted now, however, are eligible for the weekly prizes of £1 and 2/6 that will be awarded until the £500 competition closes.

Write your recipe or letter clearly on one side of the paper only, in ink or typed.

Not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

Give exact weight or measurements in level cups, tablespoons, and teaspoons; not rounding, heaping, or scant measurements.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. Directions must be clear, complete, and concise.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical and economical.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

USE THESE COUPONS

You MUST cut out these coupons and attach one to each entry in the £500 Recipe Competition.

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE.

Is this your own recipe?

State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

17/7/37

2. ECONOMICAL DINNER RECIPE.

Is this your own recipe?

State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

17/7/37

3. PUDDINGS AND SWEETS.

Is this your own recipe?

State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

17/7/37

4. JAMS, JELLIES, PRESERVED FRUITS.

Is this your own recipe?

State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.

17/7/37

REMEMBER—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. Address entries: £500 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at the top of Page 2.



WHITE MANUFACTURING CO.

Finders Lane Melbourne

HOW to AVOID that "Made-up" LOOK

• Be colorful... but not painted. The Color Change Principle in Tangee lipstick, powder, and rouge intensifies your own natural color. It brings out a loveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks, and skin, because it accentuates your coloring.



Be Lovelier in Your Own Way



• Tangee your lips—don't paint them. On your lips Tangee changes to a soft blush rose—intensifies your own natural coloring.

• In Tangee Face Powder, the Color Change Principle brings out the warm color natural to you—ends that "powdery" look.

• Your cheeks must be natural too. Tangee Rouge in Creme or Compact form contains the famous Color Change Principle.

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Aust. Agents: Turnleys, Melbourne & Sydney

ACID STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Sufferers from Indigestion READ THIS

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.

Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pain-killers or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia, and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from any reliable chemist. It is safe, reliable, easy and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.

*Congratulations... on the Rinso 2-minute boil!

HOW THOUSANDS OF WOMEN NOW GET BRILLIANT WHITENESS IN RECORD TIME

Wherever women meet, the discussion turns to the new Rinso 2-minute boil. "Have you tried it?" they ask each other. "Isn't it wonderful? Did you ever know anything so quick and easy? Did you ever see such a white wash?" This modern short cut way of washing clothes cuts out all scrubbing and hard rubbing, saves at least half an hour of fuel and hours of hard work, yet gives a cleaner, sweeter wash than ever before.

LETTERS FROM NEAR AND FAR!

This new Rinso method saves me hours of washing is not a scrap of trouble. Such and such... Congratulations on the new Rinso method! I've tried the 2-minute Rinso 2-minute boil gives such brilliant whiteness!

SEE! MAKE NICE, RICH RINSO SUDS IN WARM WATER... AND SOAK THE WHITES FOR 30 MINUTES

NOW BRING THEM TO THE BOIL IN RINSO AS USUAL, BUT THEN BOIL FOR 2 MINUTES ONLY

NOW JUST A RINSE... AND WE'RE READY TO PUT THEM OUT! EARLIER THAN USUAL

I DIDN'T SEE HOW THEY COULD COME OUT REALLY WHITE — BUT THEY'RE POSITIVELY DAZZLING!

JUST 2 MINUTES BOIL? THAT MEANS SAVING AT LEAST HALF AN HOUR'S FUEL!



LUKEWARM RINSO SUDS FOR WASHING COLOURS... WOOLLIES... SILKS

Make rich, luke-warm Rinso suds and give your dainty things a gentle run-through. No harmful rubbing is needed because the suds are so rich. Just rinse well... and see colours come out bright and clear, woollies soft and unshrunk, silks as lovely as new.



THE MOVIE WORLD

July 17, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood & London

Good Publicity

A BIG break for the Sam Goldwyn publicity department is the fact that Pan-American Airways' first transatlantic passenger flight will coincide with the showing of Gary Cooper's new epic, "Transatlantic Flight," with Gary portraying a daring pilot in a story which is just what the title suggests.

They've only just started work on the screen play, so the piece won't

He Made Fun of the Great Garbo

• Milton Berle was an amusing sensation in New York when he stepped off the train from Hollywood. He was dressed in a "Garbo" polo coat and beret, long blonde wig, dark glasses—and a big cigar.

When reporters tried to interview him, he only sighed and reiterated plaintively—"I want to be alone."

be ready for some time, but far be it from Sam Goldwyn to let an opportunity for publicity slip through his hands. He will present Gary with a ticket for the first America to England journey of the big flying ship—knowing, of course, if Mr. C. makes the trip it will land his name in the papers and help plug the film.

But there's a fly in the ointment—the Cooper heir is expected to arrive in a few months, and the odds are that Gary isn't going to fly around the world when such important things are happening at home in Hollywood.

Triumph For Youth

TYRONE POWER, movies' No. 2 lover, is not yet 23, and his name has already been in lights over Broadway. His success came so suddenly that people wonder when he had time to learn to act. Tyrone's explanation is that he hasn't.

"I hope to learn how to act in about five years from now," he says.

His father was an actor, and his grandfathers were actors. The tradition of the stage is older in his family than in the Barrymores.

Tyrone Power received no money through his family tradition. When his father died he had to take a job handing out ice-cream sodas.

He is not drunk with his sudden success in Hollywood. He considers this his opportunity to become a real actor.



SONG AND DANCE

• Four of the principals in R.K.O.'s latest extravaganza, "Shall We Dance?" Top left, Fred Astaire; top right, Ginger Rogers; bottom, Edward Everett Horton and the lovely American prima-ballerina, Harriet Hctor. Horton seems to like her.

Gangsters

"GANGWAY," now in production at Pinewood Studios, is providing more thrills than any other Jessie Matthews picture has ever had.

For one thing, the gangsters among whom she now finds herself (particularly Nat Pendleton and Noel Madson, who have both come across the Atlantic just to plague her) are submitting her to plain and fancy shooting all day long.

Actually most of the shooting, when it comes in her direction, is done by Major Bapty, a firearms expert who is also a crack shot.

Miriam's Beau

A NATOLE LITVAK was the most surprised guest at Miriam Hopkins' cocktail party when the "house warming" proved to be a Russian party in honor of his birthday.

But the biggest surprise of all came when everybody gathered outside to admire the auto "trailer" Miriam presented to her favorite director for a birthday gift.

Names

ONE or two English films are just recovering from a change of title.

For example, "The Black Trunk," the Fox-British film made at Wembley, featuring John Warwick and Jenny Laird, has had its name changed to "Passenger to London."

"Copper-Proof," made by Warner-First National at Teddington, has now been re-christened "The Perfect Crime," which has a familiar sound about it. My only objection to the original title was that I hadn't the vaguest idea what it meant.

JUST ONE BIG SCRAPPY FAMILY

Fights and Feuds of Hollywood Famous

By MARY OLIVIER

THE tales that are told about Hollywood! The pages of almost every newspaper and periodical in the world are imprinted with stories of the film colony, true and not so true, interesting and dull.

There's hardly an angle on the industry that hasn't been glamorised, publicised and criticised from every viewpoint. Yet in the fuss that has been made over the lives and loves of the stars one very colorful aspect of movie activity has been somewhat overlooked.

PERHAPS the fact that it's not good publicity explains why so little is known of the fights and feuds that take place in Hollywood. Peace eternal could hardly be expected to reign supreme in this spot where so many peculiarly

assorted people have been brought together in a confined area, and where folks live in each other's pockets most of the time.

Fights in Hollywood take many different forms. There is the flat encounter of which the film colony has seen its full quota, the verbal battle,



● KATIE DE MILLE, who staged a fine hair-pulling contest with Barbara Stanwyck.

well in the running for honors, while many a feud has brought about an uncomfortable moment or two not only for those concerned, but the onlookers too.

The Hollywood "Ambassador" won fame as the place where John Barrymore and Myron Selznick sought the hotel lawn to settle their differences. The scrap went for a fast round or two with odds heavy on Battling Barrymore, victor of a dozen such encounters.

However, it was Selznick, the dark horse, who won the decision. He was in condition to meet reporters the following day, while Barrymore sought seclusion in Palm Springs until his lovely black eye had assumed normal proportions and coloring once more.

Tully versus Gilbert

JIM TULLY'S flight with the late John Gilbert climaxed a feud of long standing. Jim hit Gilbert and Gilbert hit the floor. And all because James had said, and published, some pretty catty remarks about the acting ability of the then great lover of the screen. They patched up their differences shortly afterwards to the extent of Tully appearing in Jack's picture, "Way For a Sailor."

Tully has a reputation as Hollywood's most belligerent resident. He is never happy unless in the midst of a scrap. Two of his fights were with Arthur Caesar, whom he outpointed, and Murphy McHenry, whom he didn't Caesar, incidentally.

first won fame when he delivered a kick to Darryl Zanuck with the words "This is for Noah's Ark."

Richard Dix triumphed in a New York night club row against a mob of assorted roughnecks. The fray started when Dix resented a remark passed about his feminine companion. The melees that followed has many parallels on the screen, and, believe it or not, the hero emerged according to formula.

Whether you fight in public or in private makes little difference in Hollywood. But few of filmdom's battles are waged in the studios. Once in a while a screen scrap fails to end as scheduled and bad blood results from too much realism.

Barbara Stanwyck and Katherine de Mille had a spot of face scratching and hair pulling to do in "Banjo On My Knee" which was every bit as realistic as it looked. Barbara was pretty sore at Kay for trying to steal some of her scenes, so when the two got together at the psychological moment, they went hard at it, tooth and nail.

Lupe Velez and Jetta Goudal tangled in a similar encounter during the filming of "Lady of the Night."

The director thought he was getting marvellous action from the principals but he couldn't stop it. The girls continued long past the call of "cut."

Is It Jealousy?

NO one knows why one actor may dislike another. At best, all players are inherently jealous of one another. They aren't true sons and daughters of Thespis if this isn't so. After long hours of emotionally exacting work, when nerves are torn to the quick, suspicions are magnified into facts, sparks begin to fly.

It was the proud boast of a certain famous actor in Hollywood that he could win any woman he liked. He tried this theory on the wife of the man who happened to be his director. His choice was a bit indiscreet. The director is well over six feet, and packs a wallop like a Missouri mule.

Everything went well during the picture, but when it was completed—

bring in the smelling salts! The gay Lothario had a gory nose and a couple of black and blue eyes. The next time he tries his blandishments he will select a woman who is unmarried or who has been an orphan from birth.

The pages of motion picture history are full of such stories. The old Paramount Studio used to be a hotbed of temperament. When Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson were both around smoke poured out of the studio gate. Each was determined to be queen of the lot. Gloria had a bungalow, Pola didn't, but she soon remedied that.

Bungalow Stealer

THE head of the scenario department had a bungalow for his office. One day he arrived at the studio and found that he had been moved out during the night. Pola was in possession, and Mahomet might have moved the mountain but he couldn't move Pola. During those glamorous days the studio personnel waited with bated breath for the next move in this feud which never ended.

Verbal battles, particularly over contracts and roles, play their own particular part in the merry-go-round life of Hollywood. The stars who have fought with their studios in this regard are too numerous to mention, but the crowned king and queen of them all are James Cagney and Bette Davis.

Many a bad friendship, too, has resulted from a coveted role being annexed by a rival star. June Lang hasn't yet got over the disappointment of losing the role of Diane in "Seventh Heaven" to Simone Simon. Myrna Loy doesn't feel particularly well disposed towards Joan Crawford for taking the part she had set her heart on in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

And so it goes on through the years. Whenever you find an artistic temperament you'll find an artistic temper. Hollywood has always been and always will be one big scrappy family.



● BETTE DAVIS, who holds the record for battling with executives for her "rights."

JUST GO SILLY

Madness Helps in Hollywood

By JOAN SEBASTIAN

JUST in case you're thinking of coming to Hollywood (and don't tell me you haven't at least thought of it) perhaps I should warn you of some remarkable little customs prevalent among Hollywoodians.

I could, of course, warn you of several little Hollywood customs that would send you screaming up and down fire-escapes, but those I particularly have in mind concern our parties.

THERE'S one thing you must learn if you plan a trip to our fair city of strange misbehaviours, and that's how not to behave. In no place else in all the world is etiquette as quaint and colorful and slightly on the "exotic" side as in Hollywood.

The little matter of formal invitations is one point of contrast between the customs of our crazy colony and the more stable habits of civilised cities. In saner parts of the world, it is the custom, I believe, to attend a party only after an invitation has been received. But in Hollywood it's different. Uninvited guests arrive in droves. And bring everyone and anyone who happens to be passing at the moment.

In normal places it's the guests who always, sooner or later, leave the party. In Hollywood, as often as not, it's the host who, tiring of it all, walks out on the sounds of revelry by night. For instance, there's that well-known comedian who, upon tiring of his own festivities, forgot he was the host, and, after telling one and all it was the rottenest party he'd ever attended in all his befuddled life, calmly walked out his own front door on his way home.

Skates and Swimming

IF you were invited to a swimming party you wouldn't think of taking your skates along, would you? But I know of at least one Hollywood swimming party where you could have used your rollers.

Madge Evans invited a bunch of folks to come to her house for a big party in her pool. At the last moment she discovered that the pool had been drained, and the intake pipe had, got clogged, or something, and wouldn't work and couldn't be fixed in time for the party. So Madge sent downtown to a skating rink, hired dozens of pairs of roller skates, and when her guests arrived she had the party in the pool after all—but they skated on the floor of the pool instead of swimming in it.

Oh, yes, you can trust Hollywood to twist the conventional like an inside-out umbrella. And so, instead of giving a baby-shower to Mrs. Donald Woods when she was a soon-to-be mama, a gang of the boys threw the baby-shower for Donald himself! It was a strictly male affair. And some of the gifts that were brought for the baby-to-come were amazing, amounting, to say the least, to full 15 years or more before the baby can use some of the things.

If you're planning to visit Nelson Eddy, I feel that I should warn you that Nelson plays a funny trick on his party guests. He has hidden microphones behind settees and in cosy corners. They're connected up with a recording machine elsewhere in the house. Toward the end of the evening Nelson stages a "play-back" of some of the conversations his secret microphones have picked up. And my, oh my, are faces red?

Carole Lombard once threw a hospital party and met her guests at the door in a nurse's starched white uniform and issued long hospital orders, which were doctored over dinner outfits. Then she had them escorted to the white iron beds complete with names and charts hanging over the footboards. The butler, disguised as a doctor, served medicinal-looking drinks that were sipped through glass

tubes, but proved to be pleasant cocktails. Dinner was rolled in on an operating table, and the eating utensils were the less terrifying of surgical instruments.

Also typically Hollywoodish was the nervous-breakdown party given in honor of Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart, wife of the famous playwright, where the stars arrived at high noon garbed in the tails and top hats, the chiffons and low-cut velvets of evening wear, all because Mrs. Stewart, on the verge of a breakdown, had been forbidden by her doctor to keep late hours.

Hunting dinners are the latest. Clark Gable gave one recently and his invitations read: "Come up and have a duck dinner. I'll bring the ducks!" Duck-eaters included Carole Lombard (of course), Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, the late Jean Harlow and Bill Powell.

Ralph Bellamy's hunting dinner had its humorous side. He invited guests to eat quail that he'd shot himself. Then he went into the quail country to get the quail—only after a day's shooting he had to come back without any. The party couldn't be called off, so Ralph made good.

And even now there are quite a number of the guests who don't know that it wasn't quail at all they ate. It was really squash—peppered with buckshot in the poultice's backyard after the squash had already been plucked and dressed. Ralph just stood there and fired a lot of shot into the dressed squash, to make the

GALLERY OF STARS

Luise Rainer

With Paul Muni in "The Good Earth"



and ended up in the petunia bed under the window.

And there he stood. Refusing to budge or be budged. Until finally one bright director conceived the brilliant idea of phoning the sound and prop departments of the studio and having a ship's whistle and a gang plank sent over. With the aid of the ship's whistle they pretended the ship was about to dock, and rolling the gang plank up to the window they managed to get the lad ashore. And just in time, at that.

You see, it's situations like these that Hollywood expects and is constantly prepared to cope with.

Most inveterate of Hollywood's party-throws is the Countess di Praso, with Rhys Gable, who has gone more social than ever since she and Clark separated, as runner-up. And what does party-minded Hollywood do about the Gables? Well, the Countess di Praso has solved the situation neatly by alternating parties—one party Rhys is invited to, the next party Clark is asked to attend.

Other hostesses use the "Rhea dear, I must tell you that Clark has accepted" plan and vice-versa, but it was Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, the producer's wife, who really tried something original. At her last big party she invited Mrs. Gable for the first part of the evening, and Clark for the last. At 12 o'clock, like Cinderella, Mrs. Gable drew on her sables and disappeared into the night. Soon after her departure, Clark arrived. It could only happen in Hollywood.

guests think they were having the real thing when they found the lead pellets between their molars.

A notable contrast in "parties Hollywood" and parties elsewhere is the film colony's resourceful handling of impromptu and disturbing incidents that would have the rest of us walking round wringing our hands. For example, a famous hostess from the Continent threw what she thought would be an eyecopener to the local Hollywood yokel.

Christened His Hostess

A FAMOUS, but constantly bewildered, star, used to the slender streamline figures of movie queens, spotted his rather large hostess standing majestically to port, as it were, and was immediately seized with the fixed idea that he was there for the sole purpose of christening a battleship and nothing could stop him.

Seizing a bottle of something very rare and special, he banged it over the hostess' head and very solemnly said, "I hereby christen thee Crusader." And made for the window under the delusion he was now sailing the high seas.

THE HARD ROAD BACK TO FAME

Stars Who Have Come Out of Eclipse

By JEAN SPAULDING

THE road back is always the hardest to climb. But if it is difficult for a back-sliding tennis star, boxing champion, billiard player, or chess expert to regain his former glory, it is well-nigh impossible for a waning film luminary to glow anew in the cinematic firmament. Many have tried to come back—pitifully few have succeeded.

Unlike the top-notch athlete, who can rise once more to the top of the tree merely by striking championship form again, the film star can turn in his finest work during the autumn of his career and yet fail to arrest his descent to professional oblivion.

HIS place in the sky depends solely upon his retention of public popularity—an intangible something that seems largely dependent upon proper casting, combined, of course, with good acting.

There is no reason why any really capable screen star, who is continuously wisely cast, should not enjoy an unlimited period of success. Yet most of them flash, meteor-like, across the film heavens, and then fizzle out—meteor-like again—simply because they are not featured in the types of roles in which the public wants them.

But who, how and what is to determine just the right kind of parts that will keep a star evergreen or bring him renewed popularity? Therein lies the problem which few have solved.

To the producing company, the film star represents an investment which, when put to work in a motion picture, is capable of enticing sufficient money through the turnstiles to show the company a profit on its capital outlay.

Approved Roles

NOW the player in question attained the status of star because we, the paying public, liked him in a certain type of work. Thereafter, the studio must decide on one of two courses to ensure the star continuing to be a profitable investment. He must be kept in the kind of roles in which he won our approval, or his work must be varied.

Either course can spell success or failure because, regardless of the actor's capabilities, we either like him that way or we don't. Only the keenest of showmanship brains—plus a great deal of luck—can decide the right one.

Just as wise casting is the secret of sustained stardom, it is likewise the only sound foothold on the steep road back to screen fame. Those extremely few stars who have arrested fading careers by discovering their particular forte (either accidentally or by the intelligent reasoning of some producer) are interesting because each has built solidly and surely to greater popularity than ever before.

The case of Adolphe Menjou is striking. Once famous as the screen's most polished roue, he vanished completely from sight several years ago. Then Harold Lloyd gave him a supporting comedy part in "The Milky Way," and the world awoke to the fact that Menjou is one of the grandest comedians who ever graced the screen.

Since that time he has appeared in half a dozen first-rate comedy

roles with increasing success. Today his name on the cast list of any picture is worth more in terms of box-office receipts than during his earlier heyday, and so long as he continues to charm us with touches of subtle comedy, it is unlikely that we'll tire of him.

The career of Jean Arthur is along similar lines. She slid out of Hollywood about four years ago on the tail-end of a series of capable but undistinguished dramatic performances. She returned to Broadway and the stage before determining upon another invasion of the picture colony. And this time, by blossoming out as a comedienne in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," she scored one of the most sensational rises to stardom in screen history, following with "The



● LIKE MANY OTHERS, Jean Arthur went into eclipse for quite a time. Then it was discovered that she has a fine flair for comedy with the result that she is coming back via such pictures as "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford."

Ex-Mrs. Bradford" to consolidate completely the ground she had won. Her recent role in "The Palm Beach Story" was a departure from the magic formula, but she quickly slipped back into the delightful realms of light comedy with "History Is Made at Night," in which she co-stars with Charles Boyer.

Case of Janet Gaynor

JANET GAYNOR demonstrated that she really could act in her first big picture, the original "Seventh Heaven." However, because she made such an appealing Cinderella, her producers concluded that so long as her future roles would permit her to appear sweet and unsophisticated her truly amazing popularity would be retained. But in selecting her pic-

tures they forgot that she could act, and the public never had the chance of discovering that fact for themselves.

"Small Town Girl" startled Hollywood, as well as the rest of the world, into a realization that Janet had something more to exhibit than a sugary personality. And while everyone was still stunned, David O. Selznick signed her for the lead opposite Fredric March in his Technicolor film of Hollywood marriage, "A Star is Born." Thus, in one wisely-chosen role, she has won an unassailable place for herself in the field of dramatic work, and a host of admirers that far overshadows that of the past.

Unlike the others, who regained favor by changing to new avenues of screen work, Miriam Hopkins is

● TOP LEFT: Adolphe Menjou. This splendid all-rounder made a triumphant come-back in "The Milky Way."

● ABOVE: Janet Gaynor. "Small Town Girl" was the picture which showed her to be as good as ever.

climbing the road back by reverting to the type of role in which she first won acclaim. In Miriam's case it is delicious, nonsensical comedy—remember her in "The Best People," "Trouble in Paradise," and "Design for Living"?

In some unaccountable way, Miriam was shunted into a series of somber, dramatic roles, and during the past few years we've hardly known her to smile, much less heard her infectious giggle. No one will deny that she is an accomplished dramatic actress, but somehow we just didn't like her as well in that sort of part.

Producer Samuel Goldwyn recently scratched his head and, as usual, did the unexpected. The word went out that Miss Hopkins' next picture, "Woman Chases Man," was to be "the nuttiest picture ever made—for laughing purposes only."

It is just that—there's not a serious character or moment in the entire film. And as for Miriam's comedy performance—well, Goldwyn was so tickled that he signed her to a new four-year contract and bought a new furs for her even before "Woman Chases Man" had been released.

There is no royal road back to screen fame, unless it is wise casting. Even then, much depends upon the ability of the player to make the most of such opportunities. Only a few have been able to do it, as we have seen. Perhaps the others weren't given the chances, or maybe they just weren't good enough. Who knows?

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From Barbara Bouchier and Judy Bailey, Our Hollywood and London Representatives

THERE has been a polite little feud going on between Mr. Sam Goldwyn and Paramount, but it looks as though the dove of peace will be fluttering over them. You see, Mr. Goldwyn is a smart man, and has a habit of keeping track of the contracts of big stars. He quietly waits till the day the contract runs out, then signs up the star before the studio gets around to a renewal.

In this manner he perfectly legally gathered two of Paramount's top male stars, Gary Cooper and Joel McCrea, under his wing, and needless to say, Paramount was plenty annoyed. Now, however, it looks as though he will agree to giving that studio a loan of feel as soon as he completes Dead End.

Paramount is very anxious to get for the lead in "An Empire Is Born," story of the Wells Fargo outfit, and if Goldwyn agrees to the loan everything should be rosy again. Meanwhile other studios are being extremely careful to renew their star's contracts before the canny Mr. G. can to them.

MARTHA RAYE, the wide-mouthed young comedienne, was married in Las Vegas, Nevada, to Hamilton Buddy Westmore, 21-year-old movie make-up artist. Martha gave her age as 20, and her real name as Marjorie Boone Reed.

It was the first marriage for both of them. The solemnity of the occasion in a way affected Martha's effervescent sense of humor.

While the licence was being issued, Martha collected all the county clerk's rubber stamps and printed them on a shirt-front of Dr. Frank G. who was best man. The actress, Noreen Carr, served as maid of honor.

When word came to Martha's father, she was shocked and somewhat damaged. They promised me they wouldn't marry for two years," she said, "I don't see just exactly what to do about it."

Martha's life in the theatre dates from the day she was born. She was born in a dressing-room at Butte, Montana, and made her vaudeville debut at three.

Imagine Hugh Herbert's embarrassment when, on coming out of the theatre after an appendicitis operation, he discovered a baby boy lying beside him on the bed! The gag was pulled off by Frank McHugh, who is one of Herbert's best pals.

BRIAN GRIERSON, doing a "short" in London's docks the other day, went to a nearby dog's home to select a canine actor. A sorry-looking doggy puppy, however, selected him and was so insistent in his manner that he got the part.

He was so scrappy that the film was immediately nicknamed him "Scruffy." Now Scruffy is one of the stars in "Storm in a Teacup."

John Allgood, one of Dublin's Abbey Theatre stars, is his mistress, but she is too poor to pay his licence, so he is to get rid of him. Her attempt to do so and his attempts to prevent her make the picture, and Allgood Scruffy in a film career.

One of the minor mysteries of the world is Scruffy's pedigree, which was south has tracked from Mayfair to the Mile End Road (in London's East End).

Scruffy like Scruffy. He does not like himself.

WILLIAM POWELL won't have to worry about his next meal for some years to come. The long-discussed contract with M-G-M. has been signed, and reliable sources give the figure as \$31,000 a picture on a seven years' contract without options.

Two pictures are to be made within 48 months, making his average salary \$2600 per working week.

It is said George Arliss is returning to Hollywood in October after his much-too-long absence. Arliss has been steadily refusing offers from Hollywood studios, but now it seems he is interested in Warner's plan to star him in a screen biography of Hyam Solomon, Jewish gentleman of the period of the American Revolution.

If this plan falls through, Arliss may take up Universal's offer to enact the part of Lord Reading, first Jew to sit in the House of Lords. Is it possible that Arliss' fondness for Jewish roles was caused by his great success in "Disraeli" and "House of Rothschild"?

REAL drama has invaded the films in the attempts of Robert Donat to free himself from asthma. He was to play the lead in "South Riding," a story of life in a Yorkshire town.

Robert Donat Combats Illness

written by the late Winifred Holtby, also an asthma victim.

Donat's part of a country squire would have necessitated riding horses, but contact with horsehair aggravated his complaint, so he was forced to drop out.

"I mean to beat this asthma," he said. "It won't get me down. In about six or eight weeks I will be at Denham again to play in 'The Four Feathers.' After that I hope to make a film with Merle Oberon."

His present attack is not as acute as when he had to postpone work with Marlene Dietrich in "Knight Without Armour."

ALONG with United Artists' announcement that they will spend 25 million dollars for motion pictures to be released during the season 1937-38, comes the news that Charles Chaplin will "personally" make one production bearing his name for inclusion in his programme.

If you remember "Woman of Paris," which he directed, you will look forward to another film directed by the genius of filmdom.

Returning from Europe for the production of "The Second Mrs. Draper," in which she is actually to stage her comeback to the screen, Gloria Swanson appears as chic and youthful and beautiful as ever before.

The glamor girl of the silent screen says "she is still far from forty."

GOOD news for Ramon Novarro fans! After an absence of about three years, during which time there were constant rumors of his intention to make this or that film, Ramon has actually started work on "She Didn't Want a Shik," the first film on his new three-year contract with Republic Pictures.

Evidently he has decided directing isn't all it's cracked up to be, and acting is his medium, after all.

DOTS... and DASHES

Johnny Farrow throwing a swell party for singer John McCormick. • The George Brent-Constance Worth marriage stunning Hollywood. • Marlene Dietrich and Douglas Fairbanks, jun., hitting the high-spots together, seem to have forgotten their troubles. • Jimmy Dunn playing around causing a little contract trouble with Universal. • Martha Raye starting another flicker with a new contract and a salary raise

• SONJA HENIE and Tyrone Power showing further evidence of romantic tendencies by purchasing identical cars. • Maureen O'Sullivan, and

AN attractive brunette swept into the Savoy the other day, the cynosure of all eyes. It was Mrs. Ralph Blum, cousin of Mark Sanditch, whose direction has been one of the chief factors in the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire rise to fame.

To those ancients who remember the "allents," her advent rolled back the pages of film history, for in her teens she was none other than Carmel Myers, star of the untalkative days.

Glamor still walks in her footsteps, and already some of the British firms have been making overtures for her return to the screen. Like those of most of her sex, her replies have been neither yes nor nay.

WHEN Garbo makes a friend of a co-worker it's news. She has been working alongside a member of the Swedish nobility in "Walewka," and never knew it until the other day.

Playing one of Napoleon's generals in the picture is an actor listed simply as Schenfeldt. His real name is Count H. C. A. von Schenfeldt, and he is a motion-picture producer in Europe as well as author of several books. He took his present job to study Hollywood production methods.

When Garbo learned these facts she determined to make his acquaintance. Now they have become good friends.

WHISPERED rumors continue that Clark Gable will at long last get his divorce from Rhea Gable. The source of the rumor can't be tracked down, but close friends expect to see the first man of the screen married before long to the glamorous Carole Lombard.

HAROLD LLOYD, like Charlie Chaplin, makes pictures when he feels like it—which is not often enough. But we hear Harold is polishing up the horn-rimmed glasses and figuring out new methods for making the public laugh—and will start a picture titled "Professor Beware" in a few months.

Lloyd always pays for his pictures out of his own pocket and takes care of the profits personally, too. He will sink a million dollars in this one, but expects to be paid back when it hits the theatres. So far he has not done any casting, but we'll keep you posted.

QUEEN one picture and waitress the next is all in the day's work to Anna Neagle, just finished her role as Queen Victoria in "Victoria the Great."

Now she is starting as a waitress in a film entitled "Nippy," the name applied to London tea-shop waitresses. The last scenes in "Victoria the Great" are in technicolor, and producer Herbert Wilcox was so impressed with the result that "Nippy" will also be in this medium.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



BESIDES having the entire place fumigated, Joan Bennett is having a complete new set of telephones installed in her home, in case any stray chicken-pox germs had been caught in the old ones!

You know, of course, that Joan caught the disease from her young daughter and was quarantined with her for a me time. Imagine a Hollywood glamor girl getting anything so undignified as chicken-pox.

EARLY one morning Victor McLaglen shows up in the police court seeking protection from a woman "who was throwing bottles at me" during a party. The Captain assigned two police officers to escort him home.

That, at least, was the first report on the great McLaglen bottle battle. But Vic's version differs.

"I was staying at the house of some friends and some people dropped in. Everything was very nice."

All of a sudden a fight starts. I pay no attention because I'm used to fight, and they don't last long, anyway."

Then, before I knew it, somebody throws a beer bottle, see? They didn't throw it at me. Anyway, it didn't hit me. It hit the wall or the window or something.

"Pretty soon the air is so thick with beer bottles you can't see across the room. The next thing I know a woman falls down at my feet. I guess she got hit by one of the bottles, or somebody shoved her or something."

"Well, by that time I had to take

HOLLYWOOD'S "forgotten" men and women, the extras, have a new hope. The lives of these thousands of people, content to drag along picking up a few dollars by working crowd scenes in pictures, are rather pitiful. Some of them go on for years, always hoping that some day they'll be discovered and given stardom—though they know their chances are but one in a hundred thousand.

Now director Leigh Jason has decided to give some of them that chance. He will give auditions to several hundred "dress extras" (those with complete, smart wardrobes of their own) and will choose sixty-five of them for speaking parts in "New Faces of 1937." This is indeed a marvelous break for the extras, for those who show exceptional talent will be given contracts by R.K.O.

DICK FORAN is back in Hollywood with a beautiful blonde bride, Ruth Hollingsworth, prominent society girl. They married in a small town near the Mexican border, exactly six months to a day after they met at a party. Dick is glowing with pride and happiness.

He is going into his first starring role in Warner Brothers' "Two Plateons." Quitting Western pictures, he has left his horse for a fire engine. In other words, he will play a fireman.

TO-DAY'S Hollywood realism yarn: Frances Farmer was supposed to lose a doorknob through the glass upper part of a door for a scene in "Exclusive." At first she didn't throw hard enough to satisfy director Al Hall. He told her to try again, to make believe she was really furious, and to throw with all her might.

On the second take Frances threw the knob with the strength of a shot-putter—it crashed through the glass, bounced off the edge of a table and on to director Hall's head, knocking him out cold! He asked for it!

Just a Nice Quiet Party

some notice. I picked up the woman and carried her out of there. There was no other place to take her so I took her to the police station. I know all the boys there, and I knew everything would be all right."

Vic said he spent the rest of the night at an hotel. He refused to divulge the names of anyone at the party.

KATHLEEN COURT'S
'ROSE PETAL' ROUGE AND LIPSTICK

for natural colour appeal

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE — 19

★★★THE GOOD EARTH

Laise Rainer, Paul Muni.
(M.-G.-M.)

I DO not praise lightly, nor do I discover screen masterpieces as frequently as movie publicity men, naturally enough, might like. But in this picture I have seen a production on which praise can be lavished by the most conscientious critic; a film which can rank with the great masterpieces of the screen—if I may use a term which has been sadly overworked.

Producer, director, and camera men have risen to the highest standards of their respective professions. There are scenes in this picture—scenes of famine, riot, and plague—which are unforgettable. The whole essence of peasant life in China has been compressed into two and a half hours.

And Rainer as O-Lan! Was this figure of indomitable, quiet, self-sacrificing courage, this silent but magnificently expressive Chinese woman; was she, beneath her make-up, the gay, capricious girl of "Escape," the tempestuous, temperamental, lovely Anna Held, of "Ziegfeld"? It seems incredible, but it is so. With this performance, Rainer fulfils all the predictions of those who saw her two earlier pictures. She is definitely one of the two greatest, if not, as I think, the greatest actress in Hollywood to-day. With comparatively no dialogue to help her, she makes of O-Lan one of the great characterisations in screen history.

"The Good Earth" is Rainer's picture. Muni is excellent, but his role has not in it the tragic and profoundly moving quality inherent in that of O-Lan! He gives a splendid performance, as do, indeed, all the members of the cast, but the little Viennese is the one on whom the whole stupendous structure rests. You must see this film.—Liberty; showing.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★LOVE ON THE RUN

Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone. (M.-G.-M.)

LOVERS of comedy will get their money's worth in this latest M.-G.-M. frolic. In it both Clark Gable and the erstwhile quiet Mr. Tone demonstrate in no mean fashion their ability figuratively to let their hair down and abandon themselves to moments of broad, shrieking fun.

Both these gentlemen appear as newspaper men, rivals, with Joan Crawford as the ultra-rich young lady whose flight from the altar (the only commonplace touch) enables Clark to play the chivalrous Judas while Franchot, beaten to a prime story, dogs the two of them all over Paris.

There are laughs in plenty in this opus, but nothing in it is quite so madly funny as the scenes in the Palace of Fontainebleau, where a screw caretaker, with his non-existent dog, appears to add to the gaiety provided by the three major figures.

Oh, yes, there are spies in this film, too. Reginald Owen and Mona Barrie play these comically sinister roles, adding a final twist to a thoroughly enjoyable piece of entertainment.—St. James; showing.

★★★LOVE IS NEWS

Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, Don Ameche. (Fox.)

HERE is rattling good entertainment with the doctor's prescription, a moment of the swift-moving burlesqued newspaper variety. All three principals are splendid, young Don Ameche, in particular, giving a performance which will add considerably

to the good impression made by his work in previous films.

Story concerns a rich young lady (Loretta Young), who, fed to the teeth with lying newspaper stories about herself, turns the tables on an enterprising young reporter (Power), by announcing his engagement to her, thus making him, despite his frenzied denials of any romance, into a front page figure.

Don Ameche's role is that of a city editor—the usual screen interpretation. He is hard-boiled, tough, unscrupulous—but amusing. Extra comedy is added by Walter Catlett. A good show for a laugh.—Plaza; showing.



FRANCHOT TONE, who proves himself no mean comedian in "Love on the Run."

★★★SEVENTH HEAVEN

James Stewart, Simone Simon. (Fox.)

THERE is enough in this offering to justify the two stars which decorate it—just about enough. I have a feeling that a great number of women will think it worth far more, but there you are; I can only give my personal reactions and hope for the best.

Simone Simon, although still giving few signs of possessing any real acting ability, is much easier to take in this film than she has been in her two earlier vehicles; the blatant sexiness which was so marked in her former characterisations is missing in this opus—heaven be thanked!

As Chico, the Parisian sewer man whose ambition is to be a street cleaner, James Stewart comes out fairly well. It is not his best role, by a very long shot, but he gets by.

The story is of the sentimental variety, nearly as far removed from reality as the North Pole is from the South. But there is plenty of sugar, and, as is well known, a sugar coating disguises a great deal.—Regent; showing.

★★★DRAEGERMAN COURAGE

Barton MacLane, Jean Muir. (Warners.)

WARNER BROTHERS are fulfilling a very valuable function in the screen world: they are doing for films and film actors what the old stock company used to do for the stage.

I do not know of any other studio producing ordinary little programme pictures of such uniformly good quality, so capably acted and directed. This picture is a fair sample. With-

Week's Best Release

"THE GOOD EARTH."
M.G.M. Feature. A great picture in every sense of the word.

out big star value, without any spectacular sequences, it is yet thoroughly good entertainment. It is acted by players who know their jobs thoroughly, and directed by a man who knows how to get the most out of an unassuming story.

The story, by the way, is concerned with the perils of mining and the herodism of draegermen, miners whose role it is to safeguard their fellows and rescue them, if possible, in times of disaster.

The cast, besides Barton MacLane and Jean Muir, includes names like Henry O'Neill, Robert Barratt, Addison Richards and Joseph Crehan. You see all of them frequently—and none

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

- ★★★ Three stars—excellent.
- ★★ Two stars—good films.
- ★ One star—average films.
- No stars . . . no good.

of 'em ever gives a bad performance.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★LET THEM LIVE

John Howard, Nan Grey. (Universal.)

HERE is a very sincere and well-handled little picture which stands well at the head of the one-star class, and is a safe bet for anybody's money.

Starting off with John Howard as a young medico whose main object is to get rich in the shortest possible time, the story records a gradual change in outlook as his work in a city hospital brings him up against politicians who are endangering the lives and health of the poor simply to save the pockets of rich supporters.

The film has plenty of action and drama without ever becoming unconvincingly melodramatic. John Howard does a good job of work; this young actor will bear close watching.

If you see this film on the bill of any theatre you may be going to, you can be sure of one satisfactory half, at least.—Plaza; showing.

★★★50 ROADS TO TOWN

Don Ameche, Ann Sothern. (Fox.)

DESPITE a very slow opening, with virtually no dialogue to break the monotony of racing cars, this comedy wins its two stars by a nose. In a way, the dull beginning serves a good purpose: while one champs at the bit during the early sequences, they serve to heighten the comedy which comes later and works up to a most satisfying climax.

Both Don Ameche and Ann Sothern are well cast. Ameche is a youngster



JOAN CRAWFORD, starred in "Love on the Run," has one of the most amusing roles of her career.



"SEVENTH HEAVEN" IS A PICTURE OF REAL BEAUTY

THE silent version of "Seventh Heaven" did more, perhaps, to establish the prestige and entertainment value of the art of making pictures than any other picture, before or since.

"Seventh Heaven" occupies this position because, above all, it is a story which strikes to the very core of entertainment. Its love story is such that it has made the names of Chico and Diane synonymous with the great loves and lovers of history and mythology. There is oclian in it, humor, gusto and, with the whole leavened with the truth of humanity.



The silent picture is now one of our happier memories. The talking picture should be your most pleasant anticipation.

James Stewart as Chico and Simone Simon as Diane, play their roles with a simplicity which stamps the characters with the hallmark of genius. Also in the cast are—Jean Herschell, Gregory Ratoff, Gale Sondergaard. "Seventh Heaven" is one of the most purely beautiful pictures that have ever been made. In production faultless and with the tempo of its story unfolding in delightful suspense, this picture will surely take its place in the minds of all who see it as the ultimate screen entertainment.

"Seventh Heaven" will shortly be released throughout Australia's first release houses. Ask your local theatre manager when he will screen it!

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE FOR EARLY GENERAL RELEASE

Here is Taken No. 20 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Peoples of the World in Pictures."	PW 20
Here is Taken No. 35 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Peoples of the World in Pictures."	G 39
Here is Taken No. 35 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Peoples of the World in Pictures."	WB 35

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Acids in Blood—must be removed by Kidneys

Or your system is poisoned

Your Health is Undermined and You May Suffer from Nervousness, Circles Under Eyes, Lack of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Dizziness, Leg Pains, and Feel Tired, Run-Down, and Worn Out.

There is nothing that can so quickly undermine your health, strength, and energy, as an excess of acid in your blood. Most people when thinking of Acidity think of the stomach. However, the type of acidity that undermines health is that arising in the blood and often caused by worry, overwork, fear, late hours, and over-indulgence, thus placing a heavy strain or load on the kidneys.

Nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess acids in the blood. This is accomplished by your Kidneys, the most intricate and delicate organs in your body. Each kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 4 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 200 times an hour, or so frequently that in a 24-hour period the kidneys actually filter and purify a barrel of blood, so that the acids and poisonous wastes may be removed.

Causes Many Troubles

Dr. Walter H. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, U.S.A., recently stated: "Modern foods and drinks, nervous strain, worry, and overwork, place a tremendous load on the kidneys. For this reason, it is estimated that millions of men and women at times are troubled with poorly functioning kidneys. In fact, this condition is often the real cause of thousands of people feeling older than they should, run-down, exhausted, nervous, and worn out."

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly and fail to remove approximately 2 pints of acids, poisons, and liquids from your blood every twenty-four hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these acids and wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned. Kidney and Bladder Troubles cause many diseases, such as Nervousness, Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Colds and Headaches, Rheumatism, Pains, Swollen Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning, Itching and Smarting Acidity.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way
Chemists and doctors in 51 countries throughout the world think that the

Make This 8-Day Guaranteed Test

If you are run-down, worn out, feel older than you are, or suffer from the diseases previously mentioned, Kidney and Bladder Troubles likely are the real cause of your trouble. At any rate it will do you no harm to put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. Under the guarantee, in 8 days' time it must do the work to your complete satisfaction, or you merely return the empty package and the full purchase price is refunded without question or argument. With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the kidneys. For that reason most people report a remarkable improvement within the first forty-eight hours and complete satisfaction within 3 days. In testing Cystex, you are the sole judge of your satisfaction. You must feel younger, stronger and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. Cystex costs little at chemists, and as the guarantee provides you completely, you can not afford to take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or any medicine that is not good enough to be guaranteed. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Sisteck) today.

THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 38

Elizabeth, knew nothing about it until I told him afterwards."

Elizabeth stood up quickly. She went to Alan and caught him by the arms, crying in a small, childlike treble. "Darling! Is that true?"

"Certainly it's true," said Alan. "And you were here just to break it all off, for good?"

That was the knife in the pink-clipped hand exclaiming the pound of flesh. Mimi set her teeth and took it, but she hid inwardly when Alan answered:

"Well, yes—in a way—that's what I was here for."

"Take me home!" said Elizabeth. "I think I'm going to cry."

"You exaggerated things, that's all," said Alan, straightening his necktie and running a hand back over his hair. "Mimi and I may have lost our heads a bit, but we never really meant to do anything foolish."

"I am not denying anything," said Mimi haughtily.

"She says she's in love with you," said Elizabeth.

Mimi said, "He knows it." She glared at Alan to speak.

Alan, however, remained silent, looking uncomfortably.

"She says you are in love with her," went on Elizabeth softly. Now it was Alan, beginning at last to reply, whom she silenced. "No—please! I don't want to hurt anyone. I only want to try and understand."

Mimi—Ed may have been satisfied to wait and let this infatuation suppose one would call it, wear itself out. But Mimi wants to talk about it—don't you, Mimi?"

"I want to be straight," said Mimi. "About the biggest thing in my life." She stood at one end of the mantelpiece, Alan stood at the other. When she looked at him he was looking at the tip of his cigarette, which he held in long, restless fingers.

"And Mimi is right," said Elizabeth reasonably and with an encouraging simplicity. "If you really are in love with her—no, wait, Alan: not yet! I say if you really are, then she's right about the rest of it too. There's only one thing for me to do—"

She hesitated. "Suddenly wiped her lashes with the edge of her two second fingers."

Elizabeth, said Alan unhappily, "here—no good getting your- self all worked up."

"I'm all right," said Elizabeth. "Don't worry about me."

"I'm just asking you to be perfectly sure that a divorce is what you want, before I—"

Alan, after all, your happiness is the most important thing in the world to me, just as Mimi's happiness is the most important thing in the world to her."

She looked at Mimi, who looked back pale with scorn.

"Why drag your father into it?" said Alan suddenly.

"Because, dear," said Elizabeth. "I'm going to divorce you—"

"You've made up your mind to do that?"

"It was Mimi's idea," said Elizabeth. "She seemed to choke back my sob. 'Dad will be so disappointed,' she continued after a moment in which she struggled visibly to be calm. 'He's loved having you in the office. He says you've been to be just like a son to him. He's counting on having you married him, and now—it's hard on him to have to change all his plans.'"

"It settled and over with. 'Don't you?' said Alan, his hands and eyes morosely uneasy. 'Have I said anything about wanting a divorce?'"

"Oh, not you!" Elizabeth's small head fluttered imploringly. "It was Mimi. I only thought if she said you must have told her to."

"It was forming about Mimi's head, weighing it down like ice on the wings of a plane. She could bear the thing she saw coming every moment nearer. Alan was going to let her down."

"Mimi," he said, speaking slowly and carefully—his eyes were on Elizabeth's face—"did I ever tell you, or even suggest to you, that you go to Elizabeth and ask her?"

Mimi interrupted him, speaking with equal distinctness. "I did what I did on my own. Your husband,

Elizabeth, knew nothing about it until I told him afterwards."

Elizabeth stood up quickly. She went to Alan and caught him by the arms, crying in a small, childlike treble. "Darling! Is that true?"

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Catching Cold?

Prevention...

is easier than cure!



At the First Sneeze

Now when a sneeze, sniffle, or irritated feeling in your nose warns you that days of misery are ahead, you can often stop the cold before it starts. For medical science has perfected a way to prevent many colds. It is easy to use...



Quick! Vicks Va-tro-nol

You simply put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril with the handy dropper. Instantly, you can feel the tingling medication spread through the hidden nasal passages—where 3 out of every 4 colds start.



THAT cold avoided!

The stuffy, irritated feeling vanishes! Every breath is clear and cool. And usually that cold will never develop. For Va-tro-nol, if used in time, rouses Nature's own defences to throw off many a threatening cold before it can take hold.

CLEARs STUFFY HEADS, TOO. Even if you have neglected the first signs and have a fully developed head-cold (or nasal catarrh), Va-tro-nol quickly clears away mucus, shrinks swollen membranes, helps to drain the sinuses, lets you breathe again.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Great New Ally to Vicks VapoRub

Michel
The King of Lipsticks

To be Continued

Loses 29 lbs. of FAT in 6 weeks

Reduces Hips 9 inches

New Safe, Pleasant Reducing Treatment

"My Doctor Was Amazed at Results"

"I had been under a doctor's care for bad heart and liver. He advised me to reduce. I tried all sorts of remedies without results. Then a friend said she had taken BonKora and lost 20 pounds in 5 weeks. I decided to try it."

"I lost 29 pounds in 6 weeks. Reduced hips 9 inches; waist 7 inches; hips 5 inches. Now wear a dress 3 sizes smaller."

"My doctor was amazed. I don't go to him any more since I lost the fat that was crowding my heart. My liver troubles, headaches and tired feeling have gone too. I feel full of pep."—Mrs. M. J. Prosser, (full address on request)

Eat Big Meals Fat Goes Quick

Get rid of your fat. Take BonKora, the new quick, safe Reducing Treatment. It has taken off 15 to 25 pounds for people who had tried other methods in vain. BonKora takes off fat new "8-stage" way. Triple action: triple speed. No starving. Just take BonKora and EAT BIG MEALS of foods you like as explained in BonKora package.

No thyroid in BonKora. In fact, this treatment builds health while reducing fat. Don't be fat any longer. Get a bottle of BonKora, the new, safe, pleasant Reducing Treatment, from your chemist to-day. Take 5 teaspoonful of BonKora in a glass of orange juice 3 times daily and then reduce the dose as your excess fat disappears.

"All right, but she couldn't have done it without him," said Mimi. "If he'd stood by me..."

"That one?" said Kilmartin, curt with disgust. "He stood you up to be shot at, that's all. He's got a cushy job and he knows it. And she knows that he knows it. No, my girl—you were licked before you ever cut for deal with that pair of sharks."

"I knew she'd get you sooner or later."

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BEFORE Mrs. M. J. Prosser AFTER Mrs. Prosser, after taking 29 lbs. in 6 weeks with BonKora. Looks younger.

FREE SAMPLE

*****MAIL THIS COUPON*****
BICHAPPER AND COMPANY,
Box No. 2000, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full
details of BonKora Treatment.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY
BOKORA, enclose postal note for A.P.S.
and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to
you post free, in a plain wrapper.
BOKORA/7/37

THE GIRL FRIEND LEARNS SOMETHING



I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING FOR
INDIGESTION AND NOTHING'S
ANY GOOD.

TRY BONOX—IT
STIMULATES THE GASTRIC
JUICES OR SOMETHING—
ANYWAY IT CURED ME!



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COMMON indigestion due to a deficiency of gastric juice, I put them on Bonox. The soluble beef extractives act as a stimulant to the stomach glands. In addition Bonox, unlike ordinary meat extracts, contains Predigested Beef, which is immediately absorbed into the blood stream, giving you a "lift" when you're tired and run down. There's nothing more delicious and satisfying than a steaming cup of Bonox—have it regularly every day. Bonox is sold everywhere—try some right away!

FREE!

It costs you nothing to prove what Bonox can do for you. Go to your nearest Retailer and buy a 2-oz. bottle of Bonox. With it you will receive a big trial bottle, absolutely free. Use the trial bottle, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return the 2-oz. bottle, unopened, and your money will cheerfully be refunded.

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SYDNEY, S.W., every Tues., 8.45 p.m.
MELB. 3DB-LK, every Tues., 8 p.m.
PERTH, GIX-WB, every Tues., 8 p.m.



WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Cancerians Are Tenacious, But Easily Imposed On

The moon is the planet with dominion over all people born under the zodiacal sign, Cancer.

The strongest Cancerians of all are those born between June 22 and July 23, but those during whose birth-hour the moon or Cancer was rising over the eastern horizon will also respond very strongly to the moon's magnetic rays.

THIS influence in the life of Cancerians bespeaks great sensitivity, kindness, and emotionalism. These people often appear much more reserved and self-assured than they really are. They are highly emotional, but are afraid to let the outside world know it.

It is this influence which makes most Cancer-born folk rather restless, diffusive, and changeable. They must develop stability of character and strong opinions if they are not to be imposed upon by others. They are so sympathetic and so anxious to

please that they seem to actually invite such impositions.

The fact that these characteristics make Cancerians rather agreeable associates and partners does not alter the fact that these harder qualities should be cultivated for the Cancerian's protection.

Cancerians are rather easily influenced by love or sympathy, but if hurt, or if really determined to follow a chosen course, they can be most tenacious and persistent. In such cases, interferences or disagreements will mean little to them. They will continue on their own way.

Fond of Research

THE stomach is a very important organ in the body of Cancer people. It is subject to upsets which result in indigestion, dyspepsia, and similar ailments. Quite frequently these upsets are no more than nervous reaction following upon excitement, worry, arguments and unsettled conditions existing at meal time.

Cancerians should make it a habit to include plenty of fresh fruits, vegetables, and salads in the menu, and to eat in peace and comfort.

At the same time their minds are receptive and orderly. There is a scientific turn to their mentality, creating a desire for research and progression.

The Daily Diary

TRY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (Mar. 21 to Apr. 21): Guide your affairs with extreme caution on July 14, 15 and 16 (very early), for delays, annoyances and upsets can cause you trouble.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Just fair for you on July 13.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Routine best, July 14 and 15 fair.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Live cautiously on July 14 and 15, but speed up all important matters on July 16, 17 and 18. Do not fail to begin some new and important enterprises then. Ask favors and make changes, for success is likely to follow.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Fair on July 19 and 20.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Quite fair on July 16, 17 and 18.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Do not be over-confident at this time, for your plans and desires may be thwarted. Make no changes.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Work hard on July 16, 17 and 18, for the stars favor you then, and opportunities and favors should come your way. Plan well ahead so that you can realise ambitions. Start new enterprises, seek promotion.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Unspectacular, but fair on July 19 and 20.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Let your conscience be your guide, but don't leave caution and common sense out of the picture. You must live very cautiously in order to avoid losses, partings, disappointments, and disruptions. Do not argue or take risks, especially on July 14, 15 and 16 (very early).

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Routine work is indicated, though July 14 and 15 can be fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Life can bring you opportunities and pleasures this week, so seek promotions and favors. Plan to begin contemplated ventures on July 16, 17 and 18. They should prove successful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

You have
NO EXCUSE
for being
SO THIN

Replenish your
Blood: you will
gain in weight, in
health, in beauty.

All thin women, all thin men too, whatever their age, can regain their proper weight rapidly and become strong and well, by taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

At the root of this trouble of being "too thin" is anemia, which means a scarcity of red corpuscles in your blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because of the vital elements they supply to your blood, help to create new red corpuscles of full health. Your blood, now rich and red, carries new life to every part of your system: your body develops firm, supple flesh without adding ugly fat, you gain in weight, and with your health renewed you feel well (and are well).

Try a course now of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and notice the surprising change for the better in you within a few weeks.

All chemists and stores sell these pills, price 2/- a bottle.

Ladies! Cut Your Clothes Costs

Stott's Modern System Dresscutting—By Chart teaches you how to cut your own Pattern and thus have MORE BETTER Clothes—at less cost. Stott's Chart System economical for families. Any member for any member of the family—from the eldest down to the toddlers—can be cut from one set of Charts.

Inquire Without Cost: Mail Coupon

STOTT'S CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE,

100 RUSSELL ST., MELBOURNE. I am interested in Stott's Modern System of Dresscutting—By Chart. Without obligation, please send me particulars, post free.

My Name

Address

A.W.W.147

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LEAVING SYDNEY DEC. 10 VIA MELBOURNE

With almost a week in Adelaide the beautiful South Australian Cruise, visiting Port Lincoln, Augusta, Port Hughes (Moonah), Pirie, &c. &c.

2672 MILES BY SEA

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EVERYTHING PAID £19/10/-

21 DAYS IN ALL

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Sure to get it at Grace Bros:—



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ELECTRIC WASHER

This New Canadian Washer is exclusive to GRACE BROS.

Here are just a few "Excelsior" features:—"LOVEL" Non-crush Wringer, with safety feeder and release.

SEAMLESS STEEL TUB, heavily coated inside and out with non-breakable porcelain. GENERAL ELECTRIC MOTOR (lifetime lubrication).

FAST WASHING AGITATOR, with fingertip control.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By Evelyn

When You Holiday in the SNOW

Guard your skin carefully if you want to look your loveliest

EXHILARATING...thrilling snow sports... Oh, the fun of it... all dressed in gay woollies... your body tingling from exercise in the keen, crisp air... But your complexion? What of that?

SNOW does it react to contact with ice-cold air, biting winds and the sun on the snow?

Weather conditions of this kind test every skin, some more so than others, just as the sun and hot winds play havoc with the complexion while swimming in summer.

The cold, of course, is wonderfully exhilarating for the complexion, and snow sports soon send the blood coursing swiftly, giving color to your cheeks and firming the muscles.

But you must guard your skin against the harsh effects of wind and sun, and if a red nose is your particular trouble when the temperature falls below zero, then you must find something to overcome that defect, for nothing is less becoming than a red nose in the wrong place.

Olive Oil

BEFORE you leave for your holiday in the snow, pack into your suitcase a good supply of pure olive oil, cream for cleansing, nourishing cream, camphor ice, and make-up cosmetics.

Olive oil is splendid for protecting and preserving the skin against the effects of sun and cold. On the Continent, where snow sports are extremely popular, many women smear their faces with olive oil before going out into the open air, and use no other make-up other than a light lipstick.

This shiny appearance suits some women very well, and you may find you can get away with it, too. If you haven't the courage to try this method of caring for the skin, apply a little olive oil before you go out, allow it to soak in for a few minutes and then wipe off the surplus.

Then smooth over gently a little radiation cream and apply your make-up and powder.

As a rule you will find it better to use the lighter powders—deep reds and peaches usually appear to the best advantage in the cold.

At night before bed, cleanse the skin thoroughly with cleansing cream and olive oil, then dab with a skin cream or wash in tepid water and olive oil. Before you jump into bed, wash in plenty of rich, nourishing cream and leave on all night.

If your lips have become chapped by the cold, rub on a little camphor



BEAUTY IN THE SNOW. Suitably clad in cosy woollen sports clothes, this young lady is enjoying the snow sports to the full, but she guards her complexion at the same time, by using plenty of oil and cream to protect the skin.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME By A Doctor

PATIENT: What makes trachoma such a dread disease?

TRACHOMA is a very contagious disease, spreading from one person to another through the secretions carried to healthy eyes by means of fingers, towels, handkerchiefs and other articles used in common.

It is very prevalent in Europe, and especially frequent in Egypt and Arabia. The East, in general, is more afflicted than the West, and in lowland countries it is more extensive than in mountainous regions.

Just which germ causes the disease has not yet been definitely determined, but a micro-organism of some variety it most certainly is, many such having already been described in connection with the disorder.

Trachoma, which occurs in all ages, is responsible for many cases of partial or total blindness.

That is what makes it such a dread disease. The chief characteristics of this disorder are "granular" and thickened eyelids. Often the patient feels no special discomfort referable to the eyes until the lids become swollen,

both upper and lower, with a discharge taking place.

Even these symptoms may be absent for a time. The conjunctiva—the tissue lining the lids—becomes red, however, and it may itch or burn, even be painful and cause tearing.

One must not confuse these latter signs with ordinary conjunctivitis. In other words, a simple inflammation of the membranes which soon yields to treatment.

In trachoma, large and small elevations appear on the markedly thickened lids and if the elevations are large we get the familiar granular effect of the typical cases. This inflammatory process advances for a time and then troublesome organic changes usually take place.

Scars form on the lids, which, although they indicate the healing of the acute stage, soon contract and cause further difficulties in the structure of the eye.

Trachoma is curable, but usually only completely so in the mildest forms of the disease. This does not mean, of course, that loss of sight, partial or total, is an inevitable result.

Experts in eye disorders are required to treat the acute stages of trachoma, as well as the later ones.

NOW... a tasty flavour in a creamy cheese



Kraft Old English



FORMERLY, if you liked a tasty cheddar, you had to take what you could get. Sometimes it was just right... but more often than not it was dry, crumbly, corky, disappointing. But not any more! Now there's Kraft Old English—a delicious, smooth, creamy packaged cheese that's rich with a full-bodied, well-cured tasty flavour. Old English is a tasty cheddar worthy of the finest table—serve it regularly to prove you know good food!

For variation—and for those who prefer a milder cheese, there's Kraft Cheddar, deliciously golden-smooth and mouth-watering. And for something different, try Kraft Pimento—a creamy cheddar flavoured with morsels of Spanish Pimento. There's Kraft Welsh Rarebit too, a gorgeously seasoned Rarebit all ready made—just melt it and it's ready to serve!

Kraft Cheese rich source of food value

Dieticians agree that Kraft Cheese should be eaten daily by children and grown-ups, for it's such a rich source of proteins, energy-units, vitamins and minerals—especially calcium, essential to strong teeth and bones. Kraft Cheese is a perfect meat-substitute too. Serve Kraft Cheese Dishes regularly for family health—they're delicious and economical!

You can make
gorgeous
"Party Dishes"
with Kraft
Old English



Next time you want something different, make these delicious **PANCAKES AU GRATIN**.

* 1 lb. Kraft Old English; hot cleaned chicken (chicken in white sauce); 1/2 teaspoon baking powder; 1/4 cup flour; 1/2 cup milk; 1 egg; salt; 5 tablespoons melted butter. Add half the cheese to creamed chicken. Mix dry ingredients, add milk, beaten egg and melted butter. Make pancakes 3 inches across; while hot roll with creamed chicken in centre. Sprinkle with remaining cheese, shredded, and place in oven long enough to melt cheese. Garnish with apple cooked with cinnamon flavouring.



CHEDDAR

Australia's best-loved mild cheese. Smooth, luscious and creamy—now with an even finer flavour.



PIMENTO

A miracle of fascinating flavour. Try it in cooked Cheese Dishes—it gives them a Creole dash!



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RAREBIT**

A real work-saver. All seasoned, ready to melt into the perfect Rarebit or Cheese Sauce de Luxe.

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Send to the Kraft Cheese Co., Dept. A5, Riverside Ave., Melbourne, 58 Clarence St., Sydney, or 74 Eagle St., Brisbane, for the Kraft recipe book, "Cheese and Ways to serve it." Vary your menus with tempting Cheese Dishes that are easy and inexpensive to make!

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WATCH FOR DELICIOUS NEW CHEESE RECIPES IN EVERY 8-OZ. PACKET OF KRAFT CHEESE!

Rough GOING

By...

George
Goodchild

THIS
SUPPLEMENT
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.



FREE
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY.

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

ROUGH GOING

By GEORGE GOODCHILD



THE circumstances which had taken John Tremayne to Canada twelve years ago were known only to himself, and a handful of people now in England. During those twelve eventful years he had changed the manner of his work almost as many times as he had changed his clothes. With him was the daughter of a late marriage, but for whose needs he would undoubtedly have gone completely to the dogs. As it was, Denise's life had been far removed from a picnic.

"We'll strike it one day, Denise," Tremayne had promised, but he had never explained exactly what he hoped to strike, and all he did strike were large batches of trouble, much of which was brought about by his short temper.

This still and marvellous evening in the late fall found them travelling along a network of waterways in Northern Canada in a birch canoe which was laden down with pelts taken on a rather more than usually successful hunting trip. According to Tremayne it would take them three weeks to get to railhead, and two weeks of that period had already passed. Few living souls had been seen on that amazing journey, but Denise was used to such circumstances, and never had a doubt that old "Firebrand," as her father had been called, would make the grade and bring about that change in their lives of which he had sometimes spoken.

"Time to camp, Pop," she said, turning her head to gaze at the grizzled face behind her.

"Not yet," he grunted.

Tremayne sighed and put even more power into his strokes, with the result that they were very soon past the spot which had appealed to Denise.

"Look here, Pop, what's the big idea?" she asked.

"Rapids."

"Well, we can make them in the morning—on a full stomach."

"There's a storm gathering, and if we got a big fall of rain overnight this river would be a mill-race and worse. That would mean a big portage, and I'm not keen to emulate any mule. Keep it going, and as soon as we get across we can camp."

Denise shrugged her shoulders. Her father's judgment in such matters was usually good, and she tried to forget the gnawing hunger engendered by keen air and abundant exercise. The river which for the past few hours had been of fair width now began to narrow appreciably and the flow increased so much that it was not necessary to do more than steer the craft.

"Are those the rapids I can hear?" asked Denise.

"Hold tight!" shouted Tremayne.

She opened wide her half-closed eyes, and was appalled by what she saw. They were riding the top of a vast mass of water which, some fifty yards ahead, suddenly executed a gleaming black curve downwards. From this watery pit arose a cur-

tain of fine spray. Beyond it was a whirling mass—millions of little whirlpools through which projected toothlike rocks. They had shot rapids before on their many journeys, but nothing quite so awesome as this.

The canoe was borne to the dizzy edge. It dropped through some six feet of nothingness—hit the water and then was most dexterously handled by her grizzled father. A thing like a shark's fin flashed by—then another. Her admiration went out to the pilot, and she almost shrieked her appreciation. Then in a welter of leaping black water she saw what appeared to be a complete barrier of rock. Her heart went suddenly cold. But Tremayne had seen it too—also the narrow passage to the left through which the mad water gushed. He dipped his paddle deep and the muscles bulged in his arms. The nose of the canoe came round obediently. It was almost in the fairway when there was a crash. Denise was jerked forward as the bows of the canoe crumpled against the opposing rock. Tremayne had missed the fairway by a bare few inches. It was all over in a second. Denise found herself in ice-cold water being carried forward at a fearful rate. . . . What followed was a kind of nightmare. Water gushed into her mouth and choked her. At times she was completely immersed. Curious forgotten facts were revived, and then she thought she saw her father bearing down on her in the canoe. That was remarkable—incredible, and there he was. Then a strange feeling of peace crept over her. Even the music of the noisy river was stilled.

When she opened her eyes again it was dark save for the fitful burst of flames from a wood fire not far from her. To her amazement most of her clothing had been removed and she was wrapped in a blanket. There was the river in the background—as quiet and peaceful as any river she had ever seen, and suddenly into her purview came a man. He was a hefty fellow in breeches and high boots, and she watched him enter a small tent on the right of the fire and light a lantern.

Then she saw that the clothing which had been removed was propped on short sticks before the fire, and that a camp kettle was steaming—and there was the kind of smell which had been in her nostrils for hours. The big man came from the tent and knelt down beside her. She stared into a big querulous face that looked as tough as mahogany.

"How's it going now?" he asked.

"I'm—all right," she said, suddenly sitting up. "I thought—at first—that you were my father."

"Ah!" he said. "You'd better lie quiet a bit."

"But I can't. Who are you? What's your name?"

"Gavin Hart."

"Is my father—?"

She stopped as she saw his mouth twitch. Her brain was working normally now, and that curious facial twist could only mean one thing.

"You—you didn't see—my father?" she asked.

He shook his head slowly, and then sud-

denly caught her hand as she uttered a low cry of horror.

"I didn't know there was anyone else," he explained. "I saw you in the water as I came over the rapids, and was lucky to pick you up. Could your father swim?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then maybe he got ashore somewhere. You lie quiet and I'll take a walk down-river."

She nodded and saw him go to the river edge and enter a canoe.

An interminable time seemed to pass. The fire began to burn low and she scrambled to her feet, with the blanket wrapped round her, and put some more wood on it. A lot of the water in the kettle had boiled away, so she replenished it from a jar which she found close by. She then took the opportunity to discard the few wet things which she wore, and put on the clothing which was now dry. Then the canoe reappeared and finally the stranger stepped ashore.

"YOU shouldn't have got up," he said.

"I'm all right. I suppose—?" She looked at him anxiously.

"Not a sign of anyone. I've been down and up both sides of the river—calling all the time."

She uttered a choking little sob and his arm came out to steady her.

"Cheer up!" he begged. "There's just a hope that he's ashore, and he can't help seeing the glow of the fire. I'll bank it up higher, and maybe—"

"Thanks!" she said. "I guess I was foolish to hope at all. I've got to face it out."

"It's tough," he commented. Then softly, "What's your name?"

"Denise Tremayne. We were on our way down-river to railhead—then to the coast, and Europe."

"I see. Well, I guess this is no time for yarning. What you need is a meal. I'll fix that in a few shakes. Here, sit down!"

He picked up the blanket, folded it into a square and placed it close to the fire. Seeing coffee and a pot close at hand she made herself busy while he ripped open a tin and jerked the contents into the frying-pan.

Hart passed her a plate of food and a knife and fork. Despite her fierce hunger she made but a poor meal, for her mind was yet too full of the horror of that evening.

"Come!" begged Hart. "You must eat."

"I—I can't." She suddenly stood up and clenched her two fists. "Why—why did it have to happen?" she cried. "Why is the world so—so unjust?"

Hart stood up and came close to her. "Things like that are always happening," he said.

He led her to the small tent, and she saw that a bed had been made inside it, and a lighted lantern hung from a hook on one of the supports.

"You'll be all right there," he said. "I'll turn in in the canoe. I've done that hundreds of times, and I always believe in travelling with plenty of blankets."

On the following morning Denise woke up, after a fitful sleep, and for a few seconds blinked at the bright sunlight which stole

into the tent. Then suddenly the events of the previous evening were recalled and the joy of the morning was killed. Two minutes later she was outside, where Hart was busy with the fire.

"Morning!" he said. "I hope you slept well?"

"Yes," she prevaricated.

"Ready for breakfast? I've been fishing."

He indicated the frying-pan in which some good-sized fish were frying.

"I'll try," she promised.

Seeing him in the full light of day she was impressed by his appearance. She estimated he stood about six feet high, and was beautifully proportioned. His face was somewhat grim in repose, but when he smiled the shadows were chased away instantly, and he became a different being. She had not seen many men of his type, and on that account was interested in him.

It was after the meal that Hart got down to hard facts.

"I've been out since dawn—searching," he said. "I'm afraid there isn't much hope. I may be wrong, but I guess it's best to face the worst possibilities."

"Yes," she agreed. "I have faced them."

"Then let's deal with facts—you. What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know."

"Have you got any money? No," he added quickly, "of course you can't have. It's a nasty mess."

"Look here," she cut in. "If you think trouble is a stranger to me you're mistaken. My father had a knack of hunting it up. How far is it from the lumber camp to that township?"

"Twenty-odd miles."

"Well, there's one thing I will accept from you, and that's the loan of your canoe, after you make the camp. That'll get me into town and then—"

"Yes, and then?"

"I'll hunt a job, and get the canoe back to you somehow. Is that agreeable?"

"Let's heat it," he said. "If you'll pack up that kit and get it into the canoe I'll strike the tent."

She was glad of a job of work to help her forget the painful facts of the accident. In a very short time all the gear was stowed away in the canoe, and they were moving down the river in the bright sunshine.

The trip down was a delightful one, for the scenery they passed through grew more impressive every mile. Slowly the river broadened, and the timber grew more dense. On either side it climbed higher and higher until it seemed to shoulder the pearly sky. Here and there on distant peaks lay patches of early snow, and the air was so invigorating that Denise could still find life good despite the very recent tragedy.

HART was lucky in finding the boss-logger almost as soon as he set foot on land. He was corpulent and in a bad temper, the cause of which appeared to be contained in the letter which was in his hand and which had come up-river by steamer.

"I had a hunch she'd let me down," he roared to a man who was chewing stolidly on something. "Sick! Yeah, she would be sick. Wal, I'll write her something snappy later."

He suddenly turned round and saw Hart.

"Where did you spring from?" he demanded.

"Up-river. I'm hunting a job."

"Oh, you are? What do you know about an outfit like this?"

"All of it," said Hart quietly. "I did logging in California for four seasons."

"Did anyone tell you this was a work camp?"

"That's why I came."

"What's your name?"

"Gavin Hart."

"Ready to start work?"

"Sure—within half an hour."

The corpulent man looked him all over.

"You sure look as if you could do sixty minutes' work to the hour," he conceded.

"Seventy," corrected Hart.

"You're on. Go to the office, and get put on the roll. Tell Spinney the boss sent you. He'll read you the rules and—"

He was interrupted by a little bow-legged man who had come skipping down the hill like a goat, and who was obviously very excited.

"What's your grouse, Hank?" he demanded.

"Has Greta turned up?"

"No—she ain't."

"Larsen said she wouldn't."

"Oh, did he? Wal, he told me she would. That damned girl is like her father—can't be depended on. Here's what she says—better digest it."

He handed the little man the letter, and smiled somewhat derisively as he watched him tear his hair.

"I'll fix up something," he added.

"There's the Swannson girl at the mill."

"No, I won't have no unattached female in this camp. I've seen enough trouble that way. You get back to the cookhouse and leave it to me."

The little man—who was cook to the camp—snorted and walked away, and the boss suddenly saw the half-concealed canoe for the first time. Hart was standing over it talking to Denise, who had overheard the conversation and was just realising the significance of it. The boss-logger took a few steps towards the pair.

"Didn't tell me you'd brought your wife," he said.

"No," said Hart. "As a matter of fact—"

Denise stopped him with a penetrating stare. A big possibility had taken shape in her mind, and her circumstances were such she could not afford to miss a chance.

"My husband was going to leave me at the township," she said with an air of casualness. "But I suppose it's pretty dull down there?"

"I'll say it is."

Hart seemed about to blurt out something, but again she caught his eye, and silenced him.

"I might as well be here," she said. "How about fixing me up with a job?"

Hart almost choked, but the boss-logger seized upon the suggestion with avidity.

"Why, you're an angel from heaven," he said. "A dame has let me down. Her name's Greta Larsen and her old man had worked for me for years. She was coming up on the boat but— Say, what do you know about cooking?"

"Better ask my husband," she said. "He'll tell you the awful truth."

Hart, she thought, looked quite angry, but when the boss-logger turned to him he managed to smile.

"I guess she's pretty good," he said. "And it won't be the first camp she's been in."

"That's fine! I'll teach that Danish woman to play fast and loose with me. You're on the job, Mrs. Hart. Allow me!"

He gave her his hand and helped her ashore. Then he went with the pair of them to the office, and made things right with the clerk.

"It just happens I've got a shakedown that'll suit you," he said. "I was having it turned out for Greta, but it's big enough for two. Hey, Pandey! Take Mr. and Mrs.

Hart to Number Seven. If it isn't ready yet, lend a hand at straightening things out."

The man he had called nodded his head, and very soon they were all three engaged in transporting the gear from the canoe up the slope where the camp lay. There were a couple of long wooden bunkhouses for the men, a cookhouse and dining-room, and several separate huts. In the clearing was a length of railway track, on which stood a mobile donkey-engine.

"That's your shakedown," said Pandey, indicating a wooden hut in their direct line of progress.

Hart nodded and a minute or two later they were inside the place. It was fairly clean, and contained a camp-bed, a table, two chairs and a washstand. There was also a small detached cupboard, and some boots on the door. In the corner was a large paraffin stove.

"BETTER than the bunkhouse," said Pandey to Hart. "You're lucky."

He went off whistling, and Denise gave a long sigh, and sat down.

"That was smart of you," said Hart, gazing at her fixedly.

"I thought you'd understand."

"Understand what?"

"There was a job going. I realised that when I overheard that conversation. I couldn't afford to let the chance slip by."

"But he believes we're man and wife."

"Well, does that matter? If I had let him think otherwise I shouldn't have stood a chance. He's got his own views about unmarried—or at least unattached—women in camp. Perhaps he's right up to a point. This makes for security all round."

"Are you considering me at all?"

"A little while ago you offered to help me," she reminded him in a low, tense voice.

He marched out, leaving her in a curiously unsettled state of mind.

Her companion seemed a long time arranging about the storing of the canoe, and she decided to report herself to the cook and find out what her duties were. That individual was overwhelmed with joy to hear that he had a helpmate.

"I sure thought Logan—the boss—was trying to fatten the whole pile of work on me," he confessed. "Come and have a slant at the gear—it isn't so bad. We've got two cookers—wood fuel, of course—a bread-cutting machine—Oh, can you make bread?"

"Yes."

"That's fine. Here's all the crockery—should say tinware. The company won't stand for things that break, and these boys have got a habit of flinging them about. That old tray is the meal-gang. You watch 'em come in when they hear it howling. Your husband's on the payroll too, I hear."

"Yes."

"Well, it ain't a bad life for a young married couple."

She was in attendance at the evening meal, but did not see Hart present. At first she was terribly embarrassed because someone had got hold of her name, and very soon "Denise" was being shouted every few seconds. She and the cook ate afterwards, and Logan had his meal taken to his own hut.

By the time everything was cleared up it was quite late, and the camp twinkled with lights.

After walking round the whole camp she arrived near the hut again. She could see the light of the candles through the thin curtain at the small single window,

ROUGH GOING

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

and as she approached it a shadow fell on the curtain. It was the upper portion of her companion—a very fine head set on broad shoulders, now completely uncovered. His arms too were naked and from his attitude she guessed he was searching for the towel. At the door her heart quailed a little, as all the circumstances were made clear—and she tapped gently.

"Hello!" called Hart.

"It's me—Denise."

"Come right in!" he called. "Why knock?"

Denise entered the hut to find Hart drying himself vigorously with a towel.

"So you've fixed up the apartment?" he said, glancing at the dividing curtain.

"It's the only way I could think of."

"That's going to look nice—to visitors."

"I don't care what it looks like," she retorted. "What did you expect me to do?"

"All right—all right. Can't I comment on things?"

"I'd rather you didn't."

He wriggled his way through a shirt and became far more presentable.

"No need to be frosty," he complained.

"Well, you aren't exactly sociable."

"Maybe not. But look at the circumstances. I'm supposed to be married. I don't look married, and I don't feel married. It'll take about a week for everyone in this camp to know there's something queer about it, and then I'll look the biggest fool ever."

"And you're blaming me?"

"Well, was it necessary to tell that yarn?"

"It was if I was going to stand the smallest chance of getting a job here. I know I had no right to do it, but I thought you'd understand."

"Don't you think you might have asked me first?"

"There wasn't any opportunity—you know that."

He gazed at her with a twinkle in his eye.

"You're a curious girl, Denise."

"Thank you, Mister Hart."

"Oh, cut that! I'm Gavin to everyone. I guess I've been mistaken in you."

But she had no wish then to engage in conversation, for the business of the day had made her both tired and sleepy.

The bed was not half so uncomfortable as it looked, and very soon she was quite cozily sandwiched between the heavy blankets.

For a time she lay there, filled with the spirit of revolt against the world in general and men in particular, and then sleep slowly overcame her. She was fortunate in being able to set her mind to time, and she awakened half an hour before it was time to get up—if she could trust the cheap wrist-watch which she wore, and which was still ticking merrily despite its recent immersion. It was pitch-dark and she could hear Gavin's regular breathing on the other side of the curtain.

THE days passed quickly enough, for they were filled with exceedingly hard work, but by careful organization Denise found that she could snatch an hour of freedom in the morning and another hour in the afternoon. She utilised some of this spare time in improving the hut. The stores contained an amazing assortment of things, and it wasn't long before Gavin noticed great changes.

But there were occasions when she felt the need of a complete rest from her labors, and then it was pleasant to roam about

the camp and watch the big trees coming down, and all the subsequent operations which ended in the lake under the mouth of the snaky chute. She was very soon able to sort out the lumberjacks into their various categories. There was the gambling gang, the musical gang, the wild, horse-play gang—individuals who stood apart from any category whatsoever. Good-looking men, plain men, young men, old men—and still they came daily to swell the crowd.

"I can use nearly all the labor I can get," said Logan. "Things are shaping pretty well. That husband of yours is great stuff."

"You think so?"

"Sure! Wal, here comes the steamer, with a lot of gadgets that I'm needing. A couple more trips and she'll have to lie up for the winter."

He went off to superintend the discharging of the steamer's cargo, and on reaching the landing-stage was surprised and embarrassed to see a short, thick-set, flaxen-haired girl step ashore. She carried herself with all the assurance of a girl who knows her way about, and was smoking a cigarette.

"Hello, Mr. Logan!" she said, in slightly guttural tones. "Here I am again."

"Greta!" he gasped.

"Yeah. I got over my sickness."

"Oh, you did," he said ominously. "You got over it about a fortnight too late."

"Meaning what?" she asked, staring at him.

"Meaning I've had to make other arrangements."

Greta laughed and displayed a very fine set of white teeth.

"Always you joke with Greta," she said.

"Joke! I'm not joking. You said you were sick—and I found out you weren't sick at all."

"What!" she gasped. "Who tell that lie?"

"You'll have to guess, and keep on guessing. It's no use, Greta. I can't run this business with people who let me down. The job's filled, and you'd better go back on the steamer when she returns."

"I'll see you—Who's got my job?"

"That doesn't concern you. There's nothing doing."

Greta made an expression with her lips, and fumbled in her handbag. She withdrew a crumpled letter and tapped it with her finger.

"You engaged me—here," she said. "I am engaged for the season. If I am sick I cannot help it—"

Logan stroked his jaw, not quite sure of his position. Certainly he had engaged Greta for the whole season, but he had never anticipated illness on her part, and had not made provision for such a contingency. He had not the slightest doubt in his mind that her illness had been imaginary to suit her own purposes, but it was not so easy to prove it. If she had, as she stated, a doctor's certificate.

"I got to see to my gear. We'll talk it over later," he said. "You can wait in my office—over there."

He could see no reason why Greta and Denise should not work together amiably, and with this new notion in his mind he finally went back to his office, where he found Greta with a pile of cigarette ends scattered around her.

"Well?" she demanded.

"All right," he said. "I guess I can fix you up, but sleeping's the trouble."

"You told me you had a hut—"

"Denise is using that—and her husband."

"Denise! Oh, the girl who takes my job."

Well, she can go now."

"There's no need. There'll be enough work

for both of you. Better come along and we'll see what we can do. You can leave your grip here."

Denise got her first view of Greta a few minutes later when she sauntered up to the cookhouse with Logan. Denise at that moment was not looking her best, for one of the boilers had been giving trouble and in her investigations she had got soot all over her face and arms. She was rather a contrast to the flaxen Scandinavian girl, who stood regarding her interestedly.

"Denise, this is Greta," said Logan. "I think I mentioned her to you. She's come to lend a hand here."

"That'll be fine," said Denise, without a great show of enthusiasm, for Greta looked the sort of girl who would want to boss everyone.

Denise saw no more of Greta that day, but it was evident that some of the men had, and certain of them, who had been with Logan on other locations, knew Greta well.

GRETA was more than punctual the next morning. She arrived at the cookhouse while Hank was still rubbing the sleep from his eyes, and this remarkable phenomenon caused him to think he was still dreaming. But when Denise turned up she quickly discovered the real cause of this.

"Rats as long as my arm," Greta was saying. "That's what Logan calls a shake-down. Why, they had a regular stand-up fight in the middle of the night. . . . I sat up in my bed, with my hands round my knees, and if I've caught cold it's Logan's fault for putting me into a filthy place like that. Wait till I see him!"

She greeted Denise, and then turned the vials of her wrath upon her ears. Of course Logan had done it purposely. That was his idea of a joke. He knew she was scared to death of rats.

When later Logan did arrive on the scene Greta had a nice little battle of words with him, until Logan thrust his fingers into his ears.

"You're not a woman," he said. "You're a gramophone."

About two hours later an unexpected thing happened. Logan came along and took Denise aside. He appeared to be a bit embarrassed, but at last gave voice to what he had to say.

"Greta's been making a song about her diggings," he said. "Wal, I'll say she had cause. The place is alive with rats, and we're trying to dig 'em out. We've been keeping flour in there, and the rats got to know about it. I'm stumped for space outside the men's bunks, but Gavin made a suggestion, and if it goes with you it lets me out."

"What was Gavin's suggestion?"

"He thought Greta could shake down with you, and he'd take a bunk with the boys."

"It's all right," she said. "Greta's welcome to half the hut."

"Thanks a lot!" he said warmly.

Came the last meal with its noise and labor—and after that more labor. Greta had slipped away early on the plea that she wanted to get her things unpacked, and Denise allowed her plenty of time to do so. When she finally went to the hut she found it empty.

After a clean-up she decided on taking a walk, and to allow Greta time to get to bed, as she did not feel like engaging in any conversation with her that evening. What was the good of pretending? Half her heart had been given to him already,

Then she suddenly pulled up short, for the avenue between the tall trees, down which she was walking, afforded her a beautiful silhouette of a man and a woman against the sky which Gavin had called dark-blue velvet. The woman was Greta, and the man Gavin. She saw the woman's arms go up and fasten round the man's neck — Gavin's neck. Then she turned abruptly and hurried away.

DENISE'S unfortunate discovery had a very unsettling effect upon her. First she blamed Greta, and then Gavin, but when she had time to sort out and analyse her emotions she was bound to arrive at the disconcerting conclusion that she really had little to complain about. If Gavin preferred Greta's companionship and conversation to her own, he was surely entitled to them.

But at that moment he was supposed to be her—Denise's—husband. Surely it was up to him to remember that fact, and to avoid any sort of situation which might bring her into any scandal?

She went back to the hut, and there engaged in some small tasks connected with her clothing. Time passed and Greta did not return. She imagined Greta and Gavin walking in the moonlight, and Gavin falling more and more into the toils of the experienced man-hunter.

At breakfast the following morning Denise served Gavin, and their eyes met. In the circumstances he could not do other than smile at her, and pass a remark, to which she responded so coldly that several of the men shot them a glance.

"Funny things—wives," remarked Gavin's neighbor, when Denise was out of hearing. "Sure!" said Gavin.

"I had a wife once. That's why I became a lumberjack."

A roar of laughter greeted this remark, but stopped abruptly when Denise turned her head. She divined at once that she was the subject of the conversation, and the blood mounted to her cheeks.

It was late in the evening when she saw Gavin alone, and by this time she was tired out and short of temper.

"Hello, Denise!" he said. "How's it going?"

"As well as can be expected."

"That doesn't sound very enthusiastic, but I guess they're piling loads of work on to you."

"Work isn't the worst thing in life."

"No, health is more important. You're looking tired."

"Why this sudden interest in my health?" she asked.

"Do you think it's sudden?"

"Well, isn't it?"

"No." He gazed at her intently. "What is it that's bugging you?"

"You can't guess?"

"I haven't a notion," he replied somewhat untruthfully.

"I find it difficult to believe you."

"Why?"

"Your memory can't be so short that you can forget what happened last night."

Gavin stuck out his big jaw pugnaciously, resenting this reference to his private affairs.

"Well, what happened?" he demanded.

"You know well enough. If you like to make love to a girl in the moonlight that's your own affair."

"Then what are you wailing about?" he cut in sharply.

"I'm wailing, as you call it, because if you want to advertise the fact that I'm

not a married woman you might have done it in a less disgusting fashion."

"So you think I made love to Greta?" he said.

"I don't think—I know. Oh, I'm not blaming you for that. I'm blaming you for not warning me that the bargain was off."

"Who says it's off?"

"I do."

"You seem to take a darn lot for granted."

"Not at all. I simply believe my own eyes."

Gavin gave a noticeable start. Was it possible that she had played the mean part of eavesdropper on him and Greta? If so she had seen Greta kiss him and that accounted for her rage.

"All right," he said. "Let's see where we stand. You find the position intolerable, and so you'll go to Logan and tell him you got the job through a misunderstanding. What do you think Logan will do?"

"He may overlook it."

"Not he. He's dead set on having no unattached woman in his camp. He'd say he was sorry, and you'd sure have to go."

Gavin saw her face illuminated by the moonlight, and a lot of his antagonism vanished, for it was beautiful in its softness and wisdom, and did not express the resentment to which she had given voice. This girl he knew possessed courage—positiveness and unlimited pride. Why couldn't they cease hurting each other?

"Come for a little walk," he begged.

"No."

"You hate me so much you won't even walk with me?"

"I don't hate anyone."

"Say, aren't we making a lot out of a little thing?" he asked in a conciliatory voice.

"Flirting with the first girl you meet may be a little thing to you, but when it brings me into discredit—"

She stopped as she realised that she had gone a little too far, and that his eyes were blazing with anger.

He strode away in the half-darkness, and Denise felt her heart thumping painfully. Having gone so far there seemed nothing to be done but to go and see Logan, in the hope that he would appreciate the difficulty she had been in, and would think sufficiently well of her to drop his scruples.

DENISE'S resolution was short-lived, and this was due to the fact that she found Greta in the hut, writing a letter. The girl gave her a short greeting, and went on writing. But from time to time she looked at Denise warily, and Denise, with feminine intuition, knew that Greta was now alive to the situation.

While she tidied herself Denise's mind was busy with these reflections, and her nerves tingled as she realised that in her anxiety to make a clean breast of things, she was undoubtedly smoothing the path for Greta—removing every imaginable obstacle. She asked herself—why not? If Greta loved Gavin, and that love was returned, what right had she to place a check on any further developments?

"Ah!" sighed Greta as she folded up her letter.

"Writing home?" asked Denise.

"My brother in the United States. He is out of work and needs money. Everyone is out of work there."

Denise watched her slip some dollar notes into the envelope, and marked it down in Greta's favor.

"Going out?" asked Denise, as Greta slipped on a coat.

"Just to put the letter in the box."

She left the hut, and Denise slowly finished her toilet. Her intention to see Logan was now not nearly so fixed. She persuaded herself that it would be foolish to deal with so important a matter hastily. Her whole future was involved—her job, and her very existence. Gavin had made it quite clear that the next move lay with her. Hadn't he advised her not to risk losing her job? But the real reason was quite different. To be thoroughly honest with herself she had to admit that she hated helping Greta to victory, because she cared at least sufficiently for Gavin to want him to be happy.

So instead of going to Logan she decided on a walk. Skirting the camp she heard the guitar player at his relaxation. He was singing as usual in Italian, and his rich voice echoed all over the camp. It was interspersed with laughter from the gambling crowd, who were tossing dice on a box by the camp-fire, and by other noises inseparable from a fairly large camp. As she came round by the bunkhouse she made a discovery. The man who was singing and playing the guitar was not an Italian as she had assumed, but a good-looking man named Jack Ransome whom she had seen in camp, and who reminded her of someone she had met somewhere. He stopped playing as she approached him.

"Don't let me interrupt," she said.

"Oh, it helps to kill time."

"I thought it was an Italian."

"My mother was Italian. It was she who taught me to play this box of tricks."

"She certainly taught you well."

"Thanks!"

"And who taught you to sing?"

"A very unpleasant Italian named Cordelli. I think I hate him even now for the horrible exercises I had to sing for years on end before he would permit me to try the simplest song."

"What are you doing here?"

"Working—like the rest. A man must live. Were you looking for your husband?"

"Oh, no."

"Because I saw him go down to the lake a short while ago."

"I expect he has gone to examine the ransoms. Perhaps I had better go and look him up."

To her embarrassment Ransome put the guitar inside the bunkhouse and asked if she minded him walking down with her, as he needed a "stretch." Having no intention of looking for Gavin she scarcely knew what to say, but he took silence for consent, and soon they were walking over the frozen snow.

While they walked Ransome talked about places he had been to, and to Denise it seemed that he had been everywhere in the world.

The result of this little excursion was a drawing together of Ransome and Denise. She found him entertaining—clever with his tongue and with music.

So Denise found a handy means for relaxation. Ransome was only too willing to play and sing to her, and Gavin was not so blind as not to be aware that Denise had a new interest in life. He thought he realised now why she had not carried out her resolution and gone to the boss with a full confession. Obviously she had a new reason for wanting to stay in camp. Greta observed what was going on with some satisfaction.

"Your wife like music, eh?" she inquired with a lift of her eyebrows.

"Sure!" said Gavin.

"Pity you do not sing," she commented.

"What are you getting at?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing. Shall I tell you something?" she added after a long pause.

"Spill it."

"Denise has gone on the lake with Ransome."

"How could she?"

"There is still open water—in places. You remember the old punt? They have gone out in that—and Ransome had his guitar with him. Maybe he sing better on a lake than in camp?"

This was a surprise to Gavin—after Denise's castigations of him for his alleged flirting.

"She understands music and I don't," he said. "Ransome's got a pretty good voice, and she'll enjoy it. Those Italian songs are best sung on the water."

"Oh, I am not complaining," she replied, with a sly look at him.

The moonlight serenade idea was Ransome's, and Denise had been amazed by his audacity. At first she thought he was joking, for taking a nocturnal trip on a partly frozen lake seemed the craziest notion imaginable. But Ransome pleaded that he wanted to show her how the thing was done in Venice, and the prospect of music without the interruptions of the camp wore down her opposition.

When the last note died away the throb of the guitar still seemed to echo over the water. Then she became aware that Ransome's left arm had slipped round her waist.

"Please!" she gasped, trying to remove it.

"No. You've got to hear," he muttered. "I love you. That can't surprise you. You must have guessed. I love you and want to take you away from here. I swore I'd never make money out of music, but everything has changed now. We'll go away together, and I'll sing and play as I've never done before. With you helping me, I'll rise to the top. We'll conquer America—Europe—the world."

"Wait! Wait!" she cried, and tried to force him away. But she still succeeded in bringing his dark, impassioned face close to her own.

DENISE trembled with nervousness as she realised that this excursion, which she had engaged in so innocently, was taking a turn towards grim seriousness. With the hypnotic influence of the music gone she was back again to the world of hard facts, and one of these hard facts was that she did not love Ransome.

"Why are you behaving like this?" she gasped.

"I've told you. I love you."

"Please be sensible."

"I am sensible. Denise, don't you care for me at all?"

"As a friend—yes."

"No more than that?"

"No more."

His tight embrace relaxed to her great relief, and she drew away from him as far as the small dimensions of the punt would permit.

"I see," he said. "I've been a fool."

"No, I was the fool to come out here with you."

"You didn't expect me to make love to you?"

"No."

"But it had to come. I couldn't go on seeing you and talking to you without loving you. You're by far the most interesting girl I've ever met, and you're wasting your time up here, working like a mule. Denise—are you sure—?"

"Quite sure. Let's get back."

By this time they were a considerable distance from the place whence they had

started, the current being much stronger than one would have suspected. Denise succeeded in turning the clumsy craft, but when she came to ply the paddle she soon found that she was making scarcely any progress.

"Better give it to me," said Ransome. "Good heavens, look at that!"

He was pointing to the bottom of the punt, and she saw a great quantity of water swirling about.

"It must be leaking," she said.

"Looks like it. Must be our combined weight. There's a little locker at the end. See if it happens to contain a bailer."

She crept forward, splashing through the water, but failed to find anything inside the locker. Ransome was now putting all his strength behind the paddle, and they were certainly moving in the right direction, but at a painfully slow rate.

"It's going to take us hours to get back at this rate," he said. "Well, who cares?"

"I do," she snapped, "because the water is coming in faster than ever. I think it must only just have started. A plank has given way—or something."

"I believe you're right," he said, staring at the water, which was now appreciably deeper.

Denise, sensing approaching catastrophe, pulled off her mitts, and commenced to bale out the water in her cupped hands, while Ransome paddled furiously up the serpentine course, turned the nose of the punt towards the shore, and paddled his hardest straight at the sharp white edge of the ice.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"We shan't be afloat in two minutes. If we went overboard here it would be all up with us in this icy water. Hold on!"

Using the flow of the water he directed the bows of the punt straight at a long tongue of ice, and very soon brought the sinking craft alongside.

"Get ashore!" he said. "It's our only chance. It looks as if it will bear."

Denise, with her feet almost paralysed with cold, clambered out on to the snow-covered ice. It cracked alarmingly as her full weight came to bear on it, and she expected at any moment to be precipitated into the water. Then she saw the punt on the verge of capsizing.

"Come on!" she cried.

"Get farther back," said Ransome. "It won't hold us both together."

She moved away hastily and then breathed a sigh of relief as she saw him get safely ashore. His last movement caused the punt to lurch, and water to enter it over the side. It sank at once, leaving a horrid whirlpool.

"There!" shouted Ransome, pointing to her left. "Quick!"

"Listen!" said Ransome. "There's only about an inch of ice here. We must keep apart."

He made a wide detour and ultimately got immediately ahead of her. Then he moved forward gingerly and waved a hand for her to follow him. For a minute or two all went well, and Denise imagined that the danger had been circumvented.

"It feels better here," said Ransome. "Keep moving—ah, now you're all right!"

This was true for the next hundred yards, but again they struck thin ice, and were kept skating about in fear of their lives. The last stretch was fairly firm, but Ransome seemed to be staggering like a drunken man, until, reaching the bank, he suddenly pitched forward into the snow. Denise gave a gasp of surprise and leaned over him. He was quite unconscious, and his clothing resembled corrugated iron. It was evident that unless something was done for him quickly there would be grave consequences, so without wasting a moment she turned and sped in the direction of the camp.

Denise's need was beneficial to her, for very soon her feet were warm again, and her teeth no longer chattered. As she ran her mind was working fast. She had been a fool ever to have engaged in that crazy escapade. When the news got round she would be the talk of the camp. She dared not go to Logan. No, Gavin would be safer. If only she could find Gavin he would know what to do, and would probably keep his mouth shut—for her sake.

Reaching the camp she saw the cook and asked him if he had seen Gavin. But he had not, and he stared at her breathless condition, and asked if anything was amiss.

"No," she lied. "I've been walking fast. I—I just wanted to ask Gavin about something."

HER next three inquiries were vain, and then to her immense relief she saw Gavin playing cards with some men near the fire. She went straight up to him, and latched him on the shoulder.

"Hello, Denise!" he said, looking round.

"Like to take a hand?"

"Can I speak to you, Gavin?" she asked in a weak voice.

Realising that something was wrong, he nodded and threw in his cards. They walked away from the group of men.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It's Jack Ransome—he's ill."

"Ill! What do you mean?"

"Down there—by the lake. He fell through the ice, and his clothing froze on him—as we got ashore, I'm afraid about him. He's unconscious and perhaps—"

"Wait here!" he interrupted. "I'm going to get some brandy and a blanket. Won't keep you a minute."

He was with her again in almost the time stated, and then they raced forward together. Gavin asked no more questions, and finally they came upon Ransome, lying just as Denise had left him. Gavin leaned over him, and felt his pulse.

"Alive," he said. "Maybe just a collapse through weakness. I'll try a drop of this."

He raised the inert man in his arms and managed to get a little brandy between his lips. Denise watched this operation performed three times, and then Ransome's eyes opened, but he did not appear to recognise either of them.

"Got to get him under cover," said Gavin.

"Hand me that blanket!"

She did so, and saw him wrap it round the upper part of Ransome. Then, with no apparent effort, he hoisted the helpless man over his shoulder, and began to tramp towards the camp.

"Where—where are you going to take him?" she asked.

"Logan—"

"No, Gavin—please. You see, it would mean—"

"Mean what?" he demanded, as she paused.

"Oh, nothing," she said.

But when they were quite near the camp Gavin took a path to the left, and, after working round the fringe of the camp, he approached the hut where Denise lived.

"We'll attend to him here," he said. "Open the door and get the stove going well."

Denise went in first, and to her embarrassment found Greta reading a German novel.

"Had a nice time?" asked Greta, and then gasped as Gavin appeared with his burden. Ransome was laid on Denise's bed, and Greta left her novel to have a look at him.

ROUGH GOING

7

"Mister Ransome!" she ejaculated. "Is he dead?"

No reply was given her, and Denise brought the paraffin stove closer to the bed, while Gavin removed the blanket.

"Guess you two girls had better vanish," he said. "I've got to get his clothes off."

"I'll stay and help," said Greta.

"No, you won't. Take a little walk and come back in about an hour. Beat it now."

Greta shrugged her plump shoulders and commenced to put on a coat.

DENISE spent the next hour or so walking alone, and when she finally returned to the hut she found Gavin, collecting items of clothing belonging to Ransome, which in the meantime he had dried.

"Where—where is he?" she gasped.

"I got him a fresh rig-out, and then took him to the bunkhouse. I guess he'll be all right. Anyway he's gone to bed."

"Thanks!"

"It's a pleasure. How did he come to fall in the lake?"

"The punt sprang a leak, and capsize. We had to take to the ice and he fell through it."

"Well, all's well that ends well. I'll smuggle this clothing in to him. I don't suppose he'll want to advertise his adventure."

It snowed most of the following day, but work went on just the same. Ransome put in an appearance, looking little the worse for his adventure, but he admitted he had a cold developing. Denise asked him about the guitar and learned that he had retrieved it early in the morning. Greta was in a bad temper because she had come to work late, and the cook had given her a piece of his mind.

"One day I feel him," she confided to Denise.

"I shouldn't."

"Yah, he have a spite against me."

Denise made no response, and Greta looked at her searchingly.

"Why we not be friends?" she asked.

"There are about twenty reasons why not—and you ought to know a few of them."

"Maybe I know one," retorted Greta, and then poked out her tongue and grimaced horribly as the cook passed by.

One of the events of the morning was the felling of the biggest tree which the lumberjacks had yet found. It was of enormous girth and towered fifty feet above any other tree. Because of its great length special precautions were taken to bring it to earth exactly in the right spot. Hauling lines were fixed to it when the sawing was well advanced and a gang of men was detailed to guide its fall. Denise and most of the others in camp went out to see the end of the giant.

They stood in the gently falling snow watching the operations. Logan was supervising the work and bawling out orders. The two men on the great saw at last ceased work, and the enormous tree seemed to tremble on its almost dissected base. The men on the lines were moved a little eastward, and then Logan gave the word to haul. A long, steady pull and the great tree came slowly over. Its terrific creaking seemed like cries of pain to Denise.

"Stand away there!" bawled Logan.

At the right moment the men let go the lines and scuttled for safety. Down came the monster. It struck the snow-covered earth with a reverberating crash, and sent clouds of powdery snow into the air to obliterate everything. When this passed away Denise saw a crowd of men gathered

in one spot, and from their attitude she gathered that something was amiss. She pressed forward but was unable to see exactly what had happened.

"Get him to the bunkhouse," said Logan's voice.

"Aye, boss. Lend a hand, Jim."

"What is the matter?" Denise asked of her neighbor, a big bearded fellow, who was able to see over the heads of most of the men.

"One of the boys got a splinter."

"Who?"

"Can't see. Say, Tony, who's got hurt?"

"Gavin Hart."

Denise gulped and forced her way towards Logan. As she reached him two big men raised Gavin from the snow. Denise gave an involuntary scream as she saw his shirt covered with blood, and his face pale and immobile. Logan caught her by the arm.

"He'll be all right," he said. "It was a sharp-ended splinter that got him. That sort of thing sometimes happens. You'd better come with me."

"Can't I—?"

"We've a fellow in camp who's half a doctor. He won't want you butting in now. Come—I'll give you something that'll buck you up."

While Gavin was being carried to the bunkhouse Logan took her to his office and there produced a bottle of whisky.

It was two hours before she saw Gavin, and during this interval she had been embarrassed with sympathetic remarks from many of Gavin's comrades. When she finally found herself by his bedside, she was very near to tears. He looked up and smiled.

"The old tree had its revenge on me," he said. "Maybe it was right. Maybe we've no right to slaughter them like we do."

"How are you feeling, Gavin?"

"Not so bad. I've had eight stitches put in, and lost about a quart of blood. Now there's nothing to worry about. I'll just lie here and listen to the boys working. Quite a luxurious kind of life, I guess."

It warmed her heart to find him so courageous and cheerful, making little of an injury which must have caused him agonising pain.

"This means special diet," she said. "I'll talk to cook and see what we can do in that direction. Is there anyone you want to see in particular?"

"I don't think so. But I'm glad you came."

Thereafter her time was divided between the needs of the cookhouse and the needs of Gavin. She learned to take off and replace the bandages, and the "half-doctor"—a man who failed to get his diploma because circumstances compelled him to disappear suddenly—swore she should have been a nurse. Greta was anxious to see the patient, but as Gavin had said there was no one he wished to see, Denise absolutely forbade her. The result was a widening of the breach between her and Greta.

A few days later there was a little excitement in camp. Three men arrived in a dog-sledge and by their attire Denise knew they were members of the North West Mounted Police. One was a sergeant—a fine big fellow with a voice of brass, named Fergusson, and his business was with Logan. Denise was in the office at the time, checking over some accounts in connection with stores.

"Glad to see you, Serg," said Logan. "Are you wanting stores or anything?"

"I'm wanting more than that," said Fergusson. "We're out after a guy named Ned Livingstone. Fine chase he's given us. There's the possibility he's hiding up in

some camp. I'd like to look over your men."

"Sure! What's he like?"

"Young. Age is given as twenty-eight. Rather fair hair, slight moustache, close on six feet and broad in the shoulder."

"No man of that name here."

"Wal, I'll look around just the same."

"You're welcome."

The sergeant and his men spent an hour in camp, in their vain quest. Finally he saw all the men while they were having their midday meal, and was satisfied that Livingstone was not there.

"Couldn't get a photograph," he said to Logan. "This is the whole bunch, I take it?"

"Yes, except for the men in my office and the stores, but you've seen them already. On, and there's Gavin Hart, who's sick—but he's the husband of Mrs. Hart here."

Denise was indicated and she smiled at the sergeant, who smiled back appreciatively.

"Guess we'll have to push on," he said. "It's sure like looking for a needle in a haystack."

"What's this fellow done?" asked Logan.

"Bashed an innocent bank cashier on the head, and got away with a nice pile of dollars. The cashier doesn't remember much, but he gave us details of the face. We got another guy, who proved an alibi, but we jerked some information out of him. He said it was Livingstone and corroborated the cashier's statement regarding physical details. There's one way I'll know Livingstone if I get him."

"How?"

"Birthmark. Thing like an ace of clubs just under his left shoulder. Wal, I haven't got that far yet. Now I'll be beating it. Sorry for troubling you!"

Denise almost reeled out of the dining-hut into the kitchen. The reference to this queer birthmark had literally taken her breath away. While re-bandaging Gavin she had seen such a mark under his left shoulder.

Because Logan had said that Gavin was her husband the sergeant had not troubled to look at him. By a wonderful stroke of luck—the luck brought about by an accident—Gavin had escaped.

Then she caught her breath. But was it true? Was Gavin indeed Ned Livingstone? Could Gavin have been guilty of battering a bank cashier and stealing money? She told herself it could not possibly be true. Yet there was that queer birthmark to be explained. What was she to do about it?

WHEN Denise next saw Gavin he appeared to know nothing about the visit of the police to the camp, but he did notice that she was constrained in her attitude, and very silent as she performed various services for him.

"The Doc's going to let me get up to-morrow," he said.

"Really?"

"Yep, I'm sure sick of lying here doing nothing. It'll be good to get into the sunshine again."

"I suppose it will."

"Have they been overworking you?" he asked.

"No more than usual."

"But you seem—"

"Seem what?" she demanded.

"I don't know—different somehow."

"I'm just the same."

"Then tell me about things. Any sort of little-battle is welcome news to me."

"There's nothing to tell. The work goes on just the same, and the men are just as hungry. Oh yes, we had visitors to-day."

"Well, that was a change, anyway."

"Yes, but they didn't stay long. Just two members of the North West Police—in a dog-sledge."

She could have sworn that he gave an involuntary start, but he was certainly quick to cover it up.

"What did they want?" he asked quite calmly.

"A man named Ned Livingstone, who had robbed a bank and injured a man. Logan told them there was no such man here, so they didn't stay very long."

"You mean they didn't even look the fellows over?"

"Oh yes, they did that. But, of course, they didn't see anyone answering to his description."

"So they had a description?"

"Yes—just a vague one."

"Well, I hope they got him," he said, "but they've got a job on in this wild country."

His coolness amazed her. Could it be possible that she was mistaken? The description fitted him exactly, except for the moustache, which he could have removed with the greatest of ease.

On the morrow her job as nurse ceased, for Gavin was now on his feet, and quite capable of looking after himself.

In the meantime Greta was putting two and two together, with a skill which Denise would have thought impossible. What Greta failed to see was any kind of affection between these two, and when she was with Gavin he never mentioned Denise at all. Then there was that affair with Ransome. Gavin had not appeared to be very annoyed. Was that a loving husband's natural reaction to such an adventure?

"I am glad your husband is better," she said to Denise.

"Thank you!" said Denise coldly.

"And there's something else—I don't think I should stay here any longer."

"Stay where?"

"In this hut. It isn't fair."

"Oh, you needn't bother."

"But things are different now. They have just built a new hut. It is for the winter stores, but there is plenty of room for me."

Denise shot her a quick glance, for she could not believe that Greta was capable of making any self-sacrifice.

"Why worry?" she asked.

"Because Gavin may like to come back here."

That evening Greta carried out her intention, and Logan was quite surprised by her apparent generosity. It was true there was room for her in the new hut, but it would certainly not be so comfortable nor convenient as her present abode.

Denise lost no time in getting to Gavin, who saw at once that something was disturbing her.

"Well?" he asked.

"Greta's gone."

"Gone where?"

"Left the hut. She—she told Logan that it was on her conscience that she was keeping us apart—you and me—and that she was quite willing to sleep in the new shed which they've built."

"What's gone and bitten her? I've never complained."

"No. That's just it."

"What do you mean?"

"This misunderstanding—this masquerade—which has gone too far now to be remedied. She doesn't believe it. That's why she's putting it to the test. She believes you won't come back."

"Hm! I see."

He moved awkwardly, and Denise knew

at once that Greta's working out of the situation was correct.

"That's all," she said hoarsely, and moved away.

"Denise! Wait a minute!"

"I thought you ought to know," she said.

"Yes, but has she actually gone?"

"Yes."

"You'd like me to come back?"

"It's the only way to get rid of her suspicions. There's Logan, too—what will he think? The alternative is to tell him the truth—"

"You can't do that now. You've left it too long. What the devil does Greta mean—playing this sort of trick? 'm coming across right now."

Begging her to wait, he went into the bunkhouse, and very soon reappeared laden with his few personal belongings. Denise took over a few things and together they walked across to the hut.

THE return of Gavin to the hut only seemed to complicate matters. He had, she thought, done it for her sake, for she had more to lose by the truth becoming known to everyone than he had.

But one thing she blessed Gavin for. He played up to her a little more when they were together. It was noticeable to everybody that Gavin was seeing a great deal more of his wife. Logan in particular noticed it, and commented on it for Greta's benefit.

"There's a reward for your self-sacrifice," he said, indicating Gavin and Denise as they passed across the camp.

Gavin had now gone back to his normal job, and was apparently feeling none the worse for his accident. To Denise it was a pleasing sight to see him working at his usual high pressure, and evidently enjoying it.

She was aware that Gavin was now bestowing a lot of attention upon her, and imagined for a time that this was due to a desire to help her through, on top of Greta's attempt to embarrass her. She was grateful for these considerate acts, and did not fail to let him know it.

"That's all right," he said. "You see, I've been a fool all along to get rattled about it."

"So you were really angry?"

"No."

"But you just said—"

"It made things difficult—you and me in that hut. It kinda slipped things in the bud."

"What do you mean?"

"I couldn't act like a free man. When Greta was in need of a share of the hut I was glad."

"Naturally."

"Most unnaturally. I went and bunked in with all those noisy devils, when I might—"

"They had been walking hard to the clearing which gave them an outlook over the frozen lake. He stopped and drew in his breath hard."

"When you might what?" she asked.

Then he came closer and to her amazement linked both his hands round her shoulders. "Don't you know what has been the matter with me? I had to leave you because otherwise I should have told you I loved you. I've loved you ever since I first saw you."

"Gavin!" she gasped.

"Is that all you've got to say to me?"

"No—no—"

His arms drew her closer to him, and she saw his mouth hovering over her half-parted lips. Then suddenly she remembered some-

thing—a spectre which she thought she had banished, but had not, for it came to her just as Paradise seemed to open.

"Wait!" she gasped. "There's something I must ask you. Something that has been worrying me."

"What is it?"

How difficult it was to put that awful question, upon the answer to which all her happiness rested.

"Have you—?" she commenced and then stopped.

"Go on," he said.

"Have you ever robbed a bank?"

A curious expression entered his eyes. She could not decide whether it was due to fear, or surprise caused by her question. To her horror the arms which held her so tightly began to relax. The world seemed to be spinning around her, and then the embrace grew tighter than ever.

"Never," he said firmly.

"You—you mean that?"

"On my honor."

"Oh, Gavin—you must forgive me. I know it was madness to have thought—Gavin, I love you, too. I let you hurt me by something you said, but I didn't understand then. I do now. I must tell you about Ransome."

"There's nothing you need tell me."

"But you might think that—that I was in love with him. That isn't true. When I went with him I was terribly miserable—about you and Greta."

"Greta's never been anything to me. I kissed her once. I can't think how it happened."

"I can. You never kissed Greta. It was Greta who kissed you. She'd kiss any— But I don't want to talk about her now. This is our evening, Gavin."

"Yes," he murmured. "We won't spoil it either. Oh, what a lot of time I've wasted."

"You can make up for it."

"That's an idea," he pled, and with a laugh lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

"That's the sort of fellow I am," he said.

"I—I always hoped you might be," she gasped, and cradled his head in her arms.

THE hut seemed different after Gavin's admission. To Denise the whole world had changed in one magical evening. She realised that she had done Gavin a great injustice, and had allowed a fit of groundless jealousy to ruin her happiness and peace of mind. It amused her to reflect that Greta was responsible for bringing about this wonderful change, though her object was something far different.

For the next two or three days she went about her work with unusual alacrity and obvious contentment. It was inevitable that this change of front should be noticed by many of the men, and in particular by Logan, who had come to believe that all was not well with Denise and her husband.

This newly established heaven gave rise to certain problems, and caused Denise to realise how right Gavin had been regarding their relationship. It filled her at times with uneasiness, and Gavin could not fail to notice it.

"What's wrong?" he asked one evening.

"Nothing," she said, with a smile.

"Guess there is, and I know where to put my finger on the trouble."

"What do you mean?"

"This lie we're living."

"Then there's another way out of it," he said slowly.

"What other way?"

"Marriage."

"Gavin!" she gasped, for strangely enough she had never considered this very natural solution.

"We could go down-river—to St. Pauls, and get married there. No one would be any the wiser."

"But the river's closed."

"Sure it is, but there's the overland freight sledge which comes every fortnight, and is due in three days."

"Would Logan give us the time off?"

"He would if he knew we were going to be married."

"But he thinks we are married—stupid!"

"My brains are wandering. All the same it isn't a bad idea."

"YOU mean to tell him the truth, and say we want to put it right?"

"That seems to me to be the best plan." He placed his arm round her shoulder. "You can trust me to make you happy. If you'd like to carry on here until the spring, all well and good. If not, we can beat it."

"I'm happy here. But Gavin, I don't want to make up my mind at once. Give me a day or two."

"Of course. Anyway, the sledge won't be here for three days, so we can't do anything until then."

"I'll think it over," she promised.

Her hesitation was merely due to a desire to play with this very attractive suggestion, for when she weighed it all up her decision was inevitable. She spent hours visualising a little farm—her own house—the sort of furnishings which appealed to her. True, there might be a struggle at first, but she had seen Gavin at work, and was convinced that she and he could stand up to the worst circumstances, and win through.

But her pleasant dreams were doomed to suffer a rude shock, for that evening Greta came to the hut, having watched Gavin leave it. She was in a vicious mood, which was immediately apparent to Denise. Moreover, she had been drinking, although drink of any kind was strictly prohibited in camp. "Ah, the little wife is at home," she said in a very unsteady voice.

"What do you want?" asked Denise.

"Just a little chat. We are the only two women in camp, and the evenings are long."

"I'm very tired."

Greta laughed scathingly.

"You don't want to hear what I have to say," she said.

"I don't."

"But you will. How long have you been married, Mrs. Hart?" she asked, with a curl of her lip.

"That is my business."

"So? Maybe it is my business, too—and everybody's business. Wouldn't you like to show me your marriage certificate?"

Denise jumped up with her cheeks flaming, and pointed to the door.

"Get out!" she cried.

Greta threw the end of her cigarette on the floor and crushed it with her boot. Then she strolled across to the door, and let loose her parting shot.

"I am sorry for Gavin," she said, "but he and I understand each other."

Denise slammed the door after her, and pondered this last remark.

Gavin came in a few minutes later to find her looking very pensive and worried. He had gone out with the object of allowing her a little privacy, and was surprised that she had made no attempt to go to bed.

"Greta's been here," she said.

"Has she annoyed you?"

"Yes. Gavin, she knows—about us."

"The devil she does! Who told her?"

"I don't know. But she came here to taunt me, and threaten me."

"Threaten!"

"It comes to that. I'm sure she means to tell Logan—and everyone else."

"Well, let her."

"But she's got another version of the story," she said, unable to meet his eyes.

"A wicked, scandalous version."

She saw Gavin's face grow almost ugly with anger, and his big hands clench.

"I'll put an end to that," he growled, and marched to the door.

"Wait, Gavin! That would only make matters worse. It's no use going to her. We'd better go straight to Logan, and explain everything to him—before she can start spreading her lies."

"There's another way," he said. "I didn't realise it until just now. There's the canoe!"

"But we can't use it."

"We can. The river isn't completely frozen over. We could make the township easily in the canoe, and get married there. Then we could return with the freight sledge, and tell Logan exactly what happened."

"You mean—go to-night?"

"That's what I mean. Isn't it the best solution? We can't continue like this. We'll come back—really husband and wife, and Greta's teeth will be drawn."

She hesitated for a moment, but he drew her close to him, and kissed her tenderly.

"Come, dear, it's only what we intended doing in two days' time. But Greta has made it more urgent. Don't you trust me?"

"Yes—yes," she gasped.

He collected some rugs and other oddments, and a few minutes later left the hut. Denise breathed hard as she packed a small suitcase. Certainly it was all very rapid, but that only increased the thrill of it. If the centre part of the river was open, as Gavin said it was, they would reach the township by early morning. Logan would be mystified and annoyed, but not when he got to know what had happened. Doubtless she would be able to buy a few things which she badly needed.

What a time Gavin was! It should not have taken him so long to get the canoe afloat at the place where he needed it, and to get back to her.

She began to get anxious, and to search for reasons for this very long wait. Finally she had to accept the fact that something quite unexpected had happened.

ANOTHER half-hour passed, and Denise, tired of waiting, and filled with awful foreboding, slipped on a coat and left the hut.

How the night passed she did not know, but pass it did and in the early hours of the morning she had to decide definitely what she should do. Obviously she must tell Logan.

But first she went to the cookhouse, and discovered that her watch had run down during the night, due to her having forgotten to wind it up. It had stopped at six o'clock in the morning, and cookie informed her that she was half an hour late.

"Greta's late, too," he added. "I've sent a guy along to knock her up. Here he comes!"

The cook's messenger came in, blowing his hands.

"No luck," he said. "She ain't there."

"What do yer mean 'she ain't there'?" snorted the cook.

"She ain't in the hut—and her bed ain't been slept in."

Denise gave an involuntary start. Gavin

gone! Greta gone! Could there possibly be any connection between these two events?

"Shall — shall I run up and see what's happened?" she begged.

"Sure! She must be somewhere."

"Anyone would think the hut was a darned hotel the way you talk," grumbled his messenger. "Why, you couldn't hide a cat in it."

Denise went off during the argument. She soon found the store hut, which had been Greta's uncomfortable home, and soon satisfied herself that the messenger had spoken the truth. Greta had gone—also her bag and some clothing. The bed had not been slept in, and the heating stove was stone cold.

Momentarily stunned by this revelation, she sat down for a minute or two and tried to work it out. Gavin had gone to get the canoe afloat, that she and he might go to get married.

She went back to the cook, and reported that Greta had certainly left camp. Cookie, hopeful of getting some more facts, hurried across to the bunkhouse where he saw her father. Old Larsen took the news quite calmly. Nothing that Greta did ever astonished him.

"She'll come back," he argued. "Always she come back."

By the time breakfast was over everyone in camp knew what had happened. A lot of the wise ones vowed they were not at all surprised, others were amazed that Gavin could leave a nice girl like his wife for someone like Greta.

After tidying herself, she pulled down the dividing curtain—that symbol of the past, and slipping on a heavy coat, went out into the evening air. Several men stopped her and had a word with her, and only one mentioned Gavin, and he was a man whom she knew very well.

"Things aren't always what they seem, you know," he said wisely.

"Thank you for that nice thought," she replied.

Ransome was twanging his guitar, which caused her to realise that she had not heard it for some days. Was it that Ransome was again nurturing hope? Finally she passed through the camp and came out just above the landing stage on the lake. By this time the black serpentine course of the river was but a mere thread amid the ice. It pointed yet the way to civilisation—the way Gavin had gone.

She walked round the edge of the lake, and reached the spot where Ransome had collapsed after the punt adventure. From there she took a cutting through the woods which led to the top of the great bluff, where the main trail ran, and which would bring her directly above the camp. After a long trudge through almost unbroken snow she reached the plateau, and halted there for a few moments to gaze down at the lighted camp, which from this height looked like a scene on a Christmas card. Then she was aware of the linking of bells, which seemed to make the picture complete. The sounds came nearer and she thought it must be the freight sledge, which Gavin had said was nearly due. But if this was so he was a little out of his reckoning.

As she stood there the sledge came into view in the moonlight. The long team of dogs soon covered the intervening space, and the dog-musher waved his hand as he passed. She then had time to notice another man in the sledge, and their uniforms made it quite clear that it was not the company's freight sledge, but a police affair. They vanished in a cloud of pow-

dery snow, and it was then she recalled their former visit to the camp, and what it involved.

There was a short cut to the camp through the trees, and she took this and reached the outskirts just as the dog-team entered by the main trail. As she passed across to the hut she saw the two occupants of the sledge talking to a group of men by the camp-fire.

It certainly looked as if Ned Livingstone was giving them a long hunt for their money. The thought caused her to catch her breath. When Gavin had told her that he had never robbed a bank she had believed him because she had trusted him, but now—now she was not so sure about him.

Came the desire to go down and tell them what she had discovered. Her hand was on the door latch, and she dropped it for a moment. But then there came a revulsion of feeling. Because she had been hurt she wanted to hurt others. She didn't know all the circumstances. She couldn't do it.

With a little choke she opened the door and passed inside. It was then she suffered a paralyzing shock. Seated at the small table was Gavin, looking tired and hungry. He rose as she came face to face with him, and that old intriguing smile came to his face.

"I—I had to come back," he said. "I guess you've been wondering what happened last night?"

Her lips moved but no sound came from them.

"I've been travelling all night," he said, and then staggered slightly. "Guess I'm all in. You see, I never—"

She suddenly stopped him as she heard the sound of voices outside. Logan was saying "No doubt she'll be able to explain." She realised it was the police, come to ask her questions. Her reasoning power was gone. Only impulse, intuition remained. She caught him by the sleeve.

"The police," she whispered. "They mustn't— There, in that corner. Oh, please!"

She pushed him towards the curtain which was hung across the corner of the hut to make an improvised corner cupboard. Fortunately the curtain reached down to the floor.

"In there. Don't make a sound," she begged huskily.

A knock came on the door, but Gavin was still standing there, in full view.

"Please!" she said tearfully.

He nodded grimly and slipped behind the hanging curtain, while she went and opened the door. Outside was Logan and the police sergeant.

"Mrs. Hart," said Logan. "The sergeant wants to ask you a few questions. I guess you'll find them rather silly questions, but he doesn't seem to think so."

Denise conjured up a smile, and the sergeant looked at her intently.

"Didn't I see you away back on the trail not long ago?" he asked.

"Yes. I came home by the short cut, through the woods. I saw your sledge pass."

He pulled out a notebook and turned over a few pages, while Denise strove to look unconcerned. At last he raised his eyes, and Denise knew that the great moment had arrived.

"YOU'RE Mrs. Denise Hart?" asked the Sergeant. Denise thought for a moment, and came to the conclusion that the time had come to tell the truth. "My name's Tremayne," she said huskily.

The sergeant raised his eyes from his notebook, and she noticed that Logan was regarding her with amazement.

"Is the man who calls himself Gavin Hart your husband?" asked the Sergeant.

"No."

Logan could not restrain his surprise. He made to go to Denise, but the sergeant prevented him.

"I want to get to the bottom of this," he said. "For months you've been living and working here under the name of Mrs. Hart, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And all the time you knew he was Ned Livingstone?"

"No," she replied hotly. "I can explain it if you will give me a chance."

"Fire away," said the sergeant.

"Well, I met Hart on the trail just after my father died from an accident. He was good to me, and helped me down the river. When we reached this lumber camp Mr. Logan took it for granted I was married to Gavin. I—I let him think that."

"Why?" demanded the Sergeant.

"Because I badly needed a job, and I understood there would be more chance of getting one here if I was married. Gavin didn't approve of it, but he backed me up."

"Well," ejaculated the Sergeant. "What do you make of that?"

"It's true," said Logan. "I'm just beginning to understand the situation. I'm dead set against young single women working in my camp. But I didn't know until now that she wasn't Hart's wife."

"Hm!" grunted the Sergeant. "Did you ever suspect that his name wasn't Hart?" he asked Denise.

"No."

"Did you suspect it might be Ned Livingstone?"

"He told me it wasn't."

"Then he lied. Take a look at that."

He handed her the photograph of a young man, with a fair moustache and a sunny smile. She saw it was Gavin, taken a few years before.

"Isn't that the guy who calls himself Gavin Hart?"

"No," she lied. "It's like him, but I'm sure it isn't the same man."

"You're wrong. We happened to see him to-night. This photograph wasn't in our hands until a few days ago. We came up here to make further inquiries, and ran across him just as he was making down-river in a canoe. Some of my boys are after him at this moment. There was a woman with him, but we couldn't see her very distinctly. Do you know who she was?"

Denise's heart beat tumultuously. She had no doubt about the identity of the woman, and she suspected that Logan had already told the sergeant that Greta was missing. He was simply trying to find out how much she knew about Gavin's movements.

"I don't know," she said, "but there is a girl missing from camp."

"Sure there is! Did you know they were going?"

"No."

"Is that the truth?"

"Can't you see it is?" she cried.

The sergeant paced up and down, within a few feet of where Gavin lay concealed.

"You may be wrong after all, Sergeant," said Logan. "I can tell you that Gavin Hart was a mighty decent chap—in most respects, I've never had a better worker."

"That don't count for anything. Of course he'd work while he was hiding away here. He couldn't afford to risk getting fired. He was the guy who was laid up

with an injury when I was last here, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I ought to have taken a look at him, but when I heard he was a married man— Say," he said, as a thought suddenly came to him, "what sort of injury was it?"

"Chest. A flying splinter got him."

"Who attended to it?"

"One of my boys, who's a bit of a doctor."

"I'd like to see him. It may settle forever the identity of Mr. Gavin Hart. If he isn't Ned Livingstone I'll sure eat my hat." He turned to Denise, who by this time was suffering from the strain of the situation. "Livingstone got away with a big wad of notes, and there's no doubt he's still got them. Do you know anything about them? Have you seen a package about that size?"

He gave her an idea of the package with his hands, and Denise shook her head.

"I've seen nothing," she said. "I believe you're making a mistake."

"NOT on your life. Wal, I guess I'll run across and find the guy who attended to Hart—I mean Livingstone."

He went out, leaving Logan there. The boss-logger seemed to be a little embarrassed for a second or two.

"You sure took my breath away," he said at last.

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you exactly. You've certainly pulled your weight here. I guess you thought I'd fire you if I found out the truth?"

"Yes."

"So I might—at first," he admitted. "But you needn't worry none. If you're happy here you can stay."

"Thank you."

There was a knock on the door and a policeman put his head in and asked if Denise could go across to the sergeant, who had something important to ask her.

"Now?" she asked.

"Yep. He won't keep you a minute. He's found the guy who doctored Livingstone, and says he wants you to corroborate something."

She slipped on a coat, and went under Logan's escort to the group of men near the campfire. She sergeant looked unusually grim as she approached him, and Denise knew from the faces of the lumbermen that they had learnt the truth about the part she had played.

"Now, Miss Tremayne," he said. "The doc here says that when he attended to Hart, he noticed a queer kind of birthmark under his left shoulder, and he tells me that you kinder acted as nurse, and fixed the bandages from time to time."

"Yes."

"Wal, in that case you must have noticed that mark."

"Yes—I did."

"You must have seen it a lot of times?"

"Oh, yes."

"Wal, what was it like?"

She knew it was no use beating about the bush. To tell a lie for Gavin's sake would serve no purpose, for the lumber-doctor had doubtless already described what he had seen.

"It was like an ace of clubs," she said.

"Fine!" said the sergeant. "That satisfies me. This man who called himself Hart is the man we want, and his real name is Ned Livingstone. I'm telling you boys there's a thousand bucks reward offered for his capture, so if you get a glimpse of him hanging around, freeze on to him tight, and shout for me."

Denise was anxious to get back to the

hut, but before she could force her way through the crowd a police sledge arrived at great speed, and was pulled up close to the other sledge. A big trooper left his companion and went to the sergeant.

"That guy got ashore," he said. "We had a devil of a time chasing him down-river. We got the canoe, but not him nor the woman. But after a bit we found tracks in the snow not far from where we found the canoe. We traced them all the way to this camp."

"Good!" said the sergeant. "Boys, here's your chance. Livingstone is hanging around this camp. If any of you get him before we do he wins a thousand bucks."

A large number of the hot-bloods made off at once, and Denise felt sick and faint. The sergeant came to her.

"You ain't seen him by any chance?" he asked.

"I told you what happened," she said. "Sure you did! But I'm warning you now that it's a crime to aid a man who is wanted on a serious charge."

"I know," she replied, with a choke.

"Then have a care, lady."

She nodded miserably and eventually made away. She reached the hut as in a dream, and was about to open the door when suddenly the police sergeant came to view.

"What—what do you want?" she gasped. "I was just wondering if he might be somewhere around here."

"You mean—Gavin?"

"I mean Ned Livingstone. When I was here a little while back you looked mighty scared. See here, Denise, it's no use. That fellow is dangerous. There's only one place for him, and I guess you know where that is."

She made no attempt to open the door, and the sergeant was quick to notice her reluctance. He came forward and unlatched it.

"Allow me," he said.

She hesitated and then stepped into the hut. To her horror the sergeant followed her.

"I was just wondering if he might take it into his head to call here," he said.

"Why should he?"

"Wal, there's a pair of gum-boots that ain't your size, and that coat on the door was never worn by a woman. If you got anything to tell me you'd better say it now."

"I—I—" she gasped.

He was looking at the improvised corner cupboard, and suddenly he switched his glance to her face.

"Funny I never thought of that," he said.

She could not reply. Her tongue seemed cloven to the roof of her mouth. She saw the sergeant take a huge revolver from his holster and approach the corner cupboard. With one flick of his wrist he pulled the curtain aside. Denise stared at a few articles of clothing that were hanging there. Gavin had gone! She wanted to give expression to her intense relief, but dared not. The sergeant grunted and swung round on her.

"I'll be beating it," he said, "but take my tip—avoid that guy as you would the devil. He's no good, and the sooner he gets clapped in jail the better for everyone."

He went off and left her on the verge of collapse. Now she knew to what extent she loved Gavin.

Denise made no attempt to go to bed, for sleep was impossible in the circumstances. Late as it now was, there was great excitement in camp. The two sledges had gone off, and also a large

number of the lumberjacks, but one trooper remained, and he was the centre of a noisy gesticulating group. Later Denise went out to hear if there was any news, but apparently the hunt was still in progress.

"Denise!"

She turned and saw Ransome beckoning her, and was glad that he had not been lured to the hunt by the prospect of a big reward. Ransome led her away from the crowd.

"You're worrying," he said.

"Why should I?"

"Because you love him."

She made no attempt to deny this.

"You've got to forget him," he resumed.

"There's no doubt at all that he's Livingstone, and has a sentence of ten years or more hanging over him."

"Why do you tell me that?" she asked angrily.

"Isn't it best to accept hard facts? I think we've all made a big mistake about him. There's no doubt he ran off with Greta, and then, having the bad luck to run into the police, he packed Greta off somewhere, and made his way back here."

Then, realising that he had hurt her deeply, he begged her pardon.

"Perhaps you're right," she said, "but I can't think of him like that—not yet."

One of the sledges then returned, and they hurried to it to hear any news there might be.

"Yep, we sighted him," a voice was saying. "Fergusson got him with a shot. We found bloodstains afterwards, and yet the cunning coyote got away again. I want to make sure he don't head this way."

"Are you sure about that?" asked Ransome of the trooper.

"You bet your life I am. There were blood spots for over fifty yards. He must have turned and scuttled down one of the beaten tracks. We'll have him before another hour's past. Reckon it was a pretty bad wound."

Denise felt dazed and ill. She imagined Gavin being hunted in the woods like a wounded beast—Gavin, who had always been so fit and strong. Ransome had noticed her pallor and was leading her back to the hut.

"It's horrible!" she moaned.

"Yes. Poor devil!"

But the night passed, and the police failed to get their man.

Denise saw them leave the camp, when she was on her way to commence the day's toil. Having had no sleep, she felt far from well, but with Greta absent she could not plead sickness.

That night she slept, and awoke to the bitter realities of life after ten hours of glorious oblivion. The morning was exceptionally fine, and by the time she was ready to go to work the golden lances of the dawn were striking through the trees.

She was near the cookhouse when suddenly the police sergeant came to view. He saluted her quite politely, and said that he wanted to see her, but had not wanted to disturb her earlier.

"Thanks for that," she said.

"Wal, from what I can gather, you've been let down rather badly. Livingstone's still beating us, but he'll have to show himself very soon. Anyway, I want to get hold of any property of his. It's all got to go to headquarters. Aren't there one or two things in the hut?"

"Yes. A coat, some boots, and one or two small things."

"You'd better come back with me. It won't take a few minutes."

She nodded and returned to the hut with him. Such things as belonged to

Gavin were soon collected together. She hated to part with them, but knew it was no use protesting. The sergeant took the coat and ran his hands through the pockets. A few oddments were brought to light, but none of them was of any importance until the sergeant discovered the top half of a letter. It was from an address in England, and only the first few lines were left. He gave a grunt of satisfaction and handed the fragment to Denise.

"Guess that clears up any doubts," he said.

Denise ran her eye over the few written lines, and then gave a great gulp.

"My Dear Livingstone,—"

"My last letter to you was returned through the dead-letter post. I have since heard a new address and I hope this reaches you safely. Your wife informs me that her last two letters to you have also been returned. It is vitally necessary that you do something about her maintenance, otherwise—"

Here the fragment ended, the other part apparently having been torn off for some purpose. Denise handed it back to the sergeant with a trembling hand.

"Maybe that's why he did that robbery," he mused. "His wife in England was needing money. Well, that lets a little light into the matter."

Denise made no reply, and even when he had made up the articles into a bundle, and left with them, she stood there unable to move a step. It seemed that her last defence had been suddenly shattered to pieces.

DURING the days which followed Denise made a great effort to rise above her disillusion. She saw no more of the police, and wondered whether Gavin had been captured, as everyone was quite certain he would be.

And the excitement caused by the police visit was dying down, and work went on as if it had been just a minor incident. She saw the saws and axes eating their way through the timber, and Logan hurrying from place to place in his usual energetic fashion.

"We're dead on schedule," he said, "in spite of that darn blizzard. How are things?"

"Not so bad," she said, with a smile.

"I'm running down-river on the next freight sledge. Why not come along, and do a bit of shopping? We can come back on the next freighter."

"I'd love to," she said. "But what about Cookie?"

"I'll fix it. He'll simply have to get up an hour earlier and put a bit more into it. I've got to go to the mill, and it'll give you a chance to get a break."

She was pleased with this prospect, and so the trip was fixed up. Three days later she went off with the sledge, and Logan. He proved quite an interesting travelling companion, and entertained her with stories connected with his life and business.

"What are you going to do when you finish up at the camp?" he asked.

"I don't know. But I'll have a little money, and perhaps I can start some little business, and make it pay."

"You could make anything pay," he said with emphasis. "It's only the cowards and the work-shy that complain about bad luck. Well, that's the township yonder. Not much of a place, but not so bad when you've seen nothing but big trees and sweating men for months on end."

Denise nodded and gazed across the white

landscape to where she could see a collection of buildings, with a kind of black ribbon running between them.

"There's a couple of hotels, so-called," said Logan. "The better of the two is the 'Last Hope.' Queer name to give a hotel, but it isn't as bad as it sounds."

Finally they pulled up outside the "Last Hope," which was in the main street. Here the snow was packed down and dirty after that over which they had travelled for several hours. Small as the township was, it boasted most things essential to civilisation—even a cinema. The shops and stores appeared to be well stocked, and there was considerable activity in the streets.

Denise was given a quite comfortable bedroom on the first floor, overlooking the street, and she found the procession interesting. Later she went out and did a little shopping.

EARLY in the evening she saw Logan, who told her he had business to attend to, and regretted he wasn't able to entertain her. Also he reminded her that he was due to return to camp the following morning.

"Have a good time," he said. "You've earned it."

She smiled as she reflected that it wasn't easy for a girl all alone to have a good time. True, there was a dance hall, but dancing with strangers made no appeal to her. The cinema was much more to the point. Clad in the new short fur coat which she had bought, she left the hotel and walked down the lighted street. A display of handbags in a shop window attracted her attention, and she was wondering whether she should expend ten dollars on a particularly alluring bead bag "from Paris," when she came face to face with Greta.

At first she scarcely recognised her, for Greta had piled the powder and lipstick on heavily, and had done something to her eyebrows which gave her an Eastern look. Also she was quite smartly dressed, in contrast to her usual slap-dash attire.

"So, it is Denise," she said, treating Denise to a rude scrutiny.

"Yes," said Denise. "What are you doing here?"

"That is my business." "Of course. But I thought the police were looking for you."

Greta scowled at her. "It is not for me they look," she retorted. "Maybe they would be wise to ask you some questions, eh?"

"About what?" Greta jerked her thumb towards the police station.

"Go down there and look at the notices," she said.

With this she marched off, leaving Denise greatly troubled.

Denise entered the cinema and tried to give herself up to the entertainment, but somehow it all fell flat. She saw nothing in the jokes and humorous situations, though her neighbors shrieked with laughter.

On the morrow they left in the sledge for the camp, Logan taking with him some bits of machinery which he needed. It snowed all the way, and the trail was "sticky" and slow. The overcast sky and heavy snowy curtain made everything look different, and imparted a feeling of great depression to Denise. But it only needed a little reflection to tell her that the cause was not really in the elements.

When they got back into the sledge Denise put a question which had been on the tip of her tongue for some time.

"Did you hear any news about—Gavin?" Logan nodded in a grim way.

"What was it?" she inquired.

"The police are quite certain he can't be alive. They've had crowds of fellows out looking for him, and have stuck up bills everywhere. There's no doubt he was hit by that shot, and in that case he couldn't get very far. You see—"

He stopped as she winced, but she bade him go on.

"Wal, he couldn't get medical attention, nor food. I wouldn't give much for a fellow's chance in this country in winter."

"But—but wouldn't they have found his body?" she asked. "That is, if he—"

"The wolves wouldn't leave much, and a fall of snow would cover up all traces. Say, Denise—"

A heart-rending sob had broken from her, for her imagination had drawn a vivid picture of such a scene, against her desire.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I shouldn't have asked you. I—I'm all right now."

She had completely recovered her self-control by the time they reached the camp. "I kinda knew you were only kiddin'," he said.

She found the hut bitterly cold, and hastily lighted the heating-stove, while she changed into her working-garb. There was a piece of paper projecting from the pocket of her overall. Wonderingly she took it out and unfolded it. On it was scrawled:

"Bearer must see you immediately. Meet by the fork on main trail above camp."

There was no signature—nothing to indicate who had brought it, nor when. If the bearer had come yesterday then she would be too late. But what did it signify? Could it possibly be news of Gavin—or Gavin himself?

She calculated it would take her a quarter of an hour to get to the place mentioned. That would still give her time to get back to the cookhouse to lend a hand with the preparation of the evening meal. Perhaps it would all be a waste of time, but she dared not decline this appeal, because it was to her heart, which had a way of doing as it pleased. Two minutes later she was mounting to the plateau by the short cut through the clogging snow.

GASPING for breath,

Denise reached the summit of the steep rise. From there to the fork in the trail was but a few minutes' walk. Dense fine snow was still falling, and visibility was reduced to a few yards. As she drew near the rendezvous her nerves became tense with excitement mingled with anxiety. At last she reached the place where the trail divided. There was no one to be seen, and not a sound to be heard. Here the whole world seemed blanketed out.

A slight crunching of snow caused her to turn her head, and she saw a blurred figure coming towards her. It was a half-breed Indian, clad in a white fur coat, mukluks and white turban. His face was mahogany-brown, and the eyes dark and lively. She stood dead-still, and finally he stopped within a yard of her and saluted.

"Mees Denise?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I wait many hours here. Master say 'Joe' must wait until he see lady."

"Who—who sent you?" she gasped.

"Master say lady know if Joe give her this."

He handed Denise a little ornamental ring which she remembered having seen many times on Gavin's little finger. Something seemed to rise up in her throat and threaten to choke her.

"Where is he?" she asked.

The half-breed waved his arm towards the north.

"Does he—is he all right?"

"Master sick. Lady must come quick if she want see him. Maybe it is too—"

He stopped as Denise gave a little cry, and then again pointed to the north.

"How far away is he?"

"One hour—if we go fast."

"I'll come," she said.

Joe nodded and escorted her through the dense snow. A minute later they came upon a light sledge, with its team of beautiful husky dogs sprawling in the snow and tethered to a tree. One of them started to raise his voice, but stopped immediately the half-breed spoke to him.

"Lady, sit in," he said. "We go fast."

The country was the wildest imaginable, and at times they ran along the edge of a precipice, with barely a foot between the sledge-runners and a drop of many hundreds of feet.

Now they had finished the long, twisting, perilous descent and were moving across the surface of a frozen lake, on whose precipitous banks the timber seemed to grow in one solid mass. The driving snow covered every twig and branch, and the limbs drooped down under the increasing weight.

"How much farther?" she asked, turning her head.

"Nearly there now."

On reaching the farther bank the dogs hauled the sledge up a short rise, ran for about half a mile along the cliff edge, and then turned into the only possible track in the thick timber.

"Look!" said the half-breed, and roused her from her thoughts.

For a moment she could see nothing but tree trunks and falling snow, but then she perceived what appeared to be a clearing, and slowly a hut was brought to view.

"Is he—there?" she asked.

"Hm!"

No sooner was the sledge at halt outside the hut, than the half-breed entirely forgot his manners and rushed inside, leaving Denise to climb out alone. She felt so agitated now that she could scarcely walk. At the door, which was half-broken down like the rest of the derelict construction, she halted and strove to pull herself together. The half-breed came rushing to the door.

"Him live," he whispered, "but not understand, Lady come in—see him."

She shook the snow from her hat and shoulders, and then entered the shack. There seemed to be about three rooms, in the first of which was an old stove of the Yukon type, with a black pipe which twisted round the place, giving a form of central heating. It was now almost out, but the half-breed was already refuelling it from a pile of logs beside it. She took no further notice of him, or of anything else in the hut, for her gaze was drawn to a bed made up on the floor, to the right of the stove. In this lay Gavin—but so changed she could scarcely recognise him. There was a growth of beard on his pale face, and the eyes seemed to have shrunk back into the skull. One hand was lying uncovered. It was not like Gavin's fine muscular hand, but thin and almost transparent. For a moment she stayed there—repelled by what she saw, and then she forgot everything but the fact that he appeared to be dying. Creeping to the bed, she knelt down and placed his hand inside the blanket. Then she saw his breast heaving gently and knew that he was alive.

"Joe!" she called, remembering that the half-breed had told her his name. He crept across to her, and looked down at Gavin and then at her.

"Sleep?" he said.

"Where is the wound?"

Joe pointed to his own hip—just above the groin.

"Is the bullet there still?"

"Joe think so."

"You get the heat going. I'll have a look at the wound."

From somewhere Joe had got some medical bandage, for the wound was wrapped in yards of it. But it needed warm water to get the bandage free, and this had to be got from the snow melted in a camp kettle. When at last she saw the wound it caused her to shudder. It was already septic, and she believed it was chiefly due to the presence of the bullet in the body.

"I've got to get the bullet out, Joe," she said.

Joe nodded his head in approval.

"We need something to probe with. Have you got a pair of scissors?"

"Hm!"

He went to a pile of gear and produced as good an instrument as she could have hoped to find—a pair of thin, long-bladed scissors. He also brought a big roll of bandage, and some medicated wool, and explained that he had bought them in the township when he first found his master wounded.

"I'm going to try—to get the bullet," she said finally. "I want some boiling water."

He looked blank at this request, having, obviously, never heard of sterilisation. But she repeated the order, and in a few minutes he brought her a can of boiling water. In this she dipped the blades of the scissors, much to Joe's astonishment, and then faced her abhorrent task. At first her hands were unsteady, and Joe, who now saw what was in her mind, made to take them from her. But she steeled herself against the overwhelming desire to faint, and pushed the points of the scissors deep into the wound. The ends touched something hard.

"I can feel it," she gasped.

"Joe try."

"No, wait. I think—"

She opened the ends of the scissors a little, and winced as Gavin shuddered. Again the bullet evaded her. Now she knew that it was a matter of life and death. The wound was bleeding afresh, and everything depended on speed—and skill. With a silent prayer she probed again, and this time managed to get a firm grip on the bullet. Joe was clenching his hands as he looked at her.

"Coming," she whispered. "Oh, if only—"

The pincers held their object. The wound was necessarily increased, but in a moment or two the bullet was out.

"The swab!" she said, with tears streaming down her face.

Joe was almost dancing in his keen excitement. Swiftly and deftly the wound was cleansed, and then bandaged. Gavin lay like a log now—completely oblivious to pain, or anything else. Denise sat and looked at him helplessly. A reaction had taken place, and she felt violently sick.

"All right now," said Joe, weighing the bullet in his hand.

All right! She wished she could be so optimistic. Perhaps she had killed him with her inexperience. Only time could prove it—and not much time at that.

"Joe put the dogs away," he said. "Lady stay—eh?"

She nodded her head automatically. Of course she must stay. The affairs at the lumber camp seemed of quite secondary importance. A few hours would most certainly decide the issue. Until that decision came she must stay.

Joe fed his dogs and put them away into

a shed which has attached to the shack. He came back and said he would watch while Denise slept. But she shook her head, and bade him rest.

It was in the early hours of the morning that Gavin moved and uttered a little sigh. She brought the candle close to his face, and saw that his eyes were open.

"Why, Denise!," he said.

"Yes—me," she replied brokenly.

GAVIN slept all through the night, and in the early hours of the morning, when she was quite certain that his unconsciousness was natural, Denise slept too. On waking up, just as the first light of the dawn filtered through various cracks in the hut, it took her a minute or two fully to realise what had happened overnight.

It was an hour later when Gavin opened his eyes, and his roving gaze fell on Denise, who was busy with a small saucepan at the stove. He passed a thin hand across his eyes to make sure that this was no part of his illness, and then she turned and saw him.

"It's all right, Gavin," she said. "It's really me."

"I had a kind of dream—"

"You saw me last night. Don't you remember?"

"Yes—now. Of course I sent Joe for you. You see I got the idea I was going to kick the bucket, but now—"

"Now you're going to do nothing of the sort. It was this which caused you to get that crazy idea."

She held up the bullet and brought it closer to him that he might see it.

"You—you got it out?" he gasped.

"It had to come out."

"Thanks!" he said weakly.

"And now you're going to take some nourishment. I've got it all ready. I'll have to prop you up."

This was no easy matter, for he was rigid-boned and very heavy. Also he was so weak he could give her little assistance. Joe had gone out for some more wood for the stove, so she was left to her own resources. But finally she got him into a half-sitting position, with some rugs stuffed behind his back.

"That's better," she said, and brought the lukewarm soup to him. Little by little the basin was emptied, until finally the last drop was taken.

"What was it?" he asked.

"Turtle."

"Tasted like mud."

"Ingrateful!"

His eyes were regarding her intently.

"So you came?" he said, as if he were surprised.

"What else could I do?"

"I wouldn't have sent for you if I hadn't believed that— I wanted to tell you something. That's why I came to the hut that evening. But I was unfortunate then. The police saw me and I had to run for it. I was shot, and for days I've been lying here—getting weaker. But for Joe—"

"Is he from your farm?"

"Yes. Goodness only knows how he managed to find me. He says he's been looking for me since the fall. Luckily he found me just after I was shot, and carried me here."

"What did you want to tell me?" she asked.

"About Greta, and the night when we planned—you remember?"

She nodded and waited for him to continue.

"I went down for the canoe, and got it afloat. I was coming back for you when I met Greta. She asked me where I was going, and I told her to mind her own business. But she saw the canoe in the water and drew her own conclusions from that. She then told me that she had just seen the police, and that they were coming to arrest me. I thought she was lying, but a moment later I caught sight of a trooper. We were only a short distance from Greta's hut, and she said she would go and get a few things and come with me down-river, as she was sick of the camp. I refused, but she made it quite clear that she meant to have things her own way. I tried to get across to the hut to tell you what had happened, but was stopped by a policeman. I had to run for it, and when I reached the canoe there was Greta sitting in it. I told her to get out, but she didn't move. Finally I had to shove off with her. But I had been seen, and for hours afterwards the police followed me down the bank. They made several attempts to get to me across the ice, but I kept to the farther side of the narrow stream, and they were unable to make a crossing so as to hem me in from both sides at once."

He stopped as if the effect of speech was tiring him. She waited patiently.

"I threw them off a mile or two farther down, and chose a spot to land. I hid the canoe, and Greta and I went ashore. There we parted."

"At her suggestion?" asked Denise.

"No. She was not very nice about it. Anyway, I got rid of her and made my way back to the hut. I realised that you would be wondering what had happened, and with Greta gone—"

"Yes, I was wondering," she said. "Everyone else took it for granted that she and you—"

"I haven't seen her since, and don't want to."

"I have," she said quietly.

"Where?"

"In the township. I went there with Logan yesterday. She seemed to think I knew where you were."

"So you do—now."

"Thanks for telling me—about Greta," she said. "Now you must rest. You've talked too much."

SHE left him rather abruptly, a fact which he could not help noticing.

In order to be able to think more clearly she put on a coat and went outdoors. The heavy snowfall of the night before had covered everything to such a depth that walking was a great effort.

Her perambulations brought her to the spot where Joe was at work. His skill with the small hatchet was remarkable, and the logs were piling up in the snow as the flashing blade did its work. She guessed its edge must be razor-sharp by the way it bit deep into the wood. Then Joe turned his head, saw her and smiled.

"Joe make plenty wood," he explained. "Ver' cold to-night. Boss O.K. now, eh?"

"I think he's better."

"Soon get well. Good thing lady come. No go away quick?" he added hastily.

"Not yet," she demurred.

"Joe 'fraid of police," he confided. "Think boss robber and gunman, but Joe know."

"Know what?" she asked.

"Not true," he retorted fiercely.

She wanted to ask him more, but refrained because it scarcely seemed right to question a servant about his master.

Towards evening she took steps to make herself more comfortable. Before she retired, Gavin needed attention. He was now

wide awake, and vowed he felt much better. "So you're staying?" he asked. "Yes." "You're a pal," he said, and she let it go at that.

A WEEK had passed since Denise came to Gavin, and during that period there had been no disturbing incident. The man whom she had found on the brink of death was now approaching convalescence. His cheeks had filled out, and his hands were firm—almost strong. That morning he had shaved himself, with the most satisfactory result.

"Gosh, I'm reborn!" he said, as he gazed at the result in a camp mirror. "You certainly looked terrible," she admitted.

"And felt it. Denise, what can I say to all this?"

"All what?" "You know. If you hadn't come here I'd have passed out. Oh, yes, I should. You've been doctor, nurse—everything. You've lived like a dog in this rotten place—"

"Don't!" she begged.

"I must have my say now. I'm a wanted man. At any moment the police may drop in and find me. You've helped me, and because you've helped me it may go hard with you. I want you to go now, Denise."

"You—you want me to go?" she gasped. "Yes. That sounds ungrateful, but it's just because I'm grateful that I tell you that. What should I feel if you had to suffer on my account—even if it was only for a short time?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"There's a price on my head."

"I know that."

"Well, if you should be found here—"

"Gavin, I want to ask you something."

she broke in.

"Well?"

"That night—when we made plans to go—and get married. Were you in earnest?"

"Yes."

"You mean—you were going to marry me, although you knew the police wanted you?"

"I didn't think they would find me."

This remark caused her to wince. It was incredible that he could give voice to it.

"Wait!" he said. "I had every hope—"

"Every hope of getting away—leaving me completely ignorant of everything? Gavin, I once asked you a question. Do you remember what it was?"

"Yes. You asked me if I had robbed a bank, and I told you I hadn't."

"What do you say now?"

"The same thing. Listen, Denise, my name's Livingstone, but I didn't rob anything."

"Yet you're running away—hiding up. Gavin, why couldn't you trust me?"

"I am trusting you, but—"

At that moment Joe entered the room, with excited eyes. Denise realised at once that something was amiss.

"What's the matter, Joe?" asked Gavin.

Joe went to the corner and took up a rifle. He looked into the magazine and was making for the door when Gavin stopped him.

"What's all this?" he snapped.

"Someone come," said Joe.

"Who?"

"Not know. Joe find footprints—very fresh."

"Put that gun back!" said Gavin.

"But if police—"

"Put it back!"

Joe did as he was bid, but with tremen-

dous reluctance. Then he sidled to the door and slid out of it.

"I can't trust him—in these circumstances," said Gavin. "He's hot-headed where my safety is concerned, but I don't want him to get into any trouble. He has a knife and may—"

"I'll go after him," she said. "But if—if it should be the police?"

"In that case don't let them see you. Don't come back here."

She went without making any promise on that score. Joe was creeping through the trees towards the steep slope down which he had driven her on her arrival. Fearing to lose him, she started into a run, but pulled up suddenly, as away to her left she suddenly caught sight of another figure. It had leapt from behind one tree to a nearby one, and she had but a momentary glance of it. One thing was clear—it was not a policeman.

She stood quite still, and kept her eyes fixed on the tree behind which she was certain the figure was concealed. A few moments passed, and then a head was projected. The light fell full on it, and she gasped to recognise Greta. The head was immediately withdrawn.

Denise wasted not a moment, and ran as hard as she could towards the tree. As she reached it Greta scuttled away, but was quickly overtaken. Denise stood facing her, breathless and infuriated by this piece of espionage.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I come—for a walk."

"You didn't. You came to spy out Gavin. Because you've failed in one direction, you hoped to succeed in another. There's a big reward offered, and that's why you're here."

"And why are you here?" snarled Greta.

"Mind your own business."

"Gavin is everyone's business now. Get out of my way!"

"You're not going to get away with it."

"With what?"

"You're not going to make money out of Gavin."

Greta's response to this was quite unexpected. She slipped a hand inside her thick coat and suddenly produced a knife, the blade of which was concealed in the handle, but which shot out as she pressed a catch.

"Maybe you'll be sensible—now," she said.

Denise winced and then dived for a thick section of broken branch, which lay at her feet. She reached it as Greta made a dive past her to where there was a clear path through the trees. Bratdishing her club she again managed to intercept the desperate girl.

"Put that knife down," said Denise.

"You're going to stay."

Greta rushed at her like a mad thing. The rudge came down full on Greta's arm, just above the wrist. The knife dropped into the snow, and with a howl of rage she flung herself at Denise. The affray might have lasted a long time, for both girls were physically strong, but fortunately Joe's keen ears had overheard the conversation. He came leaping across the snow, and arrived at a most opportune moment. Greta was held in an iron grip, and Joe looked at Denise for some explanation.

"She came to spy on Gavin," she said.

"We don't let her go to the police."

"Let me go!" she cried, tugging hard against his grip.

"Bring her along," said Denise.

A few minutes later Gavin was amazed to see the door open, and Greta and her captors enter. Joe, at a gesture from his master, let go his hold, and Greta stood with a sulky expression on her face.

"A visitor," said Denise. "Good morning, Greta!" said Gavin. "It's good of you to call on me."

"I'm sorry you are ill," she said, after a slight pause.

"Where are your friends—the police?"

"I know nothing about the police. On the night when she—she indicated Denise—when she came to the township I followed her, and the next day I followed her to the lumber camp. I saw her leave with him (Joe), but they went so fast I lost trace of them. The snow covered up their tracks. For days I have been looking for you."

"Why?"

"Because—because I hear you are badly wounded."

"So you have seen the police?"

"Yes, but I tell them nothing. I have nothing to tell."

"I am wise—to some things," cut in Gavin. "Greta, I'm sorry I can't afford to let you go at the moment. When I'm well enough to be able to move I'll take a sporting chance, but not until then."

"What you mean?"

"You'll have to stay right here. It's as inconvenient for me as for you, but I can't think of any other way out of it."

"So you don't believe me?"

"Unfortunately, no."

Greta shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, you will later," she said.

Gavin was now in a dilemma. The ruined shack was so small there was scant room to keep a prisoner there, especially one of Greta's savage propensities.

"It'll have to be the kennel," he said.

Joe nodded, evidently considering the idea a good one, but Greta was infuriated.

"You dare keep me in a dog kennel!" she screamed.

"You brought it on yourself, Greta."

"I hate you! If ever I do see the police—"

"Better take her, Joe," said Gavin. "But I won't stand for any ill-treatment, understand?"

Joe nodded and took Greta by the arm. She flung him off with a curse, but was only caught again in a firmer grip. Gavin winced as she was taken away.

"That's awkward," he mused. "I didn't expect that of her. I'll have to get moving soon. Why, I'm fit enough to get up now."

"Oh, no!"

"You'll see."

HE suddenly got out of bed, and rose to his feet. He swayed a little, but swore he felt as fit as a fiddle.

"Please get back, Gavin!" she begged.

"All right. But I'm getting up to-morrow. I can't keep Greta here after that."

A few minutes later Joe made his second wild entry to the hut, and this time his excitement was even greater than before.

"The police!" he gasped.

"What!" gasped Gavin.

"Joe see them—up on ledge. Maybe they come here, and then—"

"What about Greta?"

"Joe go back to see she make no sound."

He made a motion to signify gagging, and Denise noticed that his scarf was gone. Gavin was looking at her intently.

"You'll have to go, Denise," he said. "I won't have you be found here."

"But you—!"

She dared not linger a moment, for apart from the danger she wanted to avoid any demonstrations of affection. Having her hand to him from the door, she went outside and hurried away southwards.

Her mind rang with these unanswerable

questions, as she plodded on through the thick woods, until at last she found a spot where the sun smote down, and here she rested, uncertain of how far she had come, or what to do next.

BACK in the hut Joe was facing a dangerous situation. Immediately after Denise's departure Joe had taken quick instructions from his master, and had obeyed them with his usual alacrity. When the police arrived the hut was empty except for Joe, who was busy frying something on the stove. He expressed complete surprise to see the door open and two members of the North-West Police enter.

"What's your name?" asked one of them.
"Me—Joe Garstein."
"Is this your shack?"
Joe nodded his head, and stirred the frying beans.

"Did you buy it?"
"No—just find it."
"So it isn't yours?"
"Joe find it empty. He pay owner if he come, but Joe think no one want it."
"What are you doing here, anyway?"
"Hunt. Lay trap-line out there."
Joe spread out his hands to indicate the frozen wilderness outside.
"So you're living here all alone?"
"Yes."

One of the troopers walked into the communicating-room, which Joe had swiftly cleared of its few contents.

"Hm!" he grunted, as he came out. "Is that your trail over the banking?"

He jerked his thumb towards the cliff trail, where faint tracks of sled runners could still be seen.

"Um!" said Joe. "Go to township sometimes, to buy food."

"How long have you been here?"
Joe made an attempt to count on his fingers.

"Three week," he said at last.
"Well, have you seen anyone around here?"

Joe looked surprised at the question, to convey that he never dreamed of meeting anyone in such a locality at that time of the year.

"All right," said the other trooper. "Doesn't look as if he can help us. What's that?"
It was a yelping from the kennel, where Greta was gagged and rendered helpless. But Joe was a consummate actor. He smiled blandly.

"My dogs," he said. "You want see 'em, eh?"

"No. We're looking for a man. He's wounded, and is badly wanted. If you see anything of him, get him if you can, and you'll earn a thousand dollars. That's his picture."

He handed Joe one of the bills depicting Gavin, and Joe took it and turned a pair of eager eyes on the two men.

"Thousand dollars you say?"
"Sure!"

"If—if I shoot him—you still pay, eh?"
"I guess so."

"Thousand dollars!" repeated Joe, as if he was still unable to credit this statement. "Maybe no more I would have to him. Maybe I could buy nice cafe—"

The two troopers didn't wait to listen to his wild dream, but again warned Joe not to take any chances with the wanted man, and then went outside and got their sledge moving. Joe smiled to himself as he watched them go, and when at last they had completely disappeared from view, he hurried through the trees to where the snow had drifted deep, and swiftly extricated his master from under a great white mass. Gavin,

with snow in his eyes and down his neck, shook himself free and took Joe's arm.

"Have they gone?" he asked.
"Yes. Maybe not come again."

Gavin limped back to the shack with him, and seated himself by the fire to warm his chilled limbs.

"Didn't they look in the outhouse?" he asked.

"No. The dogs bark, but Joe not worry. Joe make up bed again, eh?"

"It doesn't matter. I'm through with being an invalid. You'd better find Denise and tell her it's safe to come back."

Joe set off a minute or two later. He had obliterated the footprints left by Denise, before the police arrived, but he quickly got on to her trail, and finally found her.

"What's happened?" she asked eagerly.

"Police come and go away."

"But Gavin—didn't they see him?"

"No. Joe hide him in snow and cover all footprints. They think Joe just a poor hunter. Now you come back, eh?"

"Yes."

When she entered the hut she was surprised to find Gavin fully dressed, and squatting on a big log before the stove.

"Oh, you shouldn't!" she expostulated.

"Joe had to pack up my bed, so it was a good chance to get on my feet. Your job as nurse has finished, I guess."

A furious barking outside the door caused Joe to turn his head. He ran to the door and opened it. Into the room bounded the leader dog, followed by two of his team mates.

"How did they get free?" asked Gavin. Joe shook his head, and then ran out of the shack. He came back a few moments later, with his eyes blazing.

"That woman—she go," he said.

"You mean Greta has escaped?" asked Denise.

"Yes. I tie her and make her silent, but she get away somehow."

Denise looked at Gavin and saw that he was sizing up the situation. With Greta free, and the police not very far away, the danger was obvious.

"I'll take you back to the lumber camp," he said.

"You take it for granted that I want to go there?"

"I'll take you to the township if you prefer it."

"But you dare not."

"Joe could drive you in. But surely the camp is better. You can be useful up there."

"And how am I going to explain my absence? By this time Logan may have got someone to take my place. In any case he'll want to know where I've been, and what am I going to say?"

"What's it to be—the township or the camp?" he asked finally.

"The camp," she said. "I'll find some excuse."

"I think you're wise."

"But are you fit to travel?"

"Sure. I'm as good as brand new again."

She knew this was an exaggeration, and could not but admire his courage. Joe was sent out to get the sledge ready, and after that there was a hustle to get the supplies aboard. Gavin accepted the place on the sledge with obvious reluctance, but it was no use his pretending that he was fit enough to trudge behind it. After leaving the hut the greatest caution was necessary, for it was only reasonable to assume that there were several parties of police patrolling the district.

As they drew near the camp another side of the problem worried her. What should she say to Logan? Either she had

to tell the truth, or lie most foully. Because the truth was impossible, and lies were abhorrent, she wished she had not decided to come back to the camp. In the township perhaps she could get some sort of a job, and be freed from the need of explanations. But now it was too late to change her mind, for the township lay in the opposite direction to that in which they were travelling.

"Lady can ride now," said Joe, pulling up the dogs. "Trail fast from here."

She accepted the offer and packed herself into the small available space, close to Gavin. The whip cracked and away went the dogs again along a perfectly flat trail. The dense forest sloped away to the south, and over its massed trees she could see the frozen river, down which she and her father had come before calamity intervened, and she was left alone.

Gavin seemed to be aware of the trend of her thoughts, for he made an attempt to engage her in conversation, which was not very successful, because the problem of the future still lay heavy on her mind. Then Joe suddenly pulled up the sledge by applying the brakes as hard as he could, and tugging on the driving reins. Gavin turned his head.

"Anything wrong, Joe?"

"The police!" said Joe excitedly.

In the far distance Denise caught sight of a sledge and dogs. It seemed to her impossible that Joe should know definitely it was a police sledge, but Gavin appeared to have no doubts.

"Cut off into the timber," he said.

"How far are we from the camp?" she asked Gavin.

"About four miles, I think."

"Hm! We better say good-bye here?" she asked after a pause.

He gazed at her sharply.

"It may be dangerous for you to come any farther."

"No," said Gavin. "I'll take you there as I promised."

BUT I can walk — on the beaten trail. Please do as I suggest, Gavin.

"You really want—to leave me here?"

"Yes."

He looked at Joe, and it was evident that Joe, out of regard for his master's safety, approved the idea. Gavin dragged himself from the sledge and stood upright in the snow. Joe, showing commendable tact, commenced to turn the sledge, and finally got it facing in the other direction, some distance away.

"The trail leads straight to the place where you met Joe," said Gavin.

"I know, Gavin, what are you going to do—now?"

"Get fit again. That oughtn't to take long."

"And then?"

"I'll come back to the camp and find you—some day."

"Would that be wise?"

He gripped her by the arm and looked into her face intently.

"Don't you want that?" he asked.

"I—I don't know."

"I'll come, all the same—and when I come I'll be a free man."

She held out her hand, wanting to get it over before she made a fool of herself. His grip was not like that of a sick man.

It almost hurt, but it was a pleasant hurt.

"Listen," he said. "I've never properly thanked you for what you did for me. I'm quite certain that but for you I shouldn't be alive now. Well, I'm not going to see

you again until I can meet you right out in the open. You'll see."

He dropped her crushed fingers, gave one long look at her and then walked to the sledge. She stood where she was and watched Joe get the team moving. A minute later she was alone in the quiet woods, with her eyes very moist and a queer lump in her throat.

AN hour later Denise arrived at the spot above the lumber camp where the path ran through the trees.

It seemed to her that her first duty was to go and report to Logan, and she avoided the centre of the camp and made for his office. Logan was examining some figures when he looked up and saw her. His eyes opened wide with astonishment, and he pushed the accounts book aside.

"Why, Denise!" he ejaculated.

"I—I've come back, Mr. Logan," she said.

"Is my job still going?"

"Sure!" He came to her and looked at her querulously. "I was just about to send down-river for help. You've given me a lot of anxiety."

"I'm sorry."

"Was it anything to do with Gavin?" he asked.

"Suppose it was?"

"Gosh! This is serious. Now listen to me, Denise. I'm old enough to be your father. The police have got something on Gavin. It's not for me to say whether they're right or wrong. They could get you for being an accessory after the fact, do you know that?"

"Yes."

"Yet you've been with him?"

"I haven't said so."

"You can be frank with me."

"Yes, I saw him. He sent for me, because he was seriously wounded, near to death. How could I refuse to go?"

"You're right. But what happened? Did he recover?"

"Yes."

"Gosh, if the police had found you with him, it might have been awkward."

"They very nearly did. But now it's all right. He's gone, and I may never see him again."

"I hope you won't. Your hut's still vacant. You buzz along there and I'll tell Cookie you're back. It'll be best if he thinks you had to visit a sick relative. I'll put it to him that way."

"You're terribly nice," she said.

She went to the hut and found it cold and uninviting. Some water was frozen in a jug, and the windows were so frosted she could not see through them. She got the stove working and very soon some heat was radiated. Later she went over to the cookhouse, and was given a very warm welcome by Cookie.

"Gosh, and I've nearly killed myself," he said. "If you hadn't turned up I'd have quit this job to-day. And all the boys have been complaining about the grub. Ungrateful lot of awabes! I never knew your aunt was sick. Is she all right now?"

"I hope so," said Denise. "Where do I start?"

In an hour or two she was completely back in the old atmosphere. The hungry mob gave her a vicereous welcome, but she noticed that Ransome regarded her suspiciously, and when the meal was over he contrived to see her alone.

"You never had a sick aunt," he said.

"Who says so?" she demanded.

"I do."

"Are you interested in my aunt?"

"I'm interested in you."

All sorts of people about camp wanted to

hear how her aunt was getting on, and such inquiries were most embarrassing. Against her will she was acting lies, and hating it the whole time. Greta's father was not quite so dense as some people made out. He made a polite inquiry about her imaginary sick aunt, and then sighed, and changed the subject.

Later she happened to see old Larsen leave the bunkhouse and make his way across the camp. It was most unusual for Larsen to go walking in the evening, and she could not help feeling that he had some ulterior motive. Deliberately she retraced her steps and managed to intercept him on his way through the woods.

"Hello, Mr. Larsen!" she said. "Taking a stroll?"

He nodded, but looked a trifle embarrassed.

"It is a gude night," he added.

"Yes, lovely moonlight."

He went on his way, but the incident stuck in her mind, and when she finally retired to her hut she brooded over the avarice in certain individuals, until it was forced upon her that all the people who were out to make personal gain out of Gavin's capture, believed they were aiding justice.

Work was resumed the following morning, and in that she found some relief. But shortly after noon her old friend the sergeant of police drove into camp with a constable, and she was told that she was wanted.

"Morning!" he said cheerfully. "So you've turned up?"

"Yes," she replied, with a quaking heart.

"Took a kind of unauthorised vacation, eh?"

"Yes. I had to visit a friend who was ill."

"Where?"

"Between here and the township."

"What friend?"

"Someone I knew," she replied evasively.

"Name and address."

"Does it matter?"

"Sure it matters! Maybe it'll save a lot of time if I introduce you to someone."

He produced a whistle and blew it lustily. From out of the trees came Greta, and walked up to the sergeant. She shot Denise a look of hate, and waited for the sergeant to speak.

"Now," he said. "This young woman alleges that she saw you in a shack away back with a man who's wanted. She states that she was treated violently by that man and his accomplice, and imprisoned in an outhouse. That you were present at the time. What have you got to say to that?"

Greta smiled maliciously and Denise knew that lies would avail her nothing, even if she felt like resorting to them.

"That's true," she said.

"Ah. So you admit aiding and abetting this man?"

"No. I only admit going to nurse him when he was near to death."

"That's the same thing."

"Why don't you arrest her?" asked Greta.

Logan came hurrying to the scene, having witnessed the arrival of the sledge from his office in the distance.

"What's all this?" he asked.

The sergeant put the situation tersely. Undoubtedly Denise was an accessory after the fact. She couldn't plead that she did not know the man was wanted for a serious offence. His plain duty was to take her along to the police station, but if she was willing to help him that was another matter.

"I can't help you," blurted Denise. "I've

told you the truth. I don't know where he is."

At that moment another sledge arrived, and out of it stepped an elderly man, clad in an enormous bearskin coat. He looked weary and out of temper, and stated that he was the sheriff from the township. The sergeant recognised him and saluted.

"I'm looking for a young lady named Denise Tremayne," he said, "and was told I might find her in this camp."

"This is Miss Tremayne," said Logan, introducing Denise.

"I've rather unpleasant news," said the sheriff. "Yesterday the body of a man was found under the ice down-river. From some papers found on him we believe him to be a Mr. John Tremayne."

Denise heard no more. This news, coming on top of her other worries, was more than she could bear. The camp seemed to swim round her, and Logan sprang forward and caught her just as she collapsed.

DENISE had gone back to the township with the sheriff, the police, for the time being, and in view of the unusual circumstances, having decided to do nothing. The ordeal that was before her was a most painful one, but she summoned the courage to face it, and when at last she was taken to a small room where the remains of her father lay, she was astonishingly calm.

Followed an interview with the police, to whom she gave details of the accident. While she was there a cablegram arrived, and the police superintendent smiled as he read it.

"Good news on top of the bad," he said to Denise. "Your uncle—James Lamson—died three months ago, intestate. Your father was next of kin, but could not be located. The liquidator of the estate says he wants to get in touch with the daughter of John Tremayne—that means you."

"Do you mean—the estate comes to me?"

"Yes, provided you can prove your claim, as I dare say you can."

"But—but he never liked my father," she ejaculated.

"He never liked making wills either—which is perhaps as well in the circumstances. Well, Miss Tremayne, I shall communicate with the liquidator and tell him you have been located. Where can I find you?"

"At the lumber camp—up-river."

"But won't you stay here until there has been time for a reply?"

"No. I must go back to-morrow."

"Hm. I'll try to get a reply by noon."

She went to the hotel where she had stayed but a short time ago with Logan. Just then she was too disturbed by what she had seen to take fully into account the changed circumstances.

On the following morning she was rung up on the telephone by the police, and later went to see the superintendent. He informed her that he had received a reply to his cablegram, and that she was wanted in England.

"You mean—I must go at once?" she asked.

"That is desirable. It isn't absolutely necessary, because you can doubtless establish your claim here, but to do that you will have to employ a good lawyer."

"But I can't go—yet."

"Why not?"

She hesitated to tell him that there was Gavin to be considered. How could she go to England without letting Gavin know—and while he was in his present plight?

"I've good reasons," she stammered.

The superintendent looked at her keenly. "May I offer you a little advice, Miss Tremayne?" he asked. "About what?" she stammered. "Forget a certain person. You know who I mean?" "I—I think I do." "He's a bad character, and will soon be in custody. If you feel any sympathy for him, cut it out, because he isn't worth it."

"I think you may be wrong," she said, hurt deeply by this unexpected rebuke. The superintendent shook his head. Several days passed during which she was better able to get to grips with the changed situation. It was pleasant to reflect that no longer was she absolutely homeless, and that she had merely to establish her identity and claim her fortune.

Remembering Gavin's promise, she was constantly on the alert. At any moment he might come back. But one day followed another until hope commenced to vanish. Logan came to her one evening with a letter. It had just been delivered by the freight carrier, and was addressed to her in typewriting. Turning it over she saw the name of an English firm of solicitors embossed on the back. She opened it and read the contents. She was informed that in order to expedite the liquidation of her uncle's estate it would be advisable for her to go to England at once. The firm's agents in Montreal would advance her any money she needed, provided they were satisfied about her credentials. In a footnote the value of the estate was given approximately as £40,000.

The amount staggered her. She suddenly became aware that Logan was still present. "From the solicitors?" he asked. "Yes. They want me to go to England at once."

"And you're going?" "But—"

"I'm going to take you down to railroad to-morrow."

"Wait; I must think." "You've done too much thinking. I feel I've a kind of responsibility for you, so I'm taking you to-night."

She smiled at him, knowing that his intentions were good, and then she said she would think it over seriously. During the evening she prayed that Gavin might come, but no such thing happened, and she realised this might go on indefinitely.

SHE might, in fact, never know that he had been arrested. If she was not wanted as a witness there was no reason why the police should inform her. In the early hours of the morning she took the great step, and an hour or so later she was busy packing the few things she possessed.

The train to the coast did not leave until the following morning, and she had one connection to make before she got aboard the trans-continental express. It meant spending the night in St. Paul, and it gave her time to lay in some articles which she needed for the long journey and subsequent voyage.

"You've been awfully good," she said to Logan, "but you needn't wait." "Of course I'll see you off," he said. "Or you may change your mind and come running back to camp. I don't trust you, young woman."

And on the following morning he went with her to the small railway station. The parting was swift and emotional. She felt she wanted to cry, but somehow prevented it.

The little local train chugged its way

through the snowbound countryside. Denise's sole travelling companion was an old man of the farmer type who soon engaged her in conversation. He was a garrulous but remarkably well-informed person, and when he heard that she was en route for England all his interest was roused. He had left England as a boy, but still remembered vividly the scenes of his youth.

It took over two hours to cover the sixty miles to the big railway junction, and finally she got out of the train in blinding snow, and went to inquire where she should wait for her connection.

"You're out of luck, ma'am," said the porter to whom she addressed her inquiry. "The east-bound train is four hours late already."

"Four hours!" she gasped. "Big snowstorm in the west," he explained. "There's a good hotel across the street. Maybe you'd like to fill in some of the time having a meal."

She decided that that was the best thing to do, and leaving her baggage in charge of the porter she went to the hotel. The place was busy with travellers waiting for the overdue express train. She took a seat at a table, and was later joined by another woman. Her dining companion looked tired and worried, and was continually gazing at the clock.

"Lots of time yet," said Denise. "There's no chance of the train arriving until past three o'clock."

"You mean the east-bound train. I'm going west, and mine's due in twenty minutes."

"So you're from England?"

"How did you guess?"

"You haven't yet acquired an accent."

"I'm sorry," said her companion with a wan smile. "Yes, you're right. This is my first experience of Canada."

"Do you think you'll like it?"

"I hope so, but perhaps I shan't stay very long. It depends upon—many things."

"Just a holiday?"

The woman shook her head.

"An urgent call," she added. "My husband came out here two years ago. He's seriously ill, and sent for me."

"I'm dreadfully sorry. Have you to go far?"

"Only five hours—a place called Oakleigh. Do you know it?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"The porter told me it was quite a small settlement. But my husband doesn't actually live there. A friend is to meet me and take me to him."

"I hope you'll find him better."

"Thank you, but I'm prepared for the worst. He wouldn't have brought me all this way if he hadn't known he was in danger. You see, he's always had trouble with his lungs, and last fall he got much worse. Waiter, my bill please," she said to the waiter as he passed.

Denise felt very sorry for her, for she could well imagine her terrible anxiety. When she was given the bill she hunted in her handbag for the necessary money, and a letter bearing a Canadian stamp slipped out. Denise could not help seeing it. It was addressed to Mrs. Kate Livingstone at an address in Kent. The significance of this almost took her breath away. In a moment she recalled the letter which she had found in Gavin's pocket, mentioning his wife in England. Was this the woman? Had she been cabled for to come at once because her husband was seriously ill? Was she looking into the face of Gavin's wife?

The coincidence was not so great as it seemed when she remembered that this was an important railway junction. But, of

course, there was yet a chance that it was another Livingstone—that her fears were ill-founded.

"I—I wonder if I've met your husband," she said. "You see, one gets to know everyone within hundreds of miles in this locality."

"I don't think so. He's been so ill for a long time. His name is Livingstone—Ned Livingstone."

Denise felt like screaming. What could she tell this woman, who evidently did not know that Ned Livingstone was wanted by the police?

"So you haven't met him?" asked Mrs. Livingstone.

Denise stared into the querulous eyes, and then decided against lying.

"Yes," she murmured.

"That's remarkable!"

"Yes, isn't it?"

THEN fierce anger rose against this man, who had very nearly committed bigamy.

"Did he ever mention me?" Mrs. Livingstone asked.

"No."

"Poor Ned! I was a drag upon him. You see, I've never enjoyed very good health, and he always yearned to travel. He thought he could come out here, make some money, and send for me. I didn't know then how bad his lungs were. I have a little son, and life has been a bit difficult."

"Well," said Mrs. Livingstone. "I must go now, or I shall miss my connection. It's been nice meeting you, Miss—?"

"Tremayne."

"My husband will be most interested. Good-bye!"

Denise was left feeling that the earth was sinking under her. She paid her bill and then went across to the station with a view to finding out if there was any definite news about the overdue train. While she was making this inquiry there was a commotion at the end of the platform, and she was told that a woman had fainted. She hurried along and saw Mrs. Livingstone being conveyed to a waiting-room, just as the train Mrs. Livingstone intended catching steamed in. She burst into the waiting-room, and found that the woman was coming round.

She rose to her feet, but seemed far from steady. Denise came to a bold decision.

"You can't travel alone in this condition," she said. "I'm coming with you."

"But—"

"Yes, I am. I'll get you to the train, and then see about my baggage. Come on."

In due course Denise found herself alone with Mrs. Livingstone, travelling to Oakleigh, and the excuse she was making to herself was that the woman was a stranger to the country and in a weak state of health. But she knew in her heart that this was not strictly true. Her action was ordered by some force outside herself.

"I can't think how to thank you, Miss Tremayne," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"Please—"

"But you have missed your train to the coast."

"I can catch the next one."

At last the train drew near Oakleigh, and Mrs. Livingstone woke up and said she felt much better, but she was obviously agitated at the thought of the impending meeting.

"The last word I heard was when I landed," she said. "He was then very weak. Oh, I hope I'm not—"

"Courage," said Denise.

"But three days is a long time. Anything may have happened."

"The best may have happened. Perhaps he has had a wonderful rally."

"Bless you for that."

The train came to a halt at a wayside station. It was a desolate spot, for the small settlement lay some distance away. It was now getting dark, and the gathering gloom added to the impression of desolation. Denise and her companion, and an elderly man, were the only passengers that got off. Outside the station a horse-sleigh was waiting, and a rough-looking fellow regarded the two women as they emerged.

"Are either of you ladies Mrs. Livingstone?" he asked.

"I am," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"I've come to take you to your husband."

"Yes. How is he?" she asked anxiously. "Not so good, ma'am." He looked inquiringly at Denise.

"This lady has been very good to me," explained Mrs. Livingstone.

The man nodded but seemed none too pleased.

"I can't drop you at the village," he said rudely. "I'm not going that way."

"I can walk," replied Denise, stung to anger.

"No," said Mrs. Livingstone. "I can't let you do that. You said you'd met Ned, why not come with me? I'd like Ned to know how good you've been, and you need some food."

The sleigh driver started to say something, but was cut short by Mrs. Livingstone, who told the porter to put all the baggage on to the sleigh.

It started away a few moments later, in the opposite direction to the settlement, whose few lights could now be seen in the gathering gloom. There was a comparatively flat trail, and the horse made good progress, but over an hour must have elapsed before they saw a light ahead of them, and the driver muttered that that was the place.

Denise's heart beat fast as they arrived outside the timber porch, and the driver got out and unfastened the door. They passed through into a large room, where a great log fire was blazing, and a dog lay sleeping. Mrs. Livingstone's nerves were now giving out.

"Where—where is he?" she asked.

The driver of the sleigh pointed to a door at the right-hand side of the long room.

"Maybe he won't know you," he whispered. "Maybe he will. He's been lying here a long time. I took him in."

"But is this your home?"

"Yep. My name's Weston."

"I don't understand. I thought—"

"Maybe he'll explain," he cut in grimly. Mrs. Livingstone went to the door, knocked on it softly and then passed inside, and closed the door behind her. Denise looked at the scowling man.

"Is he dying?" she whispered.

He nodded his head, and her heart went cold.

DENISE now began to wish she hadn't come. Gavin was dying, and his wife was with him. What else was there to do, but try to forget she had ever been a corner in this regrettable triangle? Then suddenly Mrs. Livingstone appeared, in a state of great distress.

"He—he's—," she sobbed, and then sank into a chair.

Denise strove to comfort her, and succeeded in preventing a complete collapse.

"Can I do anything?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not. He's sinking, and is asking for a clergyman." She turned to Weston.

"Where can I find a clergyman?"

"I don't know," he said, "and if I did it might not be advisable."

"Why not?" she demanded.

He shrugged his shoulders, and Mrs. Livingstone looked bewildered.

"What can I do?" she asked. "If he wants a clergyman surely we ought to try—?"

"I'll go to the village," said Denise.

"There's almost sure to be one in the neighborhood. If Mr. Weston will let me have the sleigh—"

"I tell you it's madness," snapped Weston.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Livingstone. "Why is it madness for a dying man to want a clergyman?"

"I'll tell you why," said Weston, swinging round on her. "You may as well know the truth. He's in hiding."

"Hiding!"

"Yep, from the police. He's wanted on a serious charge, and if he dies with a clergyman here, his name is bound to come out."

"What can it matter in those circumstances?" asked Denise.

"It may matter—to me," snapped Weston.

"I gave him shelter, and I want to steer clear of any trouble."

"But—but it can't be true," said Mrs. Livingstone. "Ned wasn't that sort of man—"

Weston stopped her by going to a drawer and producing the poster which Denise had already seen. He showed it to Mrs. Livingstone, and asked her if she now believed him. Denise snatched it from him and threw it aside.

"How can you be so cruel?" she asked. "There was no need for that. What is done is done. Your best plan is to say you didn't know who he was. If he wants a clergyman he is going to have one. Are you going or shall I?"

Weston walked up and down arguing. What good could a clergyman do? Why did they want to drag him into this business?

"There's a way out—for you," said Denise. "You can go away for a day or two, and know nothing about this. It can be assumed that Livingstone took possession of your place while you were absent. I can drop you at the railway station, and then go on to the village. What do you say?"

"Why should I be driven from my own home?"

"It may save a lot of awkward questions."

"What about you? You'll be asked some awkward questions too."

"We'll answer them, when they are asked."

Weston thought over this suggestion, and finally decided to adopt it.

"Get the sleigh out then," said Denise.

"There's no time to waste."

Mrs. Livingstone looked at her with gratitude, and then crept back to her dying husband. Weston lost no time in doing what was necessary, and Denise slipped on her coat and went out with him. She sat in the sleigh beside Weston, while he drove the horse back over the course by which they had come.

"What became of the other man?" asked Denise.

"What other man?"

"A half-breed named Joe, who was with Livingstone when I saw him last."

"I never saw any half-breed. Livingstone came alone."

"That's curious. I never thought Joe would leave his master."

"You seem to know a lot about him."

"Quite a lot," she retorted.

Ultimately Weston got off at the station, taking with him the small suitcase which he had brought. He seemed very reluctant to leave his horse and sleigh in Denise's charge, and wanted to know if she had driven such a contraption before. She as-

sured him she had and told him there was no need to worry.

"I didn't guess he'd die on me," he mumbled.

"Wasn't he an old friend?"

"No."

"Then probably he paid you well?"

From his angry frown she concluded she had hit the nail on the head.

"I'll be back to-morrow," he said. "And it's best that neither you nor the other woman have ever seen me. Is that all right?"

"Yes."

He went off, and she turned the sleigh in the direction of the village. It was but a collection of scattered timbered houses, with a store and an inn. She saw no church or chapel, but inquired at the inn after a clergyman, and was told that a Scotch minister could be found at a settlement three miles farther west, and that his name was Patterson.

THE trail to the settlement was in good condition, and within half an hour she came in sight of a diminutive chapel, with a frame-house in its close proximity. She had been told that the Reverend Patterson lived close to his "kirk" and pulled up the sleigh outside the house. A knock brought an elderly lady to the door, who regarded the visitor with interest, obviously aware that she was a stranger.

"Does the Reverend Patterson live here?" asked Denise.

"Yes. Won't you come inside?"

She was shown into a very comfortable little sitting-room, which had an atmosphere quite strange to her, who had never lived in a real home since she was a child. A log-fire was blazing on the hearth, and there were signs of a woman's industrious hands everywhere she looked. Then a tall, slim, grey-haired man came in and smiled at her.

"Did you wish to see me?" he asked.

"Yes. My name is Tremayne. I've driven over from Oakleigh. There's a man—a friend—dying. I think. He wants to see a clergyman, and I thought—"

"Of course. I'll come at once."

"Thank you—so much."

She appreciated his ready response, and within three minutes they were in the sleigh, making good progress. Finally they reached the farmhouse.

"This is the place," said Denise, pulling up the horse.

"But is it Mr. Weston who is seriously ill?" asked Patterson.

"Oh, no."

"But Weston lives here, doesn't he?"

"He's away," she stammered.

The sitting-room was empty when they entered it, so Denise went to the bedroom door and knocked softly. Mrs. Livingstone came and opened it slightly. Denise caught sight of a form in the bed, with his back turned to her. Her heart seemed to go cold.

"Is he—?" she asked.

"Not yet. Oh, thank heaven, the clergyman has come!"

Patterson caught her inviting eyes, and passed by Denise. Then the door closed, and Denise staggered back to a chair.

The need for food forced her to put aside her painful reflections, and she got up and searched through the larder. It was well stocked, and she quickly selected enough edible produce for a meal. The table was almost laid when Mrs. Livingstone came from the bedroom, weeping copiously. Denise led her to a chair, and did her best to console her.

"It's all over," she sobbed.
"So he's—?"
"Yes. He was quite conscious—right to the end, and so ashamed—so repentant."
"Repentant!"
"You heard what that man Weston said? It was true. That was why poor Ned wanted a clergyman. I don't know what made him do it—except that he knew I was badly in need of money. He was always a bit wild—and forgetful. But I'm sure he always meant well."

"You must try to eat something now," said Denise. "It's a long time since—"
"Oh, I couldn't."

"Come—try."

Just then Patterson entered, having carried out the last office.

"That's right," he said to Denise. "Make her take a meal. It will do her good in many ways."

"Won't you join us?" asked Denise.

"Thank you, but I must get back. There are one or two urgent matters on my hands."

The bereaved woman thanked him tearfully, and Denise let him out, and watched him for a moment or two go striding in the moonlight. She then went back to her companion, who was evidently gravely disturbed at the prospect of being left alone there.

"Don't worry!" said Denise. "I'm going to stay—that is if you want me—until this is cleared up."

"You're the dearest woman," said the other. "I don't know what I should have done without you. I mentioned you to Ned, but he didn't seem to remember having met you."

"I daresay he was thinking only of you," replied Denise. "That was natural in the circumstances."

The food and drink had a beneficial effect upon Mrs. Livingstone, and she started to talk about the past—her meeting with the man who was to be her husband, various trips and excursions and happy incidents, until Denise felt she could scream out in her bitter disillusion.

"Perhaps you would like to see him?" she asked.

Denise hesitated.

"I—I think I will," she said, rising suddenly. "Is there a light?"

"Oh, yes, but I'll come with you."

"No, don't bother—please."

She went to the door of the bedroom, hesitated for a moment, and then turned the handle. The oil lamp gave but a dim light, and the face of the dead man seemed to swim before her eyes. She closed the door and crept closer, with her heart beating so hard it seemed to hurt her. The eyes were closed, and a thick growth of beard covered the sunken cheeks. How different from the man she had once known—the big healthy feller of trees, so appealing in his youth and strength!

Choking back a sob, she left the room and closed the door behind her. As she walked to the table she suddenly felt faint and staggered from side to side. Mrs. Livingstone rushed at her and caught her arm.

"My dear!" she said. "You shouldn't have gone if it affects you like this."

"It's—all right," gasped Denise.

The two women spent the night in the same room, Denise having dragged in the settee from the sitting-room. She lay awake half the night cogitating over the past—and the future. In England there was a permanent home for her, and a very substantial income.

So the long night passed. Early in the morning Denise rose and hunted around for food and crockery. A fairly substantial

breakfast was finally cooked and laid, and the pair made a much better meal than seemed possible the night before.

"Feeling better?" asked Denise.

"Yes. I felt terrible last night, as if life wasn't worth living any more. But I'm not going to let myself get into that mood again."

"That's right."

Mrs. Livingstone looked at her keenly. "And to think of your knowing poor Ned. Where did you meet him?"

Denise had been waiting for that question. To tell Mrs. Livingstone the whole truth was quite impossible at the moment. Later, perhaps, that might be advisable. There was one thing, however, which she thought she could say, since it helped to off-set the ugly side of Gavin's character.

"He once did me a great service," she said. "But for him I should have been drowned."

Mrs. Livingstone's eyes gleamed.

"Tell me," she begged.

Denise related the incident of the canoe, and the part which Gavin had played. But she made it appear that they had parted after that, since the truth would most certainly have given rise to more awkward questions.

"Have you money for your fare? Excuse me asking that," Denise added quickly.

"I've some money, but it may not be quite enough. Still, I can manage."

"How?"

Mrs. Livingstone raised her hand and indicated a rather good diamond ring.

"Ned gave me that when we were engaged. I remember I told him he was terribly extravagant. It'll have to go, but he wouldn't mind if he knew."

"I'm sure he wouldn't," agreed Denise, and felt a lump rise in her throat. "Now we have certain things to do."

She glanced towards the bedroom where the dead man lay, and her companion understood her meaning. There would be certain formalities to observe, and finally the funeral.

"Mr. Patterson will help us," said Denise. "I'll go and see him this morning."

She was clearing the table when two visitors arrived in a dog-sledge. Mrs. Livingstone was puzzled, but Denise recognised them at once as members of the police force, and went to the door to let them in. The sergeant gave her a "good morning" and asked if she were Mrs. Livingstone.

"No. Mrs. Livingstone is inside. Please come in."

The two officers entered the sitting-room.

"Mrs. Livingstone?"

"Yes."

"Information has been lodged that a man named Ned Livingstone died here last night. I guess he was your husband?"

"Yes."

"I presume you knew he was wanted on a certain charge?"

"Not—not until I saw him—just before he died."

"I should like to see the body—please."

She indicated the room, and the sergeant and his companion went in. They were there only a minute or two.

"I should like to offer you my sympathy, ma'am," said the sergeant on coming out. "But he has given us a lot of trouble. Is this young lady a relative?"

"No," said Denise, "only a friend."

The sergeant conferred with his assistant for a few moments, and then said he had something to do, but would come back before he finally left. The two men went out, but instead of going to the waiting sledge, they walked to the small wood at the northern end of the shack.

"What are they going to do?" asked Denise.

"The sergeant has taken a spade."

"The stolen money," replied Mrs. Living-

stone, in a low voice. "Ned hid it there, and told Mr. Patterson. I thought he was going to get it before he left, but I suppose he thought it better to let the police do that."

For some time they could hear the sound of a spade on the frozen ground. Then finally there was silence, and a little later the sergeant entered the house. Denise thought he looked rather grim as he faced Mrs. Livingstone.

"Were you actually with your husband when he died?" he asked.

She nodded.

"So you heard his confession?"

Mrs. Livingstone looked bewildered, and Denise was so sorry for her that she flared up.

"Must you revive all that?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I must," snapped the sergeant. "Mrs. Livingstone, did you hear your husband tell Mr. Patterson that the stolen notes were hidden at the foot of the silver birch tree in the wood?"

"Yes."

"There is only one silver birch tree in that wood, isn't there?"

"I don't know. I've never been there."

"Well, the notes aren't there. What do you know about that?"

"Not there!"

"I'm telling you—they aren't there. But there are signs of a small excavation, and a whole lot of footprints. Have you by any chance seen those notes?"

"No," gasped the distracted woman; "I told you, I've never been there."

"I can verify that," put in Denise. "She hasn't left this house since we came here last night."

"What about during the night?"

"We slept in the same room, and I was awake most of the night."

"Yet a dying man swears that he hid the notes in a certain place. Do you think he lied?"

"No," said Mrs. Livingstone, "Ned wasn't lying."

"Now listen!" said the sergeant. "I've got to get those notes. If you've anything—"

"Wait!" said Denise. "You're just wasting time. I personally know nothing about the hiding of the notes until Mrs. Livingstone told me and—"

"Did she tell you what her husband said?"

Denise was about to make an angry retort, when Mrs. Livingstone stopped her.

"Let me answer for myself," she said in a quiet voice. "I knew nothing about the hiding of the notes until Ned told Mr. Patterson about them. But isn't it possible that Mr. Weston may?"

"Who's Mr. Weston?"

Denise gave Mrs. Livingstone a look of warning, but it was now too late to retract, and Mrs. Livingstone attempted to make the best of the situation.

"He's the owner of this place," she explained. "I think he gave my husband shelter without knowing that he was harboring a wanted man."

"Then why isn't he here?"

"He got nervous," put in Denise. "When I insisted on bringing a clergyman. You see, he thought there would be questions asked, and that the identity of Mr. Livingstone would get known. In that case he might be deemed to have committed an offence."

"So he didn't stay?"

"No."

Denise felt they had put Weston in a difficult position, but the obvious thing to do now was to tell the truth. The sergeant looked shocked when he heard what had been agreed between them.

"I should have thought you ladies would

have known better," he said witheringly. "Wal, we'll be around when Mr. Weston comes back—if he does come back. In the meantime I'll take a few details and find out what they know about him in the village."

Denise gave him particulars of Weston, recalling as well as she could his build, features, and clothing. Finally the police went and the two women were left in peace for the time being.

The day passed and there was no sign of Weston. In the evening the police called again, and the sergeant granted when he heard that the missing man had not put in an appearance.

So they sat and talked of England, which country Denise could scarcely remember, and while she tried to recall a certain old house the mortal remains of Ned Livingstone were being screwed down in the new pine coffin.

The funeral was over—the last offices performed in a bleak wind which carried fine particles of snow. Kate—as Denise now called the young widow—had behaved splendidly throughout, and the pair were now back in the shack, warming themselves by a log fire.

"There's nothing to keep you here any longer, is there?" asked Denise.

"**N**OTHING. The next thing to do is to get to the coast, and raise enough money to buy a steamship ticket." "We can go together. I shall be glad of your company."

Kate extended her hand and smiled. "You're a dear," she said. "I wish I could tell you just how much you've helped me. I'll never forget it."

"Now you're getting sentimental," admonished Denise. "Anyway, don't you think I got something out of it, too?"

"What could you get?" "Friendship. I've not had a great number of friends in my life."

"I'll be splendid having your company all the way to England, and it's good to know you are going home to claim an inheritance. Will it make you independent?"

"Is one ever independent? Kate, there's one thing I should like to do, if you'll let me?"

"What's that?" "Let me be responsible for your boy's education. It'll be some years before that starts, but it would be fine to have it all worked out in advance. You see, I'm greedy for an interest in a child. I never had any education, except what father gave me, while we were fighting for an existence. He need never know. I'll just be a godmother in the background, and watch his progress."

Kate's eyes grew misty with tears. "It's wonderful of you to make such an offer," she said. "But I can't let you do it because—"

"Why not?"

"One day you may have children of your own, and then—"

"Nothing like that can ever happen," said Denise.

On the following day they caught the train. There were very few passengers, and they were able to travel in comfort. For some time Kate was very quiet, and Denise knew she was thinking of the man she had left behind, and whose last resting-place she would in all probability never see again. But as they drew farther and farther away, her spirits rose.

A small station flashed by and Denise saw the name on a board from which hung long icicles.

"Colby," she said. "We're only half an hour from Firdale. Are you hungry?"

"No."

"Then you've got half an hour to raise a good hunger, because we are going to eat a solid meal at Firdale."

Ultimately the train steamed in at Firdale. Here Denise verified the time of departure of the eastbound train, and the luggage was given in charge of a porter. The two women then went to the restaurant where they had first met but a few days before, and some food was ordered.

It was quite clear that Kate had little or no appetite for food, but to please her new-found friend she managed to make a fair meal.

With an hour still to spare, they walked into the small town, where Kate despatched a short cablegram to her sister in England, and Denise made a few small purchases. By the time they got back to the station the long express train was waiting.

"Have to make it snappy," said the porter. "The train will leave on time, and there's only three minutes."

Denise hurried ahead of him, and finally found Kate's compartment. The porter was putting in the baggage when Denise happened to glance at a man who was hurrying to catch the train at the adjacent platform, which was headed for the other direction. She gave a gasp as she recalled the large, rather coarse face. It was that of Weston.

"Did you see—that man?" she asked Kate.

"What man?"

"It was Weston. He has just boarded the train—the other train, Porter, when does that train leave?"

"Right now."

"Then—" She turned to Kate excitedly. "I'm going to take a chance. We can't leave at once. Go to the hotel, and I'll come back for you. Porter, get this baggage out again—quick!"

The porter blinked his eyes. Denise started to give him instructions, and then the train containing Weston began to move. She screamed to Kate to do as she had suggested, and rushed across to the moving train. A man yelled to her to stand aside, but she paid no attention to him, and mounted the footboard. A few seconds later she was inside the train, gasping for breath, while three travellers regarded her as they might a maniac.

She was informed that the train was a local one and was going to railhead.

"You mean St. Pauls?" she asked.

"Sure!"

It was the township for the lumber camp, where Logan had so recently bade her goodbye. How strange that force of circumstances should have brought her back here again! By this time, had she not met Kate, she would have been on the coast. If Logan only knew!

Between Firdale and railhead there were a number of small stations and "halts," and each time the train pulled up she went to the window and looked out, to be sure that Weston was still in the train. After doing this several times without seeing him, she got a little anxious, and decided to walk along the corridor until she could locate him.

Finally she found him almost at the far end of the train. In fear of losing touch with him, she took a seat in the next coach, where the ticket inspector found her shortly afterwards, and demanded her ticket.

"I haven't got one," she said. "There wasn't time."

"Where are you getting off?"

"Er—railhead," she said.

"That'll be two dollars twenty-five."

She paid him the money, and then saw Weston in the corridor passing the window. He came back again a little later,

and she quickly turned her face to the opposite window, lest he should see her and grow suspicious.

At the next halt she saw Weston get off the train, and pass the barrier before she could get near him. It was now nearly dark, and as the "halt" was in the middle of nowhere, she had to revise her plan. The best she could hope to do was find out where he was going and then get in touch with the police.

Hurrying along the platform she gave up her ticket and left the station. Weston was about a hundred yards' ahead of her, and only just visible in the rapidly-fading light. To the left of the road there was a few scattered homesteads, the lights from which twinkled on the frosty air. But Weston suddenly took a right fork which passed round the side of a hill, and seemed to go out into "no man's land." She concluded that Weston's objective was not far away, as he was carrying a large bag; and all she desired was to discover where he finished up.

Again she lost sight of him where the trail took a sudden turn, and she hurried forward until she came to a straight stretch. Her eyes had now accustomed themselves to the darkness, and she could see at least a quarter of a mile ahead. To her surprise Weston was no longer visible. It seemed impossible that he could have gained much distance on her, and the only explanation was a footpath through the trees on her left.

There had been a great deal of traffic on the road since the last fall of snow, and it was quite impossible to pick out his footprints in the bad light. So she concentrated on finding the hypothetical footpath. She had gone about two hundred yards when there was a slight sound behind her. She turned swiftly and saw Weston obstructing any movement in that direction. Presumably he had been hiding behind a big pine tree, waiting for her.

"Oh!" she gasped. "You scared me. I'm looking for a house named—"

She stopped suddenly as she saw a cunning leer on his face.

"**W**HAT house were you looking for?" asked Weston. "A place called High Ridge."

"Kind of sudden idea?"

"What do you mean?"

"At Firdale you were going east, until you saw me, and then you changed your mind and jumped the train. You're cute, Miss Tremayne, but not cute enough."

The fact that he recognised her was of serious import. Pretence or subterfuge was no longer possible. The great thing was to get away with the least possible delay. On one side was open snow-clad ground, on the other particularly dense woods. She chose the woods, because she thought she might prove the more nimble where obstacles existed. Like a startled deer she went off to her right.

"Hey, come back!"

Breathless, she scrambled up the steep slope. It grew darker and darker as the trees closed in, and erected a canopy between heaven and earth. The surface of the snow produced queer optical effects, and her mind grew dazed. Suddenly she put her foot into a snowed-in depression, and floundered up to her waist. Getting out was not easy, and during the delay Weston gained on her rapidly.

"Give up!" he snarled. "It's no use."

She turned her head and saw the blurred form close on her heels. She swung herself round a tree, by clinging to a short, thick branch. In the operation the branch

brake off in her hands, and sent her off her balance. But it left her with a four-foot club, with her back against an unscalable cliff.

Weston took advantage of the situation, and sprang towards her.

"Ow!" he yelled, as Denise lashed out at him. "Take that!"

It was a heavy blow from his fist, and as bad luck would have it, it fell on the point of her jaw. She was momentarily conscious of extreme inertia, and then what little light there had been was shut out, as though a thick curtain had been lowered before her.

"Get up!"

The gruff command seemed to penetrate through a thick mist. Denise opened her eyes and blinked. Then she became aware that her jaw ached excruciatingly, and that she was in a room, with hideous pictures on the walls, and equally hideous bits of furniture scattered about. Before her stood Weston, with blood on his ugly face. She recalled the dark wood, the snuffle and the blow which had knocked her out, and her spirit rose in revolt, as she scrambled to her feet.

"You beast!" she snapped, as she stood gripping the back of a tall chair.

"Now," he said, "what's your game?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know—following me around."

"And you know," she retorted.

"I'm asking you."

"**W**HY didn't you come back to your house, as you promised to do?"

"Because I didn't want to get into any trouble with the police over that fellow who pulled out."

"Your position isn't any too safe, Mr. Weston."

"I'll take care of that."

"You're just a little late. The ticket-collector on the station will have communicated with the police by this time. You see I left a message with him," she lied.

"What?"

"You've still time to come to your senses. I'm only interested in one thing. If I obtain that I'll forget what you did to me, and give you a chance."

"Well, what's the big idea?"

"Give me the banknotes, and I'll promise to sidetrack the police."

He grinned at her.

"Smart, ain't you?" he said. "Why, you don't even know where you are. We ain't within miles of the place where I met you. I've had to carry you a devil of a distance. No, honey, you can't pull a bluff like that on me."

"You're a liar," she said. "I wasn't really unconscious at all. I know exactly where we are, and I've left pretty good footprints for part of the way."

The suit-case which she had seen him carrying was on a chair to her left. He had disposed of this while pursuing her in the wood, but had evidently retrieved it later. She suddenly made a dive for the suit-case, but with a roar of rage he pounced on her and pushed her violently away from it.

"That proves it," she panted, holding her hip which had come in contact with the corner of the table. "The banknotes are in that case."

"Well, and what then?" he snarled.

"Don't be a fool," she said, mustering up all the courage she could. "The police have a full description of you. They've got the numbers of the banknotes—"

She stopped as she heard a sound outside.

It was like someone trying a key in the door. Weston rushed at her, clapped his hand over her mouth, and held her firmly. She heard the door close, and footsteps in the passage. Amazed at Weston's calm attitude, she stared at the inner door, and saw a man enter. He was younger than Weston, and not at all a nice-looking personage.

"Guessed it was you, Bill," said Weston.

"So you got my wire?"

"Sure I did! But what's all this?"

"Someone who busted in," replied Weston savagely. "I'll put her somewhere safe, and then we can talk."

He lighted a candle and led the way up two flights of stairs to a small attic in the eaves. There was a double bed in one corner, and a table and chair beside it. On the south side was a window, with a broken pane of glass which let in the freezingly cold air.

"She'll be all right here," he said.

Weston now released his prisoner.

"Shout if you like," he said. "But no one will hear you. Come on, Bill."

The door was closed, and Denise heard a bolt slipped on the outside. The candle having been taken away, the place was as black as a dungeon.

In the downstairs room the two men got to grips with their private problem.

"Now," said Bill, "what's it all about?"

"I had to come here," explained Weston. "Lucky you let me have the key to give a look at the place now and then. Never thought I should want to make use—"

"Get down to brass tacks," interrupted Bill. "What's that came doing here?"

"Does the name Ned Livingstone convey anything?"

"Livingstone? Sure it does. Wasn't he the fellow who busted a bank and got away?"

"You've said it. I met Livingstone a long time ago at a poker club. Anyway, he was on the run, and mighty sick, when he came to my place. He reckoned he could hide out there, and so he did for a time, until he died."

"So he's dead?"

"Yep. Now here's where maybe you can come in. Wait a minute—I'll show you."

He took up the suit-case, and opened it to disclose two large bundles of banknotes. Bill's eyes were like jewels as he ran his thumb over the corners of them.

"Thousands!" he gasped.

"Twenty-four thousand."

"Is this the stuff that Liv—?"

Weston nodded, and then closed the suit-case and pushed it to his left side.

"Twelve thousand each," he said. "Provided you help me out."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Get this stuff over the border."

Bill looked at him with a little suspicion in his beady eyes.

"Having a little trouble?" he asked.

"Yep. I had to run back here to-day. That's why I sent you the wire. They've got my description, and I can't take the risk. But there's nothing on you."

"There would be if I was found with this packet," he said.

"You needn't be found with it. All you have to do is split it up into small packets and shove them inside the lining of a coat. Once you're over the border I'll join you. We won't travel together, because if by any bad chance I was identified maybe they'd search everyone passing across."

"Sounds all right."

Bill stuck a bit of gum between his teeth and chewed on it for a minute or two. He then drew from his pocket a length of whipcord. Calmly he made a slip-knot in this

and passed the loop over his hand. Pulling on the free end of the cord he caused the loop to tighten on his wrist.

"Remember the snow heap along the creek?" he asked. "It don't melt away until May—sometimes June."

"What's that—?" commenced Weston, and then stopped as again Bill passed the slip-knot over his wrist and tightened it.

"That's how it is," said Bill. "Slut traps are safest as any old hunter knows."

"No," gasped Weston. "It'd be madness!"

"Not so mad as leaving her around to blab all she knows. We're already in it up to the neck."

"But they'd find her sooner or later. No, Bill, that won't do. I tell you—"

"The river's better," mused Bill, as if he had not heard Weston's violent objection.

"She'd float under the ice, and would be hundreds of miles away if she was ever found at all. Yep, all we'll need is a small hatchet. What's the time?"

Weston argued against this grim plan, but he might as well have talked to the wind, for his companion was completely bloodless. While he disposed of Weston's arguments his eyes scarcely ever left the suit-case. From being subordinate to Weston, he became his master by sheer virtue of his murderous nature.

"Now that's settled, I'll take a drink," said Bill.

Weston paused the whisky, and a glass. He stared at Bill, and noticed that his hand was quite steady as he poured himself a drink.

"Save a lot of trouble if we can put her to sleep first," mused Bill. "What have you got?"

Weston gulped and shook his head. Bill strolled into the scullery and came back with an old whisky bottle.

"Methylated spirits," he explained. "You'll have to hold her while I force it down. What's the matter? Ain't getting cold feet, are you?"

Weston gazed at him speechlessly.

DENISE, in the attic, was far from calm. Up to the unexpected arrival of the second man her plight had been perilous enough. There was never any doubt in her mind that Weston was a bad and desperate character, but this other younger man filled her with a sense of terror. So far there was nothing to warrant it but a deeply seated intuition.

The only light she could see was that which shone through the window of the lighted room on the ground floor. It was only a small wedge of light, due to an ill-fitting shutter, and it showed the snow-clad ground outside.

She sat down on the bed, striving to get down to a definite decision. It seemed to her that they would not have left her there, free to escape from the window, unless they were sure she would utterly incapacitate herself in the attempt. She had heard of escapes from top floors by means of sheets tied together, but in this case there were neither sheets nor blankets, so that was out of the question. To jump was the only way, and she feared hard material under a thin covering of snow. Then suddenly her thoughts turned to the mattress. It was thick and of large size.

Her mind made up, she pulled the heavy mattress from the bed. The only way to get it through the window was to roll it up, and to get it down to the requisite dimensions was a terrific physical task. But finally she managed to get the end of the big roll through the window. She pushed lustily and it went through inch by inch. Finally she gave the end a hearty shove,

and the whole bundle disappeared. The noise of its impact with the snow was much less than she had expected. With ears alert she waited—and nothing happened. Craning her head through the window, she saw the mattress lying out flat beneath her, and well lighted by the beam from within.

The worst part of the job was now to come. To land safely, it was necessary to get both her feet on the window ledge, and to jump clean. This, with a window of such small dimensions, called for acrobatic agility. After making several painful attempts, she managed to get herself in the desired position. Her heart thumped as she looked down at the mattress. For a few seconds she quailed, but finally she pulled herself together and took the leap into space. It was all over in two seconds. She landed feet first, and fell over backwards, to roll into the snow. Gasping for breath, she sat there—within a few feet of the window. From inside came the murmur of gruff voices. Not a word was audible, but as the voices went on she breathed a sigh of relief. Her escape had passed unnoticed!

She rose to her feet and crept closer to the window, avoiding the aperture through which the light came. With her ear close to it she was able to overhear a few remarks.

"Better make a start now," said Bill. "It will take a little time for the stuff to work."
"All right," replied Weston drunkenly.
"Come on, then!"

There was silence, and she moved her head a little, bringing one eye to the aperture through which the light shone. She saw Bill making for the door, with Weston staggering behind. Then the end of a suitcase came into her field of vision. It was the case in which she believed the banknotes to be. Her mind worked rapidly. They had to go up two flights of stairs. The inner shutters of the window could not be latched or there would not be that small opening in the centre of them. Question—was the window latched? Quickly she tried it, and found it opened!

She dragged the mattress out of sight, to prevent it being used as she had used it, and then entered the room. The suitcase was snatched from the table, and she was out again in a few seconds. As she made through the gate she turned her head and saw a light appear in the attic room. Before her was a used track, and down this she sped as hard as she could go. It wound round and round to avoid a series of small hills, but the surface was hard and her progress was fast.

Her speed fell off, but she still ran at a fair pace, and glanced behind her at intervals. All the while the land on her right continued to rise, and finally she reached what she believed was the spot where Weston had ambushed her. Completely breathless, she was compelled to halt for a few seconds. While she did so she slipped the catch of the suitcase and felt inside. Her hand closed on two large bundles, and she was satisfied that the case contained what she had suspected it to contain.

Then her heart beat fast as she heard the heavy thud of feet in her rear. She started off again, like a hare, but this did not continue for long. Her feet now felt like lead, and her breath was giving her trouble. She halted for a moment, and heard the footsteps much nearer. To follow the beaten track was now impossible, for she must be overtaken in a few minutes. The woods were the only possible way out, and she must take to them at once, because there were signs that the moon was rising. She thereupon cut off from the track and immediately found herself in awful darkness. After covering about a hundred yards she rested behind a tree.

"Hey, bring that light!"

It was the voice of Bill, not very far away and clear as a bell in the cold night air. There was silence and then a muttered curse, but from which direction she was not quite sure.

"Look! She cut off here," said Bill. "Must have taken to the timber. Give me that torch. You wait here, and if she comes out get her, and hold her. Is that clear?"

"I guess so."

"Right! Stand by! If I get her—wal, you needn't worry any more."

Denise shivered a little and listened intently.

THERE was the noise of someone breaking through the wood, and then a confusion of moving shadows, due to the movement of an electric torch amid the trees. The light of the torch became steadier, and then moved up, to throw her body into relief.

"Here she is!" yelled Bill. "Look out, Weston!"

She made a wild dive towards the open track, and reached it just ahead of Weston, who was lumbering along.

"Stop!" he snarled.

Her response to this was to run faster, but before she had gone very far Bill appeared. It was clear moonlight now, and she knew she was quite incapable of outpacing the younger scoundrel. Again she took shelter in the wood, behind a mass of tangled undergrowth. A shaft of moonlight fell quite close to her, and she suddenly got an idea. If she could hide the notes it would not only delay their departure, but serve to ensure her safety, for they could do nothing without her. Quickly she opened the suitcase, and saw two bundles of banknotes inside, also a stump of blue pencil. She was about to fling the notes away from her, when she changed her mind and slipped one of them from under the band which held them.

Not far away was a tree, with a vast branch heaped up with snow. She tossed the two bundles into this natural receptacle, and saw them disappear into the mass at a height far above her head. Then came Bill.

She ran to the right as hard as she could go, and after a minute or two stopped, and sat down where there was a patch of moonlight. On the back of the banknote which she had retained she wrote with the blue pencil, "Help! Follow this trail house with green shutters." Then she folded it up and pushed it into her sleeve. The suitcase was now much too light to mislead anyone, so she filled it with snow, just as Bill's torch was seen again.

Her programme was only in case of emergency, for she was still hopeful of getting as far as the village. But on this occasion Bill was more desperate. The ray of the torch found her, as she was making once more for the open track.

"Stop!" he yelled.

She went on, but the next moment there was a reverberating report, and a bullet whistled not far from her head and struck the trunk of a tree in front of her. Hesitating for a moment, she went on, but suddenly saw Weston right in her path. He was waving to Bill frantically.

"Cut that out, you fool!" he said. "Someone might hear. We've got her anyway."

Denise tried to pass him but he managed to get a grip of her arm, and quickly possessed himself of the suitcase and hustled her out into the track. Bill came after him.

"Get her back!" he said. "Take that arm, and make it snappy!"

Denise managed to drop the folded banknote before her other arm was brutally taken. Between them they hurried her back to the house, and finally flung her into the room where they had been sitting.

"Get me that bottle," said Bill. "We'll deal with her now. Get it, you fool."

Weston placed the suitcase on the table, and searched for the bottle of methylated spirit, which had been mislaid in the excitement.

"Can't find it," he mumbled.

"Look upstairs. We took it up to the attic."

Weston staggered out, muttering under his breath, while Denise lay back on the couch, with Bill standing over her.

"It's a pity," he said, "because you ain't a bad-looking wench. But that's how it is."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"You'll see. Maybe you'd like a little drink?"

"Maybe I wouldn't."

"Well, you're going to have one."

The frightful look in his eyes chilled her, and she was devoutly grateful for the inspiration which had induced her to dispose of the booty.

"Look on the table," she said.

He turned his head, but for a few seconds could not get her meaning. Then he noticed that there was water near the suitcase, and when he picked up the case water dripped from the bottom.

"What the—?" he gasped, and opened the case.

Weston came in with the bottle, and stared at his confederate, who flung the empty suitcase across the room.

"Gone," he shouted. "She's got rid of them."

"The notes?"

BILL paid no attention to him, but caught Denise by the arm and dragged her to her feet.

"You're going to talk—and talk plenty," he said with vicious emphasis. "What have you done with them?"

There was a bad time coming, and she knew it. Her best reaction was silence, she thought.

"Stubborn, eh?" said Bill. "Wal, there's a way to cure you of that. Put that bottle away, Weston. We won't need it—not yet, anyway."

He marched off for a few seconds and then came back, with a thick dogwhip.

"Easy!" remonstrated Weston.

He gave Weston a shove which caused him to stagger across the room and collapse into a chair.

Then the long whip lashed out, and the end of it curled round the victim's shoulder.

She was now on her knees, blinded and bewildered, uttering little involuntary sobs of pain, while the cruel lash still came down and Bill danced in his delight.

"You'll talk all right," he said. "Hey, Weston, did anyone ever do this to you?"

Weston, scoundrel as he was, was horrified at this sadistic exhibition. Within twenty seconds he became miraculously sober. Leaving the bottle on the chair he stood up, and waved his hand to Bill to stop.

"No more!" he growled. "Well look for the stuff, but I won't stand—"

"You won't," snapped Bill. "Then taste it yourself."

The effect of the whip on Weston was to drive him mad. He sprang at the wielder and struck him a heavy blow on the jaw.

Denise, through her half-blinded eyes saw Bill reach to his hip with his right hand. There came a flash, and Weston suddenly coughed and collapsed.

Bill stood close to the fire, which had been lighted while Denise was in the upstairs room. He looked down at the man he had shot, and shrugged his shoulders. Denise crawled to the chair where Weston had been sitting. On it was the bottle. She caught sight of the dirty label and was able to read "methylated spirit."

"Now," said Bill thickly, "give me the low down and I'll beat it. What do you say?"

He reached behind him, to the stone hearth where he had laid down the whip. As he did so she seized the bottle and flung it at the stone hearth. It shattered into atoms and a quart of fiercely inflammable spirit was released. There was a loud explosion and a great tongue of flame. Her tormentor, who had been saturated by the spirit, was a living furnace. His clothing and hair were alight and he shrieked in agony as he rolled over and over. Horrified as she had never been before, Denise staggered across to the door, with her hands over her face. A few seconds later she was out in the snow—gulping in the cold fresh air.

Then she moved away, as from inside came ominous crackling. Half a mile along the trail she stopped and looked back. From behind the small hills there came a fierce glow, which was reflected in the sky. The danger was past, but the horror of it all lay heavy on her soul. By the time she reached the village she was in a state of complete prostration, but there was scarcely any need at that moment for explanations, for the blaze of the fire had been seen, and a crowd of men were on their way to see what aid they could render.

She was given shelter by a kindly woman, whose husband was away in Montreal, and her injuries were attended to by the local doctor, to whom she gasped a few details of her adventure. Early the following morning she was told that two charred bodies had been found among the ruins of the house, and by the time she was dressed a police officer called and plied her with questions.

"GUESS you had a narrow escape," he said. "Both those guys were bad characters. We've been wanting Weston for some time. D'you reckon you can locate those banknotes?"

"Yes."

"I'd sure like to be able to hand them over to headquarters."

"I'll come with you."

"That's fine."

She was driven out in the police sledge, and had little difficulty in finding the big mass of undergrowth where she had momentarily rested. From there it was a simple matter to identify the spreading branch of the fir tree.

"They should be up there," she said. The police officer took hold of the branch and gave it a vigorous shake. The snow fell off in glittering cascades, and with it came the two large bundles of notes. He stooped down and picked them up.

"O.K.," said the policeman. "I call this a pretty good ending. Miss Tremayne, the police are in your debt."

Two hours later she caught the train back to Fintale, and on inquiring at the hotel found that Kate was there. The liftman ran her up to the second floor, and she walked along to room number 47 and rapped on the door.

"Come in!" sang Kate's voice.

She entered the room and found her friend resting on the bed. Kate's eyes roved over the soiled and torn dress.

"What has happened?" she asked. "I've been so anxious."

"I got the stolen money back."

Kate gripped her hand warmly.

"There's no train east until the morning. My dear, you're trembling like a leaf. You stay here while I see about a room for you. It's clear we've got to put in the night here."

Denise offered no resistance. She climbed on to the bed and tried to push behind her the memory of all the horrors of the preceding night. Yes, Gavin had inflicted this post-mortem misery on her, and again she asked herself—had he been worth it?

DENISE had bathed and rested through the day, with the inevitable result that she felt better as the evening came along, and was rebuking herself for her temporary breakdown. Kate came into the room quietly and took a look at her.

"So you're awake? You were asleep the last time I came in. How are you feeling?"

"Fine—and hungry."

"I'm so glad. I've got to get you fit for travelling."

They went downstairs together, and round a table in the barn-like dining-room.

The ancient-looking waiter took the orders.

"Now I'll tell you what happened," said Denise.

Kate listened while Denise told the whole story, and gasped when she reached the end.

"No wonder you looked so dishevelled!" she said. "Thank Heaven, it ended as it did!"

Denise spent a restless night. Strive as she might to compose her mind, her brain would persist in indulging in a kind of dance, and when at last morning came she blessed the sunlight and the vanishment of all the ghosts that had haunted her.

"Had a bad night, didn't you?" asked Kate later.

"Yes."

"I heard you—talking in your sleep. I came in once, and spoke to you."

"But I don't remember."

"You said something—about nightmares. You kept calling out a name."

"What name?"

"Gavin."

Denise started. It was true her dreams had been full of Gavin, as well as of other personages.

"It—it was someone I once knew," she faltered.

"The man you once mentioned—who died?"

"Yes. Oh, please, please—"

"Gavin," missed Kate. "Ned had a brother named Gavin, who went to Canada long before I knew Ned. Had a farm somewhere. I think."

Denise raised her head from her packing. Was this a mere coincidence or—?

"What was he like?" she asked.

"Rather like Ned. I've got a photograph in my bag, showing them together as boys. Gavin was much taller."

"Can—I see it?" asked Denise.

The photograph was produced and Denise found herself gazing at two jolly boys, who were seated in a double skiff on a narrow stream. There was a strong family

likeness, but the bigger one was the better looking, and as she gazed her heart fluttered.

"That's Gavin— isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes."

She dropped the photograph, and passed her hand across her brow.

"Denise—is that the man—your Gavin?" asked Kate.

"Yes—I'm almost certain."

"How strange—and sad!"

"Did you say Gavin had a farm?" she asked.

"Yes. Ned told me that. Ned had no inclinations that way. He was an engineer."

"Kate—that man—your husband. You're sure it was your husband?"

"Why, of course."

"Did he have a queer birthmark—under his left shoulder?"

Kate gazed at her blankly.

"Birthmark? Ned had no birthmark."

"Then that accounts for everything," said Denise, with a strange note in her voice. "I thought it was Gavin who died in Weston's shack."

Kate's expression was a mild protest.

"Ned wasn't like that," she said. "He was wild enough—Heaven knows, but I never doubted he was loyal to me."

Denise gripped her hand and pressed it.

"Forgive me, Kate, but I wasn't to know. Kate, too, was beginning to see things in a new light."

"So when you met me, and I told you about Ned, and you heard my name, you thought it was Gavin I was going to?"

"Yes. He had sworn his name wasn't Ned, but I—I suspected it was."

"And that's why you came with me?"

"Yes, chiefly. I had a burning desire to see him—before he died, and when I did see him I hadn't the sense to know it wasn't he. I have been wanting to tell you, but you had suffered so much, and—and I was ashamed."

The miraculous change in her fortune caused her spirits to rise tremendously. Every moment made for additional clarity in her new viewpoint. She sang lightly as she fastened the last strap of a bag.

"That's better," said Kate quietly.

"What is?"

"Everything about you. Your eyes, your voice. It's just as if there were two of you, but the old disillusioned Denise had almost faded into nothingness. It's good to see others happy."

The little sign which followed caused Denise to take her into her arms.

"You're going to be happy too, Kate," she said. "You've got your boy, who's got a fairy godmother. All I want now is the address where I can find you in England."

The packing was completed, and when inquiries were made about trains Denise found that her train to railroad left half an hour after the eastbound express.

"I can take my small baggage at the same time," she said. "With luck I can get to the lumber camp to-morrow."

"Thrilling!"

"More than that. Now, listen, you're not to travel steerage. Use all that money, and enjoy yourself."

"You're a darling. You've made everything so easy for me."

In this mood they left for the station. Denise had previously thought it a dingy place, but this morning it seemed astonishingly bright and animated.

Early the following morning Denise was bound for the lumber camp.

It was late afternoon when she was whirled into camp, close by the side of Logan who was superintending the construction of some sort of shed. He flicked back his cap and gazed at her with complete amazement.

"Back again," she said. "Is my job still open?"

"Well, I'll be—! Look here, Denise, is this some sort of a game?"

"I discovered something while en route for the coast," she admitted. "I discovered that a man whom I had got to believe was a scoundrel and a liar is something quite different."

"That fellow again!" he sighed.

"Yes. I promised to wait for him, and then I lost faith and decided to go. Now I've made up my mind not to leave Canada until I see him."

"You think he'll come here?"

"I know he will—if he hasn't been here already."

"That's not possible, I guess. What do you expect me to do with you?"

"Give me a job. It will help pass the time away."

"Say 'yes' and leave the rest to me."

Logan scratched his head in his bewilderment, but Denise had always succeeded in finding soft spots in his armor, and this occasion was no exception.

"All right," he said. "But next time you pop off is going to be the last."

"Agreed," she said. "I'll go and tell someone to put my baggage in the hut, and then tell Cookie."

It had already come to Cookie's ears that his late amazing assistant had returned to camp, and when she came upon him in person he was busily engaged in telling his informant that he was either drunk or demented.

"That girl's inherited two million pounds," he said. "Why should she—?"

He finished in a dry cough as Greta suddenly appeared carrying a number of china utensils. At sight of Denise she dropped the whole lot with a resounding crash.

"Owl!" wailed Cookie. "Ten dollars' worth at one swoop!"

"You shut up," snapped Greta. "What are you doing here?" she inquired of Denise.

"I've come back to work here," replied Denise quietly.

GRETA looked astonished for a moment, and then relapsed into a sneering smile.

"So the bees' fortune all a bees' bluff?" she asked.

"Perhaps."

The evening meal was a stampede. Greta to her bad temper had ruined the potatoes, and the men were most rude in their comments.

For the next hour Denise was occupied in making the hut habitable, after which she decided to go for a walk. But her programme was destined never to be carried out, for she was putting on her coat when there came a tapping on the window. Nervously she pulled aside one of the curtains and saw a face peering through the small pane of glass. A cry of mingled excitement and joy left her lips, for it was Gavin's face, fully illuminated by the light of the oil lamp. She rushed to the door.

"Come in, Gavin," she said hoarsely.

He entered the room which he knew so well, and waited for her to close the door and draw the curtain.

"So you waited!" he said.

"No, Gavin. I lost faith and ran away."

"But you're here."

"Yes. I came back—after I had seen your brother."

"My brother!"

"He died a few days ago."

"But his wife—?"

"She was with him at the end."

"I'm glad," he said with some emotion. "That frees me from certain obligations. Denise, I've been compelled to keep silent about that matter. I—"

The door suddenly burst open, and into the doorway came Greta, with her eyes gleaming.

"Got you!" she shouted. "I know that's why she came back. This time you not lock me up with filthy dogs. See!"

To Denise's astonishment she produced a huge revolver and levelled it at Gavin.

"Already I tell the police," she said. "At least my father has. He knows where to find them. Now I stay here until they come and then—then the curtain she come down, eh?"

GRETA declined Denise's invitation to come inside, and squatted on the doorstep with the huge revolver in her lap and her hand close to the trigger. Gavin glanced at Denise, and could not miss the light of amusement in her eyes. But any kind of intimate conversation was quite impossible with Greta within hearing distance, so they sat and waited for the return of old Larsen. He came at last on a police sledge and Greta shouted to him as the sledge pulled into the clearing, and was immediately surrounded by lumberjacks.

Two police troopers were hurrying forward, accompanied by old Larsen, who was out of breath he was incapable of doing anything but point to his daughter, and then at Gavin. One of the troopers came inside.

"Put up your hands!" he said. "I'm not standing for any trouble."

"I'm not armed," replied Gavin. "But aren't you making a bit of a mistake?"

Denise winced as a pair of handcuffs were clapped on his wrists, and Greta sighed.

"I claim the reward," she said. "Me and my father, hey?"

"That's O.K. by me, lady. Come on, bo. Step on it!" he said to Gavin.

Gavin turned to Denise with a smile.

"It's only a short time, dear," he said. "The thing will soon be cleared up."

She went with them to the waiting sledge, and there she met Logan who had been advised of the trouble.

"So you've come back!" he snarled at Gavin. "Well, I guess it's time you got what was waiting for you. But you might have had a bit of regard for—"

He glanced at Denise, and she put her hand on his arm and stopped him.

"It's all a mistake," she said.

The trooper had already got Gavin into the sledge when there was a shout from the crowd, and Denise caught sight of a second sledge coming into camp. It contained two men, and was followed by a smaller team. The first sledge drew up by the other police vehicle, and the sergeant got out and pushed his way forward.

"What's all this?" he snapped.

"Got our man at last, Sarg," said the trooper, who had arrested Gavin.

The sergeant pulled a wry face.

"Wal, I'm glad to hear it. Boys, this is where we make our exit. We're ordered back to barracks."

In the background was Joe with the dog-team. He grinned at Denise and asked his master what he should do.

"Just hang around, Joe," said Gavin. "Maybe we'll be hitting the trail presently."

Denise scarcely realised that she was being escorted away from the centre of the camp, for everything seemed to be unreal, and she felt she was walking on air. Gavin stopped only when they had reached the open space high above the camp where they had stood and exchanged confidences a long time ago.

"It's good to come out into the light again," he said. "I got to hate the part I had to play, because it meant acting a lie to you."

"How did it all come about, Gavin?"

"It was in the fall, before I met you. My brother came to me. I hadn't seen him for a year, and thought he was in a safe job. He told me he had got himself into a mess, and that the police were after him for robbery with violence. He said he was innocent, but wouldn't be able to prove it. I questioned him, and found out that he was mixed up with a wild gang. I refused to help him at first, but while he was with me a terrible thing took place. He had a bad haemorrhage, and collapsed. He told me that he was married, and that his wife and child were in England. That compelled me to change my mind. I believed he was doomed, and that arrest and imprisonment would only hasten his end. The cashier at the bank, who had been attacked, gave a rough description of Ned, but it could be applied to me. To mislead the police I sent a letter to them—an anonymous letter—telling them that Ned Livingstone could be identified by a certain birthmark. But it was I who carried the birthmark. Ned said he knew a man who would give him shelter until he was well, and I took him along to Weston. Weston was well paid to keep his mouth shut."

"But, Gavin, why didn't you tell me this?"

"I would have done, but Ned extracted a promise from me. I don't know whether he doubted me, but he made me take a solemn vow that I wouldn't tell a living soul."

"Now listen to my little story," Denise said.

She told him of the finding of her father, and the call to England, the response to which was so strangely interrupted. Gavin looked quite incredulous when she reached the end.

"So you're an heiress!" he said.

"I believe so."

"That's a bit tough on me," he mused, "because I was just about to make a proposition."

"What sort of a proposition?"

"We once planned an elopement. I was wondering— But of course that's impossible now."

She seized him by the shoulders and gazed into his eyes.

"Gavin, are you a complete idiot?" she asked.

"All I've got is a small farm, which can scarcely pay its way. I wouldn't dare ask anyone but a working woman to share that sort of life with me."

She laughed scoffingly.

"Listen, Gavin," she said. "I'm a working woman, and I wouldn't ask anyone but a working man to share my lot. What do you say?"

He regarded her wonderingly, and then his arms came up and enclosed her young body tighter and tighter until breathing became difficult.

The End.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no resemblance to any living person.)

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